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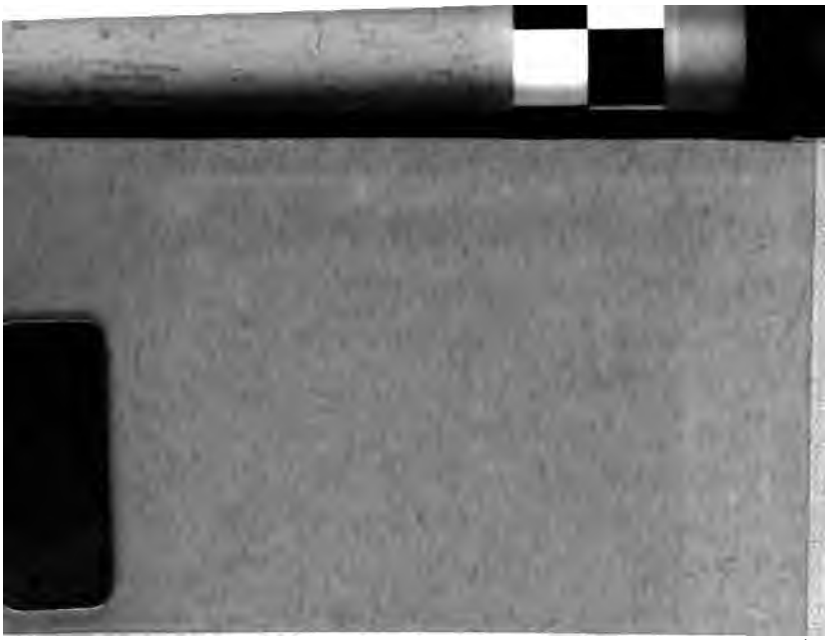

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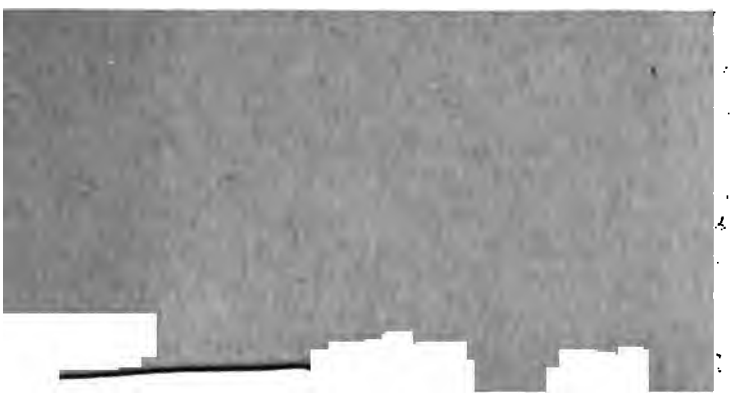

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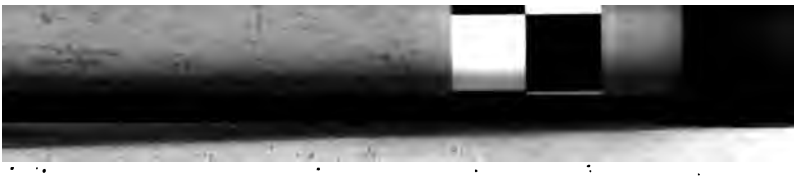

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope Esq.

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING HIS

SATIRES, &c.

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EPISTLE

TO

Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

The firſt publication of this *Epiſtle.*

THIS paper is a ſort of bill of complaint, begun many years ſince, and drawn up by ſnatches, as the ſeveral occaſions offered. I had no thoughts of publiſhing it, till it pleaſed ſome Perſons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge) but my *Perſon*, *Morals*, and *Family*, whereof, to thoſe who know me not, a truer information may be requiſite. Being divided between the neceſſity to ſay ſomething of *myſelf*, and my own lazineſs to undertake ſo aukward a taſk, I thought it the ſhorteſt way to put the laſt hand to this Epiſtle. If it have any thing pleaſing, it will be that by which I am moſt deſirous to pleaſe, the *Truth* and the *Sentiment*; and if any thing offenſive, it will be only to thoſe I am leaſt ſorry to offend, *the vicious* or *the ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumſtance but what is true; but I have for

the moſt part ſpared their *Names*, and they may eſcape being laughed at, if they pleaſe.

I would have ſome of them know, it was owing to the requeſt of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inſcribed, that I make not as free uſe of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I ſhall have this advantage, and honour, on my ſide, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuſe may be directed at any man, no injury can poſſibly be done by mine, ſince a nameleſs Character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeneſs*. P.

EPISTLE

TO

Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

An Apology for himſelf and his Writings.

Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot.] AT the time of publiſhing this Epiſtle, the Poet's patience was exhauſted by the endleſs impertinence of Poetaſters of all ranks and conditions; as well thoſe who courted his favour, as thoſe who envied his reputation. So that now he had reſolved to quit his hands of both together, by the publication of a DUNCIAD. This deſign he communicated to his excellent friend Dr. ARBUTHNOT; who, although as a man of Wit and Learning he might not have been diſpleaſed to ſee their common injuries revenged on this pernicious Tribe; yet, as our Author's friend and phyſician, he was ſollicitous of his eaſe and health; and therefore unwilling he ſhould provoke ſo large and powerful a party.

Their difference of opinion, in this matter, gives occaſion to the following *Dialogue*. Where, in a natural and familiar detail of all his Provocations, both from flatterers and ſlanderers, our Author has artfully interwoven an Apology for his *moral* and *poetic* Character.

For after having told his caſe, and humorouſly applied to his Phyſician in the manner one would aſk for a receipt to kill Vermin, he ſtrait goes on, in the common character of aſkers of advice, to tell his Doctor that he had already taken his party, and determined of his remedy. But uſing a preamble, and introducing it (in the way of Poets) with a ſimile, in which he names *Kings, Queens, and Miniſters of State*, his Friend takes the alarm, and begs him to forbear; adviſes him to ſtick to his ſubject, and to be eaſy under ſo common a calamity.

To make ſo light of his diſaſter provokes the Poet: he breaks the thread of his diſcourſe, which was to lead his Friend gently, and by degrees, into his project; and abruptly tells him the application of his ſimile, at once,

" Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the ſecret paſs," &c.

But recollecting the humanity and tenderneſs of his Friend, which, he apprehends, might be a little ſhocked at the apparent ſeverity of ſuch a proceeding, he aſſures him, that his good-nature is alarmed without a cauſe; for that nothing has leſs feeling than this ſort of offenders; which he illuſtrates in the Examples of a *damn'd Poet*, a *detected Slanderer*, *a Table-Paraſite*, a *Church-Buffoon*, and a *Party-Writer* (from Ver. 1 to 101.)

But, in this enumeration, coming again to *Names*, his Friend once more ſtops him; and bids him conſider what hoſtilities this general attack would ſet on foot. So much the better, replies the Poet; for, conſidering *the ſtrong antipathy of bad to good*, enemies they will always be, either open or ſecret: and it admits of no queſtion, but a Slanderer is leſs hurtful than a Flatterer. For, ſays he (in a pleaſant Simile addreſſed to his Friend's profeſſion)

" Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
" It is the ſlaver kills, and not the bite."

And how abject and exceſſive the flattery of theſe creatures was, he ſhews, by obſerving, that they praiſed him even for his infirmities; his bad health, and his inconvenient ſhape (Ver. 100 to 125.)

But ſtill it might be ſaid, that if he could bear this evil annexed to Authorſhip no better, he ſhould not have written at all. To this he anſwers, by lamenting the natural bent of his diſpoſition; which, from his very birth, had drawn him towards *Poetry* ſo ſtrongly, as if it were in execution of ſome ſecret decree of Heaven for crimes unknown. But though he offended in becoming an Author, he offended in nothing elſe: For his early verſes were perfectly innocent and harmleſs,

" Like gentle Fanny's was my flowing theme,
" A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream."

Yet even then, he tells us, two enraged and hungry Critics fell upon him without any provocation. But this might have been borne, as the common lot of diſtinction. But it was *his* peculiar ill-fortune to create a Jealouſy in One; whom not only many good offices done by our Author to him and his friends, but a ſimilitude of genius and ſtudies might have inclined to a reciprocal affection and ſupport: On the contrary, that otherwiſe amiable perſon, being, by nature, timorous and ſuſpicious; by education a party-man; and, by circumſtances of fortune, beſet with flatterers and pick-thanks; regarded

our Author as his Rival, ſet up by a contrary Faction, with views deſtructive of public liberty, and his friend's reputation. And all this, with as little provocation from Mr. Pope's conduct in his poetic, as in his civil character.

For though he had got a Name (the reputation of which he agreeably rallies in the deſcription he gives of it) yet he never, even when moſt in faſhion, ſet up for a Patron, or a Dictator amongſt the Wits; but ſtill kept in his uſual privacy; leaving *the whole Caſtalian ſtate*, as he calls it, to a Mock-Mecenas, whom he next deſcribes (Ver. 124 to 261.)

And, ſtruck with the ſenſe of that dignity and felicity inſeparable from the character of a true Poet, he breaks out into a paſſionate vow for a continuance of the full Liberty attendant on it. And to ſhew how well he deſerves it, and how ſafely he might be truſted with it, he concludes his wiſh with a deſcription of his temper and diſpoſition (Ver. 260 to 271.)

This naturally leads him to complain of his Friends, when they conſider him in no other view than that of an *Author*; as if he had neither the ſame right to the enjoyments of life, the ſame concern for his higheſt intereſts, or the ſame diſpoſitions of benevolence, with other people.

Beſides, he now admoniſhes them, in his turn, that they do not conſider to what they expoſe him, when they urge him to write on; namely, to the *ſuſpicions* and the *diſpleaſure* of a Court; who are made to believe, he is always writing; or at leaſt to the fooliſh *criticiſms* of court ſycophants, who pretend to find him, by his ſtyle, in the immoral libels of every idle ſcribler: though he, in the mean time, be ſo far from countenancing ſuch worthleſs traſh in others, that he would be ready to execrate even his own beſt vein of poetry, if made at the expence of Truth and Innocence.

" Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
" That tends to make one worthy man my foe;
" Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
" Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a tear."

Sentiments, which no efforts of genius, without the concurrence of the heart, could have expreſſed in ſtrains ſo exquiſitely ſublime. That the ſole object of his reſentment was *vice* and *baſeneſs*: In the detection of which, he artfully takes occaſion to ſpeak of *that* by which he himſelf had been injured and offended: and concludes with the character of One who had wantonly outraged him, and in the moſt ſenſible manner (Ver. 270 to 334.)

And here, moved again with freſh indignation at his ſlanderers, he takes the advice of Horace, *fume ſuperbiam quæſitam meritis*, and draws a fine picture of his moral and poetic conduct through life. In which he ſhews that not *fame*, but VIRTUE was the conſtant object of his ambition: that for this he oppoſed himſelf to all the violence of Cabals, and the treacheries of Courts: the various iniquities of which having diſtinctly ſpecified, he ſums them up in that moſt atrocious and ſenſible of all (Ver. 333 to 360.)

" The whiſper, that to greatneſs ſtill too near,
" Perhaps yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN's ear.
" Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the paſt:
" For thee, fair *Virtue!* welcome ev'n the laſt."

But here again his Friend interrupts the ſtrains of his divine enthuſiaſm; and deſires him to clear up one objection made to his Conduct at Court. " That it was inhumane to inſult " the Poor, and ill-breeding to affront the Great." To which he replies, That indeed in his purſuit of *Vice*, he rarely conſidered how Knavery was circumſtanced; but followed it, with his vengeance, indifferently, whether it led to the Pillory, or the Drawing Room (Ver. 359 to 368.)

But leſt this ſhould give his Reader the idea of a ſavage intractable virtue, which could bear with nothing, and would pardon nothing, he takes to himſelf the ſhame of owning that he was of ſo eaſy a nature, as to be duped by the ſlendereſt appearances; *a pretence to virtue in a witty woman:* ſo forgiving, that he had ſought out the object of his beneficence in a *perſonal enemy:* ſo humble, that he had ſubmitted to the converſation of *bad poets:* and ſo forbearing, that he had curbed in his reſentment under the moſt ſhocking of all calumnies, *abuſes on his Father and Mother* (Ver. 367 to 388.)

This naturally leads him to give a ſhort account of their births, fortunes, and diſpoſitions; which ends with the tendereſt wiſhes for the happineſs of his Friend; intermixed with the moſt pathetic deſcription of that filial Piety, in the exerciſe of which he makes his own happineſs to conſiſt.

" Me, let the tender office long engage
" To rock the Cradle of repoſing Age;
" With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
" Make Languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of Death;
" Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
" And keep a while one Parent from the ſky!"

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Shut, shut the Door, good John! fatigu'd I said
Tye up the Knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.

Op. cit. Introduction.

And now this incomparable Poem, which holds ſo much of the DRAMA, and opens with all the diſorder and vexation that every kind of impertinence and ſlander could occaſion, concludes with the utmoſt calmneſs and ſerenity, in the retired enjoyment of all the tender offices of FRIENDSHIP and PIETY [Ver. 387 to the End.]

EPISTLE to Dr. ARBUTHNOT,

BEING THE

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

P. SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The Dog-ſtar rages! nay, tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Shut, ſhut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful ſervant: whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will.

What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my Thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is ſacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, juſt at Dinner-time.
Is there a Parſon much be-mus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poeteſs, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a Stanza, when he ſhould *engroſs?*
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, ſcrawls
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 20. in the MS.

Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandiſh'd reams they run to me:
Is there a 'Prentice, having ſeen two plays,
Who would do ſomething in his Sempſtreſs' praiſe—

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Ev'n Sunday ſhines no Sabbath-day to me*] The beauty of this line ariſes from the figurative terms of the *predicate* alluding to the *ſubject*. A ſecret, in elegant expreſſion, which our Author often practiſed.

VER. 13. *Mint.*] A place to which inſolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there ſuffered to afford one another, from the perſecution of their creditors.

All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe:
Poor Cornus ſees his frantic wife elope,
And curſes Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle ſong)
What *Drop* or *Noſtrum* can this plague remove?
Or which muſt end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm ſped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodneſs and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
I ſit with ſad civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh, and an aching head;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. in the firſt Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curſe?
Say, is their anger, or their friendſhip worſe?

NOTES.

VER. 23. *Arthur,*] Arthur Moore, Eſq;

VER. 33. *Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge,*] Alluding to the ſcene in the *Plain-Dealer*, where *Oldfox* gags, and ties down the Widow, to hear his *well-penn'd ſtanzas.*

VER. 38. *honeſt anguiſh,*] i. e. undiſſembled.

Ibid. *an aching head;*] Alluding to the diſorder he was then ſo conſtantly afflicted with.

And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, "Keep your piece nine years."
Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by ſoft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and requeſt of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
"I'm all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound,
My Friendſhip, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon ſends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a Patron; aſk him for a Place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
"Dare you refuſe him? Curl invites to dine,
"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. in the MS.

If you refuſe, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

NOTES.

VER. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a fooliſh Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in Horat. l. i. Dr. Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Cæſar alſo. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. l. i. P.

ALLUSION.

VER. 43. *Rhymes ere he wakes,*]

"—Dictates to me ſlumb'ring, or inſpires
"Eaſy my unpremeditated Verſe." *Milt.*

Bleſs me! a packet.--" 'Tis a ſtranger ſues,
" A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muſe."
If I diſlike it, " Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, " Commend it to the Stage."
There (thank my ſtars) my whole commiſſion ends,
The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the houſe reject him, " 'Sdeath, I'll
" print it,
" And ſhame the Fools--Your int'reſt, Sir, with
" Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too
much:
" Not, Sir, if you reviſe it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At laſt he whiſpers, " Do; and we go ſnacks."
Glad of a quarrel, ſtrait I clap the door,
Sir, let me ſee your works and you no more.

'Tis ſung, when Midas' Ears began to ſpring,
(Midas, a ſacred perſon and a King)

VARIATIONS.

VER. 60. in the former Ed.
Cibber and I are, luckily, no friends.

NOTES.

VER. 69. *'Tis ſung, when Midas', &c.*] The Poet means, ſung by *Perſius*; and the words alluded to are,

" Vidi, vidi ipſe, Libelle!
" Auriculas Aſini Mida Rex habet."

The tranſition is fine, but obſcure: for he has here imitated the *manner* of that myſterious Writer, as well as taken up his

His very Miniſter who ſpy'd them firſt,
(Some ſay his Queen) was forc'd to ſpeak, or burſt.
And is not mine, my friend, a ſorer caſe,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.
I'd never name Queens, Miniſters, or Kings;
Keep cloſe to Ears, and thoſe let aſſes prick,
'Tis nothing--P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the ſecret paſs,
That ſecret to each fool, that he's an Aſs:
The truth once told (and wherefore ſhould we lie?)
The Queen of Midas ſlept, and ſo may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtand'ſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.

NOTES.

image. Our Author had been hitherto complaining of the folly and importunity of *indigent* Scriblers; he now inſinuates he ſuffered as much of both, from Poetaſters of *quality.*

VER. 72. *Queen*] The ſtory is told, by ſome, of his Barber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in *Dryden*'s Fables.

VER. 80. *That ſecret to each fool, that he's an Aſs:*] i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are viſible.

ALLUSION.

VER. 88. "Si fractus illabatur orbis,
"Impavidum ferient ruinæ," *Hor.* P.

Who ſhames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:
Deſtroy his fib, or ſophiſtry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd in the centre of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Loſt the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnaſſian ſneer?
And has not Colly ſtill his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henly, his free-maſons Moor?
Does not one table Bavius ſtill admit?
Still to one Biſhop Philips ſeem a wit?
Still Sappho---A. Hold! for God-ſake---you'll offend,
No Names--be calm--learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like theſe---P. One Flatt'rer's worſe than all.

NOTES.

VER. 92. *The Creature's at his dirty work again,*] This *metamorphoſis*, as it were, of the *Scribler* into a *Spider*, is much more poetical than a *compariſon* would have been. But Poets ſhould be cautious how they employ this figure; for where the likeneſs is not very ſtriking, inſtead of giving force, they become obſcure. Here every thing concurs to make them run into one another. They both *ſpin*; not from the *head* [reaſon] but from the *guts* [paſſions and prejudices] and ſuch a *thread* that can entangle none but creatures weaker than themſelves.

VER. 98. *free-maſons Moore?*] He was of this ſociety, and frequently headed their proceſſions.

Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the ſlaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worſe when they *repent*.

One dedicates in high heroic proſe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grubſtreet will my fame defend,
And more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend.
This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe."

There are, who to my perſon pay their court:
I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am ſhort;
Ammon's great ſon one ſhoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid*'s noſe, and "Sir! you have an Eye"---
Go on, obliging creatures, make me ſee,
All that diſgrac'd my Betters, met in me.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 111. in the MS.

For ſong, for ſilence ſome expect a bribe;
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe."
Time, praiſe, or money, is the leaſt they crave;
Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

NOTES.

VER. 118. *Sir, you have an Eye.*] It is remarkable, that amongſt the compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his *eye*, which was fine, ſharp, and piercing. It was done to intimate, that flattery was as odious to him when there was ſome ground for commendation, as when there was none.

Say for my comfort, languiſhing in bed,
"Juſt ſo immortal *Maro* held his head:"
And when I die, be ſure you let me know
Great *Homer* dy'd three thouſand years ago.
Why did I write? what ſin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own? 126
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 124. in the MS.

But, Friend, this ſhape, which You and Curl * admire,
Came not from Ammon's ſon, but from my Sire †:
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuſe,
I had it from my Mother ‖, not the Muſe.
Happy, if he, in whom theſe frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

* Curl ſet up his head for a ſign. † His Father was crooked.
‖ His Mother was much afflicted with head-achs.

NOTES.

VER. 127. *As yet a child, &c.*] He uſed to ſay, that he began to write verſes further back than he could remember. When he was eight years old, Ogilby's Homer fell in his way, and delighted him extremely; it was followed by Sandys' Ovid; and the raptures theſe then gave him were ſo ſtrong, that he ſpoke of them with pleaſure ever after. About ten, being at ſchool at Hide-park-corner, where he was much neglected, and ſuffered to go to the Comedy with the greater boys, he turned the tranſactions of the Iliad into a play, made up of a number of ſpeeches from Ogilby's tranſlation, tacked together with verſes of his own. He had the addreſs to perſuade the upper boys to act it; he even prevailed on

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father diſobey'd.
The Muſe but ſerv'd to eaſe ſome friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long diſeaſe, my Life,
To ſecond, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preſerv'd, to bear.

But why then publiſh? *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walſh*, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praiſe,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;

NOTES.

the Maſter's Gardener to repreſent Ajax, and contrived to have all the actors dreſſed after the pictures in his favourite Ogilby. At twelve he went with his father into the Foreſt: and then got firſt acquainted with the Writings of Waller, Spencer, and Dryden; in the order I have named them. On the firſt ſight of Dryden, he found he had what he wanted. His Poems were never out of his hands; they became his model; and from them alone he learnt the whole magic of his verſification. This year he began an epic poem; the ſame which Bp. Atterbury, long afterwards, perſuaded him to burn. Beſides this, he wrote, in thoſe early days, a Comedy and Tragedy, the latter taken from a ſtory in the legend of *St. Genevieve*. They both deſervedly underwent the ſame fate. As he began his Paſtorals ſoon after, he uſed to ſay pleaſantly, that he had literally followed the example of Virgil, who tells us, *Cum canerem reges et prælia, &c.*

VER. 130. *no father diſobey'd.*] When Mr. Pope was yet a child, his Father, though no Poet, would ſet him to make Engliſh verſes. He was pretty difficult to pleaſe, and would often ſend the boy back to new turn them. When they were to his mind, he took great pleaſure in them, and would ſay, *Theſe are good rhymes.*

The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
Ev'n mitred *Rocheſter* would nod the head,
And *St. John*'s ſelf (great *Dryden*'s friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy my ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
Happier their author, when by theſe belov'd!
From theſe the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.
Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe?

NOTES.

VER. 139. *Talbot*, &c.] All theſe were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a ſcandalous libel againſt him, entitled, *Dryden's Satyr to his Muſe*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

Theſe are the perſons to whoſe account the Author charges the publication of his firſt pices: perſons, with whom he was converſant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for ſuch acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illuſtrious had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Paſtorals* and *Windſor Foreſt*, on which he paſſes a ſort of Cenſure in the lines following,

"While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe," &c. P.

VER. 146. *Burnets*, &c.] Authors of ſecret and ſcandalous Hiſtory. P.

Ibid. *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, *and Cooks*.] By no means Authors of the ſame claſs; though the violence of party might hurry them into the ſame miſtakes. But if the firſt offended this way, it was only through an honeſt warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent underſtanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts ſtill worſe.

VER. 148. *While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe?*] He uſes *pure* equivocally, to ſignify either *chaſte* or *empty*;

Like gentle *Fanny*'s was my flow'ry theme,
A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a Dinner, and ſate ſtill.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.
Did ſome more ſober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Comma's and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From ſlaſhing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds*:

NOTES.

and has given in this line what he eſteemed the true Character of *deſcriptive poetry*, as it is called. A compoſition, in his opinion, as abſurd as a feaſt made up of ſauces. The office of a pictoreſque imagination is to brighten and adorn good ſenſe; ſo that to employ it only in *deſcription*, is like childrens delighting in a priſm for the ſake of its gaudy colours; which when frugally managed, and artfully diſpoſed, might be made to repreſent and illuſtrate the nobleſt objects in nature.

VER. 150. *A painted meadow, or a purling ſtream,*] is a verſe of Mr. Addiſon. P.

Ibid. *A painted Miſtreſs, or a purling Stream.*] The *Rape of the Lock*, and *Windſor-Foreſt*.

VER. 163. *theſe ribalds.*] How deſervedly this title is given

Each wight, who reads not, and but ſcans and
ſpells,
Each Word-catcher that lives on ſyllables,

NOTES.

to the genius of PHILOLOGY, may be ſeen by a ſhort account of the manners of the modern *Scholiaſts*.

When in theſe latter ages, human learning raiſed its head in the Weſt; and its tail, *verbal criticiſm*, was, of courſe, to riſe with it; the madneſs of Critics ſoon became ſo offenſive, that the grave ſtupidity of the monks might appear the more tolerable evil. *J. Argyropylus*, a mercenary Greek, who came to teach ſchool in Italy, after the ſacking of Conſtantinople by the Turks, uſed to maintain that *Cicero* underſtood neither philoſophy nor Greek: while another of his countrymen, *J. Laſcaris* by name, threatened to demonſtrate that *Virgil* was no Poet. Countenanced by ſuch great examples, a French Critic afterwards undertook to prove that *Ariſtotle* did not underſtand Greek, nor *Titus Livius*, Latin. It was the ſame diſcernment of ſpirit, which has ſince diſcovered that *Joſephus* was ignorant of Hebrew; and *Eraſmus* ſo pitiful a linguiſt, that, *Burman* aſſures us, were he now alive, he would not deſerve to be put at the head of a country ſchool. For though time has ſtrip'd the preſent race of Pedants of all the real accompliſhments of their predeceſſors, it has conveyed down this ſpirit to them, unimpaired; it being found much eaſier to ape their manners, than to imitate their ſcience. However, thoſe earlier RIBALDS raiſed an appetite for the Greek language in the Weſt: inſomuch, that *Hermolaus Barbarus*, a paſſionate admirer of it, and a noted Critic, uſed to boaſt, that he had invoked and raiſed the Devil, and puzzled him into the bargain, about the meaning of the Ariſtotelian ΕΝΤΕΛΕΧΕΙΑ. Another, whom *Balzac* ſpeaks of, was as eminent for his Revelations: and was wont to ſay, that the meaning of ſuch or ſuch a verſe, in *Perſius*, no one knew but GOD and himſelf. While the celebrated *Pomponius Lætus*, in exceſs of veneration for Antiquity, became a real Pagan;

Ev'n ſuch ſmall Critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerved in *Milton*'s or in *Shakeſpear*'s name.

NOTES.

raiſed altars to Romulus, and ſacrificed to the Gods of Latium; in which he was followed by our countryman *Baxter*, in every thing, but in the coſtlineſs of his ſacrifices.

But if the Greeks cried down *Cicero*, the Italian Critics knew how to ſupport his credit. Every one has heard of the childiſh exceſſes into which the ambition of being thought CICERONIANS carried the moſt celebrated Italians of this time. They abſtained from reading the Scriptures for fear of ſpoiling their ſtyle: Cardinal *Bembo* uſed to call the Epiſtles of St. Paul by the contemptuous name of *Epiſtolaccias*, *great overgrown Epiſtles*. But ERASMUS cured their frenzy by that maſter-piece of good ſenſe, his *Ciceronianus*. For which (in the way Lunatics treat their Phyſicians) the elder *Scaliger* inſulted him with all the brutal fury peculiar to his family and profeſſion.

His ſon *Joſeph* and *Salmaſius* had indeed ſuch endowments of nature and art, as might have raiſed modern learning to a rivalſhip with the ancient. Yet how did they and their adverſaries tear and worry one another? The choiceſt of *Joſeph*'s flowers of ſpeech were *Stercus Diaboli*, and *Lutum ſtercore maceratum*. It is true, theſe were laviſhed upon his enemies: for his friends he had other things in ſtore. In a letter to *Thuanus*, ſpeaking of two of them, *Clavius* and *Lipſius*, he calls the firſt *a monſter of ignorance*; and the other, *a ſlave to the Jeſuits, and an Idiot*. But ſo great was his love of ſacred *amity* at the ſame time, that he ſays, *I ſtill keep up my correſpondence with him, notwithſtanding his Idiotry, for it is my principle to be conſtant in my friendſhips—Je ne reſte de luy eſcrire, nonobſtant ſon Idioterie, d'autant que je ſuis conſtant en amitié.* The character he gives of his own *Chronology*, in the ſame letter, is no leſs extraordinary: *Vous vous pouvez aſſurer que notre Euſebe ſera un tréſor des merveilles de la doctrine Chronologique.* But this modeſt account of his own work, is nothing in compariſon of the idea the Father gives his bookſeller of his own Perſon. This bookſeller was preparing ſomething of *Julius Scaliger*'s for the Preſs; and deſired the Author would

Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms 169
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

NOTES.

give him directions concerning his picture, which was to be ſet before the book. *Julius*'s anſwer (as it ſtands in his collection of letters) is, that if the engraver could collect together the ſeveral graces of Maſſiniſſa, Xenophon, and Plato, he might then be enabled to give the public ſome faint and imperfect reſemblance of his Perſon. Nor was *Salmaſius*'s judgment of his own parts leſs favourable to himſelf; as Mr. *Colomies* tells the ſtory. This Critic, on a time, meeting two of his brethren, Meſſ. *Gaulman* and *Mauſſac*, in the Royal Library at Paris, *Gaulman*, in a virtuous conſciouſneſs of their importance, told the other two, that he believed, they three could make head againſt all the Learned in Europe: To which the great *Salmaſius* fiercely replied, "Do you "and M. *Mauſſac* join yourſelves to all that are learned in "the world, and you ſhall find that I alone am a match for "you all."

Voſſius tells us, that when *Laur. Valla* had ſnarled at every name of the firſt order in antiquity, ſuch as *Ariſtotle*, *Cicero*, and *one* whom I ſhould have thought, this Critic the likelieſt to reverence, the redoubtable PRISCIAN, he impiouſly boaſted that he had arms even againſt *Chriſt* himſelf. But *Codrus Urceus* went further, and actually uſed thoſe arms the other only threatened with. This man, while he was preparing ſome trifling piece of Criticiſm for the preſs, had the misfortune to hear his papers were deſtroyed by fire: On which he is reported to have broke out—"Quodnam *ego* tantum ſcelus "concepi, O Chriſte! quem ego tuorum unquam læſi, ut "ita inexpiabili in me odio debaccheris? Audi ea quæ tibi "mentis compos, et ex animo dicam. Si forte, cum ad ul-"timum vitæ finem pervenero, ſupplex accedam ad te ora-"tum, neve audias, neve inter tuos accipias oro; cum Infer-"nis Diis in æternum vitam agere decrevi." Whereupon, ſays my author, he quitted the converſe of men, threw himſelf into the thickeſt of a foreſt, and wore out the wretched remainder of his life in all the agonies of deſpair.

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.

NOTES.

VER. 164. *flaſhing Bentley*] This great man, with all his faults, deſerved however to be put into better company. The following words of Cicero deſcribe him not amiſs. "Habuit "à natura genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte lima- "verat, quod erat in reprehendendis verbis verſutum et ſol- "lers: ſed ſæpe ſtomachoſum, nonnunquam frigidum, inter- "dum etiam facetum."

VER. 169. *Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms, &c.*] Our Poet had the full pleaſure of this amuſement ſoon after the publication of his *Shakeſpear*. Nor has his Friend been leſs entertained ſince the appearance of his edition of the ſame poet: the liquid *Amber* of whoſe Wit has lately licked up, and enrolled ſuch a quantity of theſe *Inſects*, and of tribes ſo groteſque and various, as would have puzzled *Reaumur* to give names to. Two or three of them it may not be amiſs to preſerve and keep alive: ſuch as the Rev. Dr. *Zachary Grey*; *Thomas Edwards*, Eſq; and, to make up the Triumvirate, their learned Coadjutor, that very reſpectable perſonage, Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.—As to the poetic imagery of this paſſage, it has been much and juſtly admired; for the moſt deteſtable things in nature, as a *toad* or a *beetle*, become pleaſing, when well repreſented in a work of Art. But it is no leſs eminent for the beauty of the thought: for though a ſcribler *exiſts* by being thus incorporated, yet he *exiſts entombed*; a laſting monument of the wrath of the Muſes.

VER. 173. *Were others angry:*] The Poets.

VER. 174.—*I gave them but their due*] Our Author always found thoſe, he commended, leſs *ſenſible* than thoſe he reproved. The reaſon is plain. He gave the latter *but their due*; and the other thought, they had no more.

A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That Caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can *gueſs?*
The Bard whom pilfer'd Paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half a Crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He, who ſtill wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
And He, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And He, whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but proſe run mad:
All theſe, my modeſt Satire bad *tranſlate,*
And own'd that nine ſuch Poets made a *Tate.*

NOTES.

VER. 180—*a Perſian tale.*] Amb. Philips tranſlated a Book called the *Perſian tales.*

VER. 186. *Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:*] An accident frequent, and common both to *Poets* and *Critics* of a certain order; only with this difference, that the *Poet* writes himſelf out of his *own meaning*, and the *Critic* never gets into *another man's*. Yet both keep going on, and *blundering round* about their ſubject, as benighted people are wont to do, who ſeek for an entrance which they cannot find.

VER. 189. *All theſe, my modeſt Satire bad tranſlate,*] See their works, in the Tranſlations of claſſical books by *ſeveral hands.*

VER. 190.—*nine ſuch Poets, &c.*] Alluding, not to the nine Muſes, but to *nine Taylors.*

How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chafe!
And ſwear, not ADDISON himſelf was ſafe.
Peace to all ſuch! but were there One whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inſpires;

NOTES.

VER. 192. *And ſwear, not* ADDISON *himſelf was ſafe.*] This is an artful preparative for the following tranſition; and finely obviates what might be thought unfavourable of the ſeverity of the ſatire, by thoſe who were ſtrangers to the provocation.

VER. 193. *but were there One whoſe fires, &c.*] Our Poet's friendſhip with Mr. Addiſon began in the year 1713. It was cultivated, on both ſides, with all the marks of mutual eſteem and affection, and a conſtant intercourſe of good Offices. Mr. Addiſon was always commending moderation; warned his friend againſt a blind attachment to party; and blamed Steele for his indiſcreet zeal. The tranſlation of the Iliad being now on foot, he recommended it to the public, and joined with the Tories in puſhing the ſubſcription; but at the ſame time adviſed Mr. Pope not to be content with the applauſe of one half of the nation. On the other hand, Mr. Pope made his friend's intereſt his own (ſee note on Ver. 215. 1 Ep. B ii. of Hor.) and, when *Dennis* ſo brutally attacked the Tragedy of *Cato*, he wrote the piece called *A narrative of his madneſs.*

Thus things continued till Mr. Pope's growing reputation, and ſuperior genius in Poetry, gave umbrage to his friend's falſe delicacy: and then it was he encouraged Philips and others (ſee his Letters) in their clamours againſt him as a Tory and Jacobite, who had aſſiſted in writing the *Examiners*; and, under an affected care for the Government, would have hid, even from himſelf, the true grounds of his diſguſt. But his jealouſy ſoon broke out, and diſcovered itſelf, firſt to Mr.

Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

NOTES.

Pope, and, not long after, to all the world. *The Rape of the Lock* had been written in a very haſty manner, and printed in a collection of Miſcellanies. The ſucceſs it met with encouraged the Author to reviſe and enlarge it, and give it a more important air; which was done by advancing it into a mock-epic poem. In order to this it was to have its Machinery; which, by the happieſt invention, he took from the *Roſycrucian* Syſtem. Full of this noble conception, he communicated his ſcheme to Mr. Addiſon; who, he imagined, would have been equally delighted with the improvement. On the contrary, he had the mortification to ſee his friend receive it coldly; and even to adviſe him againſt any alteration; for that the poem, in its original ſtate, was a delicious little thing, and, as he expreſſed it, *merum ſal.* Mr. Pope was ſhocked for his friend; and then firſt began to open his eyes to his Character.

Soon after this, a tranſlation of the firſt book of the Iliad appeared under the name of Mr. Tickell; which coming out at a critical juncture, when Mr. Pope was in the midſt of his engagements on the ſame ſubject, and by a creature of Mr. Addiſon's, made him ſuſpect this to be another ſhaft from the ſame quiver: And after a diligent enquiry, and laying many odd circumſtances together, he was fully convinced that it was not only publiſhed with Mr. Addiſon's participation, but was indeed his own performance. Mr. Pope, in his firſt reſentment of this uſage, was reſolved to expoſe this new Verſion in a ſevere critique upon it. I have now by me the Copy he had marked for this purpoſe; in which he has claſſed the ſeveral faults in tranſlation, language, and numbers, under their proper heads. But the growing ſplendor of his own works ſo eclipſed the faint efforts of this oppoſition, that he

View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;

NOTES.

truſted to its own weakneſs and malignity for the juſtice due unto it. About this time, Mr. Addiſon's ſon-in-law, the E. of Warwick, told Mr. Pope, that it was in vain to think of being well with his Father, who was naturally a jealous man; that Mr. Pope's talents in poetry had hurt him; and to ſuch a degree, that he had underhand encouraged *Gildon* to write a thing about Wycherley; in which he had ſcurrilouſly abuſed Mr. Pope and his family; and for this ſervice he had given Gildon ten guineas, after the pamphlet was printed. The very next day, Mr. Pope, in great heat, wrote Mr. Addiſon a Letter, wherein he told him, he was no ſtranger to his behaviour; which, however, he ſhould not imitate: But that what he thought faulty in him, he would tell him fairly to his face; and what deſerved praiſe he would not deny him to the world; and, as a proof of this diſpoſition towards him, he had ſent him the incloſed; which was the CHARACTER, firſt publiſhed ſeparately, and afterwards inſerted in this place of the Epiſt. to Dr. Arbuthnot. This plain dealing had no ill effect. Mr. Addiſon treated Mr. Pope with civility, and, as Mr. Pope believed, with juſtice, from this time to his death; which happened about three years after.

Ibid. *but were there One whoſe fires, &c.*] The ſtrokes in this Character are highly finiſhed. Atterbury ſo well underſtood the force of them, that in one of his letters to Mr. Pope he ſays, "Since you now know where your Strength "lies, I hope you will not ſuffer that talent to lie unem-

Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe---

VARIATIONS.

After Ver 208. in the MS.

Who, if two Wits on rival themes conteſt,
Approves of each, but likes the worſt the beſt.

Alluding to Mr. P.'s and Tickell's Tranſlation of the firſt Book of the Iliad.

NOTES.

" ployed." He did not; and, by that means, brought ſatiric poetry to its perfection.

VER. 208. *And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd*;] He was one of thoſe obliging perſons who are the *humble Servants* of all Mankind. Mr. Pope therefore did wiſely; he ſoon returned his ſhare in him, to the common ſtock. An agreeable French writer of the fair ſex deſcribes this ſort of Character well—" Rempli de ces defauts qui aident à plaire, et empê-" chent de ſervir."

VER. 212. *And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe.*] When men, out of flattery, extol what they are conſcious they do not underſtand, as is ſometimes the caſe in men of education, the fear of praiſing in the wrong place is likely enough to give a *fooliſh* turn to the air of an embarraſſed countenance.

Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he!
What tho' my Name ſtood rubric on the walls,
Or plaiſter'd poſts, with claps, in capitals? 216
Or ſmoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I ſought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like *Aſian* Monarchs, from their ſight: 220

NOTES.

VER. 213. *Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?*] While ſuch a Character is *unapplied*, all the various parts of it will be conſidered together; and if the aſſemblage of them be as incoherent as in this before us, it cannot fail of being the object of a malignant pleaſantry.

VER. 214. *Who would not weep, if* ATTICUS *were he!*] But when we come to know it belongs to *Atticus*, i. e. to one whoſe more obvious qualities had before engaged our love or eſteem; then friendſhip, in ſpite of ridicule, will make a ſeparation: our old impreſſions will get the better of our new; or, at leaſt, ſuffer themſelves to be no further impaired than by the admiſſion of a mixture of pity and concern.

Ibid. ATTICUS] It was a great falſhood, which ſome of the libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death; which ſee refuted in the Teſtimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occaſion of writing it was ſuch as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the Edition of his Works. P.

VER. 216. *claps, in capitals?*] The bills of Quack-Doctors and Quack-Bookſellers being uſually paſted together on the ſame poſts.

VER. 218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?*] Hopkins, in the civth Pſalm. P.

Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day ſong.
I ne'er with wits or witlings paſs'd my days,
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;
Nor at Rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Caſtalian* ſtate.
Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown *Bufo* puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in ſong.
His Library (where buſts of Poets dead
And a true *Pindar* ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment aſk'd, and then a place:

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 234. in the MS.
To Bards reciting he vouchſaf'd a nod,
And ſnuff'd their incenſe like a gracious god.

NOTES.

VER. 236.—*a true* Pindar *ſtood without a head*] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headleſs *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide *Fulv. Urſin. &c.*

Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and ſome days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid ſome bards with port, and ſome with praiſe,
To ſome a dry rehearſal was aſſign'd,
And others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
But ſtill the *Great* have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.
May ſome choice patron bleſs each grey gooſe quill!
May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* ſtill!
So when a Stateſman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Senſe,
Or ſimple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!

NOTES.

VER. 248.—*help'd to bury*] Mr. *Dryden*, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral beſtowed upon him by the contribution of ſeveral perſons of Quality. P.

VER. 251. *So when a Stateſman, &c.*] Notwithſtanding this ridicule on the *public* neceſſities of the Great, our Poet was candid enough to confeſs that they are not always to be imputed to them, as their *private* diſtreſſes generally may. For (when uninfected by the *neighbourhood of Party*) he ſpeaks of thoſe neceſſities much more diſpaſſionately.

"Our Miniſters like Gladiators live,
"'Tis half their buſineſs blows to ward, or give;
"The good their Virtue would effect, or Senſe,
"Dies between Exigents and Self-defence." MS.

Bleſs'd be the *Great*, for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they left me; for they left me GAY;
Left me to ſee neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return
My Verſe, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die ſo too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and eaſe,
And ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe:
Above a Patron, tho' I condeſcend
Sometimes to call a Miniſter my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my pray'rs;
Can ſleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 270. in the MS.

Friendſhips from youth I ſought, and ſeek them ſtill:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The World I knew, but made it not my School *,
And in a courſe of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

* By *not making the World his School*, he means, he did not form his ſyſtem of morality on the principles or practice of men in buſineſs.

NOTES.

VER. 265. — *tho' I condeſcend*, &c.] He thought it, and he juſtly thought it, a condeſcenſion in an honeſt Man to accept the friendſhip of any one, how high ſoever, whoſe conduct in life was governed only on *principle of policy* for of what *miniſters* he ſpeaks, may be ſeen by the character he gives, in the next line, of the *Courts* they belong to.

Why am I aſk'd what next ſhall ſee the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to ſerve, no ſoul to ſave?
"I found him cloſe with *Swift*---Indeed? no
"doubt
"(Cries prating *Balbus*) ſomething will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
"No, ſuch a Genius never can lie ſtill;"
And then for mine obligingly miſtakes
The firſt Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes.
Poor guiltleſs I! and can I chuſe but ſmile,
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style?*

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 282. in the MS.

P. What if I ſing Auguſtus, great and good?
A. You did ſo lately, was it underſtood?

NOTES.

VER. 271. *Why am I aſk'd, &c.*] This is intended as a reproof of thoſe impertinent complaints, which were continually made to him by thoſe who called themſelves his friends, for not entertaining the Town as often as it wanted amuſement.—A French Writer ſays well on this occaſion—Dès qu'on eſt auteur, il ſemble qu'on ſoit aux gages d'un tas de fainéans, pour leur fournir de quoi amuſer leur oiſiveté.

VER. 273. —*r, to be grave, &c.*] This important truth, concerning the *Soul*, was always ſo preſent with him, that, in his more ſerious hours he uſed to ſay, *That he was certain of its immortality, that he ſeemed to feel it, as it were, within him by intuition.*

VER. 282. *When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my* Style?] The diſcovery of a conceal'd author by his Style, not only requires

Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

VARIATIONS.

P. Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling D——s or a Norfolk hound;
With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verſe,
Then ſmooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearſe.
A. No—the high taſk to lift up Kings to Gods,
Leave to Court-ſermons, and to birth-day Odes.
On themes like theſe, ſuperior far to thine,
Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal ſhine.
P. Why write at all?—A. Yes, ſilence if you keep,
The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

NOTES.

a perfect intimacy with his writings, but great ſkill in the nature of compoſition. But, in the practice of theſe Critics, knowing an Author by his ſtyle, is like judging of a man's whole perſon from the view of one of his moles.

When Mr. Pope wrote the *Advertiſement* to the firſt edition of the *new Dunciad*, intimating, that "it was by a different "hand from the other, and found in detached pieces, in-"correct and unfiniſhed," I objected to him the affectation of uſing ſo unpromiſing an attempt to miſlead his Reader. He replied, that I thought too highly of the public taſte; that, moſt commonly, it was formed on that of half a dozen people in faſhion; who took the lead, and who ſometimes have intruded on the Town the dulleſt performances, for works of wit: while, at the ſame time, ſome true effort of genius, without name or recommendation, hath paſſed by the public eye, unobſerved or neglected: That he once before made the trial, I now objected to, with ſucceſs, in the *Eſſay on Man:* which was at firſt given (as he told me) to Dr. Younge, to Dr. Deſaguliers, to Lord Bolingbroke, to Lord Paget, and, in ſhort, to every body but to him who was capable of writing it. However, to make him amends, this ſame Public, when let into the ſecret, would, for ſome time after, ſuffer no poem with a moral title, to paſs for any man's but his. So the *Eſſay on Human Life*, the *Eſſay on Reaſon*, and many others of a worſe tendency, were very liberally beſtowed upon him.

Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmleſs neighbour's peace,
Inſults fall'n worth, or Beauty in diſtreſs,
Who loves a Lye, lame Slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop, whoſe pride affects a patron's name,
Yet abſent, wounds an author's honeſt fame:
Who can *your* merit *ſelfiſhly* approve,
And ſhow the *ſenſe* of it without the *love*;

NOTES.

This, and a great deal more he added on the ſame occaſion, and aſſured me, that his *new Dunciad* would be full as well underſtood. He was not miſtaken. This *fourth book*, the moſt ſtudied and highly finiſhed of all his Poems, was eſteemed *obſcure*, (a name which, in exceſs of modeſty, the reader gives to what he does not underſtand) and but a faint imitation, by ſome common hand, of the other three. He had himſelf the malicious pleaſure to hear this judgment paſſed on his favourite work, by ſeveral of his acquaintance; a pleaſure more to his taſte than the flatteries they uſed to entertain him with, and were then intentionally paying him. Of which he gave me another inſtance, that afforded him much diverſion. While theſe acquaintance read the *Eſſay on Man* as the work of an unknown Author, they fairly owned they did not underſtand it: but when the reputation of the poem became ſecured by the knowledge of the Writer, it ſoon grew ſo clear and intelligible, that, on the appearance of the *Comment* on it, they told him, they wondered the Editor ſhould think a large and minute interpretation neceſſary.

VER. 293.—ſelfiſhly *approve*,] Becauſe to deny, or pretend not to ſee, a well eſtabliſhed merit, would impeach his own heart or underſtanding.

VER. 294. *And ſhow the* ſenſe *of it without the* love;] i. e. will never ſuffer the *admiration* of an excellence to produce any *eſteem* for him to whom it belongs.

Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lye not, muſt at leaſt betray:

NOTES.

VER. 295, 296. *Who has the vanity to call you friend,*
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;]
When a great Genius, whoſe writings have afforded the world much pleaſure and inſtruction, happens to be enviouſly attacked, or falſly accuſed, it is natural to think that a ſenſe of gratitude for ſo agreeable an obligation, or a ſenſe of that honour reſulting to our country from ſuch a Writer, ſhould raiſe amongſt thoſe who *call* themſelves his *friends*, a pretty general indignation. But every day's experience ſhews us the very contrary. Some take a malignant ſatisfaction in the attack; others a fooliſh pleaſure in a literary conflict; and the far greater part look on with a ſelfiſh indifference. Horace warned his friend againſt this exceſſive ſelfiſhneſs, not to ſay, baſeneſs of mind;

" At penitùs notum ſi tentent crimina, ſerves,
" Tuteriſque tuo fidenter tuo præſidio: qui
" Dente Theonino cùm circumroditur, ecquid
" Ad te poſt paulo ventura pericula ſentis."

A late Imitator of Horace, in the manner of Mr. Pope, has turned this with great elegance and ſpirit: which, becauſe it ſo well ſuits the occaſion, I ſhall here tranſcribe.

" But ſhould the man in whom (rare union!) ſhine
" Wit's glowing graces, Reaſon's ſpark divine,
" Whoſe modeſt manners virtue's ſelf approves,
" Whom Wiſdom leads thro' Learning's inmoſt groves,
" Stand the fierce rage of envy's motley train,
" The proud, the bigotted, the dull, the vain,
" Ariſe! and nobly feeling for your Friend,
" His morals vindicate, his fame defend,
" Till burſting thro' the cloud, with bright'ning ray
" Truth bids his worth blaze forth in open day."

18 E. 1. L. imitated by Mr. Neville

Who to the *Dean*, and *ſilver bell* can ſwear,
And ſees at *Cannons* what was never there;
Who reads, but with a luſt to miſapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye.
A laſh like mine no honeſt man ſhall dread,
But all ſuch babling blockheads in his ſtead.
Let *Sporus* tremble---A. What? that thing of ſilk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Aſs's milk?
Satire or Senſe, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred ſpaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he ſpeaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet ſqueaks;

NOTES.

VER. 299. *Who to the* Dean, *and* ſilver bell, *&c.*] Meaning the man who would have perſuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. P. meant him in thoſe circumſtances ridiculed in the Epiſtle on *Taſte*. See Mr. Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter.

Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rhymes, or blaſphemies.
His wit all ſee-ſaw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now maſter up, now miſs,
And he himſelf one vile Antitheſis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now ſtruts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the reſt,
Beauty that ſhocks you, parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the duſt.

Not Fortune's worſhipper, nor Faſhion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor ſervile; Be one Poet's praiſe,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a ſhame,
And thought a Lye in verſe or proſe the ſame.

NOTES.

VER. 319. See Milton, Book iv. P.

VER. 320. *Half froth,*] Alluding to thoſe *frothy* excretions, called by the people, *Toad-ſpits*, ſeen in ſummer-time hanging upon plants, and emitted by young inſects which lie hid in the midſt of them for their preſervation, while in their helpleſs ſtate.

That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But ſtoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his ſong:

NOTES.

VER. 340. *That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,*] His merit in this will appear very great, if we conſider, that in this walk he had all the advantages which the moſt poetic Imagination could give to a great Genius. M. Voltaire, in a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from England to a friend in Paris. "I intend to ſend you two or three poems "of Mr. Pope, the beſt Poet of England, and at preſent of "all the world. I hope you are acquainted enough with the "Engliſh tongue, to be ſenſible of all the charms of his "works. For my part, I look upon his poem called the "*Eſſay on Criticiſm* as ſuperior to the *Art of Poetry* of Ho-"race; and his *Rape of the Locke* is, in my opinion, above "the *Lutrin* of Deſpreaux. I never ſaw ſo amiable an ima-"gination, ſo gentle graces, ſo great variety, ſo much wit, "and ſo refined knowledge of the world, as in this little "performance." *MS. Lett. Oct.* 15, 1726.

VER. 341. *But ſtoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his ſong:*] This may be ſaid no leſs in commendation of his *literary*, than of his *moral* character. And his ſuperior excellence in poetry is owing to it. He ſoon diſcovered in what his force lay; and he made the beſt of that advantage, by a ſedulous cultivation of his proper talent. For having read Quintilian early, this precept did not eſcape him, *Sunt hæc duo vitanda prorſus: unum ne tentes quod effici non poſſit; alterum, ne ab eo, quod quis optime facit, in aliud, cui minus eſt idoneus, transferas.* It was in this knowledge and cultivation of his genius that he had principally the advantage of his great maſter, *Dryden*; who, by his Mac-Flecno, his Abſolom and Achitophel, but chiefly by his Prologues and Epilogues, appears to have had great talents for this ſpecies of moral poetry; but, unluckily, he ſeemed neither to underſtand nor attend to it.

Ibid. *But ſtoop'd to Truth,*] The term is from falconry; and the alluſion to one of thoſe untam'd birds of ſpirit, which ſometimes wantons at large in airy circles before it regards, or *ſtoops to*, its prey.

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loſs of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The diſtant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never ſhed;
The tale reviv'd, the lye ſo oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed traſh, and dulneſs not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'ſcape,
The libell'd perſon, and the pictur'd ſhape;
Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,
A friend in exile, or a father, dead;

NOTES.

VER. 350. *the lie ſo oft o'erthrown,*] As, that he received ſubſcriptions for Shakeſpear, that he ſet his name to Mr. Broome's verſes, &c. which, though publicly diſproved, were nevertheleſs ſhamelefsly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epiſtle.* P.

VER. 351. *Th' imputed traſh,*] Such as profane *Pſalms*, *Court Poems*, and other ſcandalous things, printed in his name by Curl and others. P.

VER. 354. *Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,*] Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Bolingbroke, Biſhop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurſe, aſperſed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. W. elſted, Tho. Bentley, and other obſcure perſons. P.

The whiſper, that to Greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his Sov'REIGN's Ear---
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the paſt:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *laſt!*

A. But why inſult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave to me, in ev'ry ſtate:
Alike my ſcorn, if he ſucceed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
A hireling ſcribler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the poſt corrupt, or of the ſhire;
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or loſe his own.

NOTES.

VER. 356. *The* whiſper, *that to Greatneſs ſtill too near,*] By the *whiſper* is meant calumniating honeſt characters. Shakeſpear has finely expreſſed this office of the ſycophant of *Greatneſs* in the following line:

"Rain *ſacrificial whiſp'rings* in his ear."

By which is meant the immolating men's reputations to the vice or vanity of his Patron.

VER. 357. *Perhaps, yet vibrates*] What force and elegance of Expreſſion! which, in one word, conveys to us the *phyſical* effects of ſound, and the *moral* effects of an often repeated ſlander.

VER. 359. *For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the* laſt!] This line is remarkable for preſenting us with the moſt amiable image of ſteddy Virtue, mixed with a modeſt concern for his being forced to undergo the ſevereſt proofs of his love for it; which was the being thought hardly of by his SOVEREIGN.

Yet ſoft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded Sat'riſt *Dennis* will confeſs
Foe to his pride, but Friend to his diſtreſs:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald*'s door,
Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.
Full ten years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
Three thouſand ſuns went down on *Welſted*'s lye.
To pleaſe his Miſtreſs, one aſpers'd his life;
He laſh'd him not, but let her be his wife:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedleſs Youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a Female Wit:
Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid;
He writ no Libels, but my Lady did:
Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,
Where Woman's is the ſin, and Man's the ſhame.

NOTES.

VER. 374. *ten years*] It was ſo long after many libels before the Author of the Dunciad publiſhed that poem, till when, he never writ a word in anſwer to the many ſcurrilities and falſhoods concerning him. P.

VER. 375. *Welſted's lye.*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occaſioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a perſon he never heard of. He alſo publiſhed that he libell'd the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a preſent of *five hundred pounds:* the falſhood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any preſent, farther than the ſubſcription for Homer, from him, or from *Any great Man* whatſoever. P.

Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubſtreet* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuſe
His father, mother, body, ſoul, and muſe.
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a ſin to call our neighbour fool:

NOTES.

VER. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, beſtowed much abuſe on him, in the imagination that he writ ſome things about the *Laſt Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grubſtreet Journal*; a Paper wherein he never had the leaſt hand, direction, or ſuperviſal, nor the leaſt knowledge of its Author. P.

VER. 379. *except his Will*;] Alluding to Tindall's Will: by which, and other indirect practices, Budgell, to the excluſion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himſelf almoſt the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

VER. 381. *His father, mother, &c.*] In ſome of Curl's and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's Father was ſaid to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is ſtranger, a *Nobleman* (if ſuch a reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an alluſion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity*: and the following line,

"Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obſcure,"

had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace*. Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordſhire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whoſe ſole Heireſs married the Earl of Lindſay—— His Mother was the daughter of William Turner, Eſq; of York: She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the ſervice of King Charles; the eldeſt following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what eſtate remained after the ſequeſtrations and forfeitures of her family—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this Poem was finiſhed.

That harmleſs mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and ſpare his family, *James Moore!*
Unſpotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
Of gentle blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
While yet in *Britain* Honour had applauſe)
Each parent ſprung--A. What fortune, pray?--
P. Their own,
And better got, than *Beſtia*'s from the throne.

NOTES.

The following inſcription was placed by their ſon on their Monument in the pariſh of Twickenham, in Middleſex:

D. O. M.
ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.
QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.
ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILI.
PIENTISSIMAE. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.
XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBUS. FILIVS. FECIT.
ET. SIBI. P.

VER. 390. A. *What fortune, pray?*] His friend's perſonating *the Town* in this place, and aſſuming its impertinent curioſity, gives great ſpirit to the ridicule of the queſtion.—Julian has a parallel ſtroke, in his ſarcaſtic diſcourſe to the people of Antioch, where he tells them a ſtory out of Plutarch, concerning Cato; who, when he came near their city, found their youth under arms, and the magiſtrates in their robes of office. On which, alighting in an ill humour with his friends, who he imagined had informed them of his approach, the Maſter of the ceremonies came up; and, advancing before the company, accoſted him in this manner; "Stranger, how far off is Demetrius?" *Now this Demetrius*

Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Diſcord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age.
No Courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye.
Unlearn'd, he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honeſt, by Experience wiſe,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exerciſe;
His life, tho' long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.
O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from Kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
O Friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing Melancholy mine:

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 405. in the MS.

And of myſelf, too, ſomething muſt I ſay?
Take then this verſe, the trifle of a day,
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whoſe heart has ne'er forgot a Friend,
Or head, an Author; Critic, yet polite,
And friend to Learning, yet too wiſe to write.

NOTES.

(ſays Julian) *was one of Pompey's freedmen, and immenſely rich. You will aſk me* WHAT HE WAS WORTH; *for I know nothing ſo likely to excite your curioſity. Why, truly, for this, you muſt conſult Demophilas the Bythinian, whoſe anecdotes turn chiefly upon ſubjects of this high importance.*

Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repoſing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the ſky!
On cares like theſe, if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my friend,
Preſerve him ſocial, chearful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a QUEEN.
A. Whether that bleſſing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heav'n.

NOTES.

VER. 417. *And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a Queen.*] An honeſt compliment to his Friend's real and unaffected diſintereſtedneſs, when he was the favourite Phyſician of Queen Anne.

VER. 418. A. *Whether that bleſſing, &c.*] He makes his Friend cloſe the Dialogue with a ſentiment very expreſſive of that religious reſignation, which was the Character both of his temper, and his piety.

SATIRES

AND

EPISTLES

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

Advertiſement.

THE Occaſion of publiſhing theſe *Imitations* was the Clamour raiſed on ſome of my *Epiſtles*. An Anſwer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own perſon; and the Example of much greater Freedom in ſo eminent a Divine as Dr. *Donne*, ſeemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Chriſtian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever ſo low, or ever ſo high a Station. Both theſe Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Miniſters* under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. *Donne* I verſified, at the deſire of the Earl of *Oxford*, while he was Lord Treaſurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewſbury* who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on thoſe they ſerved in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are ſo apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reaſon to encourage, the miſtaking a *Satiriſt* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a *true Satiriſt* nothing is ſo odious as a *Libeller*, for the ſame reaſon as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is ſo hateful as a *Hypocrite*.

Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis. P.

THE

First Satire of the Second Book

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

WHOEVER expects a *Paraphraſe* of Horace, or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in theſe IMITATIONS, will be much diſappointed. Our Author uſes the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas: And if the old deſign or colouring chance to ſuit his purpoſe, it is well: if not, he employs his own, without ſcruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is ſo frequently ſerious when Horace is in jeſt; and at eaſe where Horace is diſturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his Original, than was neceſſary for his concurrence, in promoting their common plan of *Reformation of manners*.

Had it been his purpoſe merely to paraphraſe an ancient Satiriſt, he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a Poet, he held little in common, beſides a comprehenſive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expreſſion, which conſiſts in uſing the ſimpleſt language with dignity, and the moſt ornamented, with eaſe. For the reſt, his harmony and ſtrength of numbers, his force and ſplendor of colouring, his gravity and ſublime of ſentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper leſs unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only ſmile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave ſeverity of Perſius: And what Mr. Pope would ſtrike with the cauſtic lightening of Juvenal, Horace would content himſelf with turning into ridicule.

If it be aſked then, why he took any body at all to *imitate*, he has informed us in his *Advertiſement*. To which we may add, that this ſort of Imitations, which are of the nature of *Parodies*, throws reflected grace and ſplendor on original wit. Beſides, he deemed it more modeſt to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Deſpreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

'SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus; [b]ſine nervis altera, quidquid
Compoſui, pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci poſſe. [c]Trebatî,
Quid faciam? praeſcribe.

T. [d]Quieſcas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis, omnino verſus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream, male, ſi non
Optimum erat: [e]verum nequeo dormire.

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Scarce to wife Peter*—Chartres] It has been commonly obſerved of the Engliſh, that a Rogue never goes to the Gallows without the pity of the Spectators; and their parting curſes on the rigour of the Laws that brought him thither: and this has been as commonly aſcribed to the *good nature* of the people. But it is a miſtake. The true cauſe is their hatred and envy of power. Their compaſſion for Dunces and Scoundrels (when expoſed by great writers to public contempt, either in juſtice to the age, or in vindication of their own Characters) has the ſame ſource. They cover their envy to a ſuperior genius, in lamenting the ſeverity of his Pen.

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F. Hayman inv. et del. C. Grignion sculp.

Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

Ep. to Satires, Parts

SATIRE I.

To Mr. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
'There are, to whom my Satire ſeems too bold:
Scarce to wiſe Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much too rough.
'The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
'I come to Council learned in the Law:
You'll give me, like a friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a Fee.

F. 'I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
'And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.

NOTES.

VER. 7. *Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,*] The delicacy of this does not ſo much lie in the ironical application of it to himſelf, as in its ſeriouſly characteriſing the Perſon for whoſe advice he applies.

VER. 11. *Not write? &c.*] He has omitted the moſt humorous part of the anſwer,

Peream male, ſi non
Optimum erat:

and has loſt the grace, by not imitating the conciſeneſs, of

verum nequeo dormire.

T. [f]Ter uncti
Tranſnanto, Tiberim, ſomno quibus eſt opus alto;
Irriguumve mero ſub noctem corpus habento.
[g]Aut, ſi tantus amor ſcribendi te rapit, aude
CAESARIS invicti res dicere, [h]multa laborum
Praemia laturus.
H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: [i]neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*
Agmina, nec *fracta pereuntes cuſpide Gallos*,
Aut *labentis equo* deſcribat vulnera *Parthi*.

NOTES.

For conciſeneſs, when it is clear (as in this place) gives the higheſt grace to elegance of expreſſion.—But what follows is as much above the Original, as this falls ſhort of it.

VER. 20. *Hartſhorn*] This was intended as a pleaſantry on the novelty of the preſcription.

VER. 23. *What? like Sir Richard, &c.*] Mr. Molyneux, a great Mathematician and Philoſopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. *All our Engliſh poets, except Milton* (ſays he in a Letter to Mr. Locke) *have been mere ballad-makers in compariſon of him.* And Mr. Locke,

I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.
F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life.
Why, if the nights ſeem tedious--take a Wife: 16
[f] Or rather truly, if your point be reſt,
Lettice and cowſlip-wine; *Probatum eſt.*
But talk with Celſus, Celſus will adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes.
[g] Or, if you needs muſt write, write CAESAR's Praiſe, 21
[h] You'll gain at leaſt a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.
P. What? like Sir [i] Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd the verſe,
Rend with tremendous ſound your ears aſunder, 25
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuſs, and Thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horſe?

NOTES.

in anſwer to this obſervation, replies, *I find, with pleaſure, a ſtrange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine.* Juſt ſo, a Roman Lawyer, and a Greek Hiſtorian, thought of the poetry of Cicero. But theſe being judgments made by men out of their own profeſſion, are little regarded. And Pope and Juvenal will make Blackmore and Tully paſs for Poetaſters to the world's end.

VER. 28. *falling Horſe?*] The horſe on which his Majeſty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pre-

T. [k] Attamen et juſtum poteras et ſcribere fortem,

Scipiadam ut ſapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,

Cum res ipſa feret: [l] niſi *dextro tempore*, Flacci

Verba per attentam non ibunt *Caeſaris* aurem:

Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. [m] Quanto rectius hoc, quam triſti lædere verſu

Pantolabum ſcurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?

[n] Cum ſibi quiſque timet, quanquam eſt *intactus*, et odit.

H. [o] Quid faciam? ſaltat Milonius, ut ſemel icto

Acceſſit fervor capiti, numeruſque lucernis.

NOTES.

tender, and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him.

VER. 39. *Abuſe the City's* beſt good men *in* metre,] The *beſt good Man*, a City phraſe for the *richeſt*. *Metre*—not uſed here purely to help the verſe, but to ſhew what it is a Citizen eſteems the greateſt aggravation of the offence.

VER. 41. *What ſhould ail 'em?*] Horace hints at *one* reaſon, *that each fears his own turn may be next*; his imitator gives *another*, and with more art, a reaſon which inſinuates, that his very lenity, in uſing feigned names increaſes the number

F. [k] Then all your Muſe's ſofter art diſplay,
Let CAROLINA ſmooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.

P. [l] Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year;
And juſtly CAESAR ſcorns the Poet's lays,
It is to *Hiſtory* he truſts for Praiſe.

F. [m] Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all Taſte, blaſpheme Quadrille,
Abuſe the City's beſt good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their truſt in Peter.
[n] Ev'n thoſe you touch not hate you.

P. What ſhould ail 'em?

F. A hundred ſmart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a ſcore.

P. [o] Each mortal has his pleaſure: none deny
Scarſdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;
Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
The doubling Luſtres dance as faſt as ſhe;

NOTES.

of his Enemies, who ſuſpect they may be included under that cover.

VER. 46. *Darty his Ham-pye*;] This lover of Ham-pye own'd the fidelity of the Poet's pencil; and ſaid, he had done juſtice to his taſte; but that if, inſtead of *Ham-pye*, he had given him *Sweet-pye*, he never could have pardoned him.

[p] Caſtor gaudet equis; *ovo prognatus eodem,*
Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum
Millia. [q] me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucilî ritu, noſtrûm melioris utroque.
Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, ſi male geſſerat, uſquam
Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene: quo fit, ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella
Vita ſenis. ſequor hunc, [r] Lucanus an Appulus,
anceps:
[Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,

NOTES.

VER. 50. *Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another.*] This has neither the juſtneſs nor elegance of

" ovo prognatus eodem:"

For though it may appear odd, that thoſe *who come from the ſame Egg*, ſhould have tempers and purſuits directly contrary; yet there is nothing ſtrange, that two Brothers, *alike in all things elſe*, ſhould have different amuſements.

VER. 52. *As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne.*] They had this, indeed, in common, to uſe great liberties of ſpeech; and to profeſs ſaying what they thought. Montagne had many qualities, which have gained him the love and eſteem of his Readers: the other had one, which always gained him the favourable attention of his Hearers. For, as a celebrated Roman Orator obſerves, " Maledicit INERUDITUS apertius et ſae-" pius, cum periculo etiam ſuo. Affert et iſta res OPINIO-

[p] F--- loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another.
[q] I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The Soul ſtood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what ſpots (for ſpots I have) appear,
Will prove at leaſt the Medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends;
Publiſh the preſent age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My foes ſhall wiſh my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the leſs lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
[r] Verſe-man or Proſe-man, term me which you will,

NOTES.

"NEM, quia libentiſſime homines audiunt ea quae dicere *ipſi* "noluiſſent."

VER. 56. *the Medium muſt be clear.*] Alluding to a fountain of limpid water, through which the contents of the bottom are diſcovered. This thought aſſiſted him in the eaſy and happy change of the metaphor in the following line.

VER. 63. *My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,*] Inferior to the Original:

"Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
"Credebat libris," etc.

Perſius alluded to this idea, when he ſaid,

"Vidi, vidi ipſe, Libelle!" etc.

Miſſus ad hoc, pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis,
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis;
Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania bellum
Incuteret violenta.] 'ſed hic ſtylus haud petit ultro
Quemquam animantem, et me veluti cuſtodiet enſis
Vagina tectus, quem cur deſtringere coner,
'Tutus ab infeſtis latronibus? "O pater et rex
Jupiter, ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum,

NOTES.

VER. 64. *Verſe-man or Proſe-man, term me which you will, Papiſt or Proteſtant, &c.*] The original thought (which is very flat, and ſo ill and aukwardly expreſſed, as to be taken for a monkiſh Addition) is here admirably improved, in a lively character of himſelf, and his writings.

VER. 69. *Satire's my weapon.*] In theſe words our Author has happily explained the true Character of Horace's ironical Apology; which is to this purpoſe: Nature, ſays he, has given all creatures the means of offence and defence: The wolf has teeth, the bull has horns, and I have a talent for ſatire. And, at the ſame time that he vindicates his claim to this his *natural* weapon, *Satire*, he ſhews its moral uſe; it was to expoſe the noxious qualities which nature had given Cervius for *informing*, Canidia for *poiſoning*, and Turius for *paſſing ſentence*. The turn of this ludicrous argumentation is fine and delicate; and we find his Imitator ſaw the whole force of it.

VER. 71. *I only wear it in a land of Hectors, &c.*] Superior to,

"tutus ab infeſtis latronibus,"

Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good Eraſmus in an honeſt Mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
' Satire's my weapon, but I'm too diſcreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;
' I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
' Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incruſt
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlaſting ruſt!

NOTES.

which only carries on the metaphor in

" ——enſis
" Vagina tectus;"

whereas the imitation does more; for, along with the metaphor, it conveys the image of the ſubject, by preſenting the reader with the ſeveral objects of ſatire.

VER. 72. *Thieves, Supercargoes,*] The names, at that time, uſually beſtowed on thoſe whom the trading Companies ſent with their ſhips, and entruſted with their concerns abroad.

VER. 73. *Save but our Army! &c.*] " Une Maladie nou-
" velle" (ſays the admirable Author of *de L'eſprit des Loix*)
" s'eſt répandue en Europe; elle a ſaiſi nos Princes, et leur
" fait entretenir un nombre deſordonné de Troupes. Elle a
" ſes redoublemens, et elle devient *neceſſairement contagieuſe.*
" Car ſi-tot qu'un Etat augmente ce qu'il appelle ſes Troupes,
" les autres ſoudain augmentent les leurs, de façon qu'on
" ne gagne rien par-là que la Ruïne commune Chaque Mo-
" narque tient ſur pied toutes les Armées qu'il pourroit
" avoir, ſi ſes Peuples etoient en danger d'étre exterminés;
" SI ON NOMME PAIX, CET ETAT D'EFFORT DE TOUS

Nec quiſquam noceat [w] cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
[x] Flebit, et inſignis tota cantabitur urbe.
[y] Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albutî, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes,
[z] Ut, quo quiſque valet, ſuſpectos terreat, utque
Imperet hoc Natura potens, ſic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, niſi intus
Monſtratum? [a] Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet ſceleris pia dextera (mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
[b] Ne longum faciam: ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus
Exſpectat, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis;

NOTES.

" CONTRE TOUS. Auſſi l'Europe eſt-elle ſi ruïnée, que les " particuliers, qui ſeroient dans la ſituation où ſont les trois " Puiſſances de cette partie du monde les plus opulentes, " n'auroient pas de quoi vivre. Nous ſommes pauvres avec " les richeſſes & le commerce de tout l'univers; & bientôt, " à force d'avoir des ſoldats, nous n'aurons plus que des " ſoldats, & nous ſerons comme des Tartares."

VER. 81—84. *Slander—libell'd by her hate.*] There ſeems to be more ſpirit here than in the original: But it is hard

[v] Peace is my dear delight---not FLEURY's more:
But touch me, and no Miniſter ſo ſore.
Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
[x] Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burthen of ſome merry ſong.
[y] Slander or Poiſon dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
[z] Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and Aſſes lift their heels;
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not ſtung by Pug.
[a] So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poiſon you, they'll only cheat.
[b] Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,

NOTES.

to pronounce with certainty: for though one may be confident there is more force in the 83d and 84th lines than in

"Canidia Albuti, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;"

yet there might be ſomething, for ought we know, in the character or hiſtory of *Cervius*, which might bring up that line to the ſpirit and poignancy of the 82d verſe of the Imitation.

VER. 85—90. *Its proper power to hurt, &c.*] All, except the two laſt lines, inferior to the elegance and preciſion of the Original.

Dives, inops; Romæ, ſeu fors ita juſſerit, exſul;
'Quiſquis erit vitæ, ſcribam, color.

T. 'O puer, ut ſis
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

H. 'Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,

NOTES.

VER. 93—96. *Whether Old age—ſhade*] The Original is more finiſhed, and even more ſublime. Beſides, the laſt verſe—*To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade*, has a langnor and redundancy unuſual with our Author.

VER. 97. *Whether the darken'd room—Or whiten'd wall—*] This is only a wanton joke upon the terms of his Original.

"Quiſquis erit vitæ color."

VER. 99. *In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,*] The Poet, in our equal government, might talk at his eaſe, and with all this levity of ſtyle, of the diſaſters incident to wit. But it was a ſerious matter with Horace; and is ſo ſtill with our witty Neighbours; one of whom has well expreſſed their condition, in the following lines,

"Eh! Que ſait-on? Un ſimple badinage,
"Mal entendu d'un Prude, ou d'un Sot,
"Peut vous jetter ſur un autre rivage:
"Pour perdre un Sage, il ne faut qu'un Bigot."

VER. 104. *Will club their Teſters, &c.*] The ſimile is exceeding humourous; and, at the ſame time, betrays the in-

Whether Old age, with faint but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the Ev'ning of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be diſplay'd,
To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade;
Whether the darken'd room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the ſkew'r to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Bugdel, I will rhyme and print.
F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;
In flow'r of age you periſh for a ſong!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your life!
P. What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs guilty men;
Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star*;

NOTES.

juſtice of their reſentment, in the very circumſtance of their indulging it, as it ſhews the Poet had ſaid no more of their avarice than was true. His abundance of wit has made his readers backward in acknowledging his talent for humour. But the veins are equally rich; and the one flows with eaſe, and the other is always placed with propriety.

VER. 105—120. *What? arm'd for Virtue, &c.*] This is not only ſuperior to Horace, but equal to any thing in himſelf.

'*Detrahere et pellem, nitidus* qua quiſque per ora
Cederet, *introrſum turpis*; num Laelius, et qui
Duxit ab oppreſſa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offenſi? aut laeſo doluere Metello,
Famoſiſque Lupo cooperto verſibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit *populumque* tributim;

NOTES.

VER. 110. *Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?*] Becauſe juſt *Satire* is an uſeful ſupplement to the ſanctions of *Law* and *Religion*; and has, therefore, a claim to the protection of thoſe who preſide in the adminiſtration either of Church or State.

VER. 111. *Could Boileau—Could Dryden*] I believe neither of them would have been ſuffered to do this, had they not been egregious flatterers of the ſeveral Courts to which they belonged.

Ibid. *Could penſion'd Boileau—Could Laureate Dryden*] It was Horace's purpoſe to compliment the former times; and therefore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio and Laelius: it was Mr. Pope's deſign to ſatirize the preſent; and therefore he gives the vicious examples of Louis, Charles, and James. Either way the inſtances are fully pertinent; but in the latter they have rather greater force. Only the line,

"Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis,"

loſes ſomething of its ſpirit in the imitation; for the *amici*, referred to, were Scipio and Lælius.

VER. 116. *Unpaid, unpenſion'd, no man's heir, or ſlave?*] Mr Pope, it is well known, made his fortune by his Homers. Lord Treaſurer Oxford affected to diſcourage that deſign: for ſo great a Genius (he ſaid) ought not to be confined

Can there be wanting, to defend Her cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd Boileau laſh in honeſt ſtrain
Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not ſtrip the gilding off a Knave,
Unplac'd, unpenſion'd, no man's heir, or ſlave?
I will, or periſh in the gen'rous cauſe:
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'ſcape the Laws.

NOTES.

to Tranſlation. He always uſed Mr. Pope civilly; and would often expreſs his concern that his religion rendered him incapable of a *place*. At the ſame time, he never ſpoke one word of a *penſion*. For this offer, he was ſolely indebted to the Whig-Miniſters. In the beginning of George I. Lord Halliſax, of his own motion, ſent for Mr. Pope, and told him, it had often given him concern that ſo great a Poet had never been diſtinguiſhed; that he was glad it was now in his power to ſerve him; and, if he cared to accept of it, he ſhould have a penſion not clogged with any engagements. Mr. Pope thanked him, and deſired time to conſider of it. After three months (having heard nothing further from that Lord) he wrote him a Letter to repeat his Thanks; in which he took occaſion to mention the affair of the *penſion* with much Indifference. So the thing dropt till Mr. Craggs came into the Miniſtry. The affair of the *penſion* was then reſumed. And this Miniſter, in a very frank and friendly manner, told Mr. Pope, that three hundred pounds a year were then at his ſervice: he had the management of the ſecret-ſervice money, and could pay him ſuch a penſion, without its being known, or

Scilicet [g] UNI AEQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EIUS AMICIS.

[h] Quin ubi ſe a *vulgo* et *ſcena* in *ſecreta* remôrant
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis *ſapientia Laeli*,
Nugari cum illo, et diſcincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti.

Quidquid ſum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilî cenſum, ingeniumque; tamen me
[i] Cum *magnis vixiſſe* invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,
Offendet ſolido:

NOTES.

ever coming to account. But now Mr. Pope declined the offer without heſitation: only, in return for ſo friendly a Propoſal, he told the Secretary, that if at any time he wanted Money, he would draw upon him for 100 or 200 l. Which liberty, however, he did not take. Mr. Craggs more than once preſſed him on this head; and urged to him the conveniency of a Chariot; which Mr. Pope was ſenſible enough of: But the Precarioufneſs of that ſupply made him very prudently decline the thoughts of an Equipage; which it was much better never to ſet up, than not properly to ſupport.

VER. 129. *And* HE, *whoſe lightning, &c.*] Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following, with only 280 horſe and 900 foot, enterpriſed and accompliſhed the Conqueſt of Valentia. P.

Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.
'To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
The World beſide may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the diſtant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but ſooths my ſleep.
'There, my retreat the beſt Companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Stateſmen out of place.
There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feaſt of Reaſon and the Flow of ſoul:
And HE, whoſe lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the ſtubborn plain,
Almoſt as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.
'*Envy* muſt own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleaſure, and no Spy of ſtate,

NOTES.

VER. 133. *Envy muſt own, &c.*] Horace makes the point of Honour to conſiſt ſimply in his living familiarly with the Great;

"Cum magnis vixiſſe invita fatebitur uſque
"Invidia."

Our Poet, more nobly, in his living with them on the foot of an honeſt man.——He prided himſelf in this ſuperiority, as appears from the following words, in a Letter to Dr. Swift.

[k] niſi quid tu, *docte Trebati,*

Diſſentis.

T. [l] Equidem nihil hinc diffingere poſſum.

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negotî

Incutiat tibi quid ſanctarum inſcitia legum :

[m] " *Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina,*

" *jus eſt*

" *Judiciumque.*".

H. Eſto, ſiquis [n] *mala.* ſed *bona* ſi quis

NOTES.

" To have pleaſed great men, according to Horace, is a Praiſe;
" but not to have flattered them, and yet not have diſpleaſed
" them, is a greater." *Let.* VII. *Jan.* 12, 1723.

VER. 146. *A man was hang'd, &c.*] *Si mala condiderit*— A great French Lawyer explains this matter very truly. " L'Ariſtocratie eſt le Gouvernement qui proſcrit le plus les " Ouvrages ſatiriques. Les Magiſtrats y ſont de petits Sou- " verains, qui ne ſont pas aſſez grands pour mepriſer les in- " jures. Si dans la Monarchie quelque trait va contre le " Monarque, il eſt ſi haut que le trait n'arrive point juſqu'à " lui; un Seigneur Ariſtocratique en eſt percé de part en " part. Auſſi les *Decemvirs*, qui formoient une Ariſtocratie, " punirent-ils de mort les ecrits ſatiriques." De L'Eſprit des Loix, L. xii. c. 13.

VER. 150. 151. *Libels and Satires! lawleſs things indeed!*

With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to ſpread friendſhips, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.
This is my Plea, on this I reſt my cauſe---
[k] What ſaith my Council, learned in the laws?
F. [l] Your Plea is good; but ſtill I ſay, beware!
Laws are explain'd by Men---ſo have a care.
It ſtands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honeſt rhymes.
[m] Conſult the Statute: *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi ſext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it---read.
P. [n] *Libels* and *Satires!* lawleſs things indeed!
But grave *Epiſtles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Biſhop write,

NOTES.

But grave Epiſtles, &c.] The *legal* objection is here more juſtly and decently taken off than in the Original. Horace evades the force of it with a quibble,

" Eſto, ſiquis *mala*, ſed *bona* ſi quis——"

But the Imitator's *grave Epiſtles* ſhew the *ſatire* to be a ſerious reproof, and therefore juſtifiable; which the *integer ipſe* of the Original does not: for however this might plead in mitigation of the offence, nothing but their being *grave Epiſtles* could juſtify the attack.

Judice condiderit laudatus CAESARE? ſi quis
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipſe?
T. °Solventur riſu tabulae: tu miſſus abibis.

NOTES.

VER. 153. F. *Indeed?*] HOR.
"Solventur riſu tabulae."

Some Critics tells us, it is want of Taſte to put this line in the mouth of Trebatius. But our Poet confutes this cenſure, by ſhewing how well the ſenſe of it agrees to his Friend's Character. The Lawyer is cautious and fearful; but as ſoon as Sir ROBERT, the Patron both of Law and Goſpel, is

Such as Sir ROBERT would approve---

F. Indeed?

The Caſe is alter'd---you may then proceed;

* In ſuch a cauſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,

My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

NOTES.

named as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plouden, owns, *the Caſe is alter'd.* Now was it not as natural, when Horace had given a hint, that Auguſtus himſelf ſupported him, for Trebatius, a Court Advocate, who had been long a Client to him and his uncle, to confeſs *the Caſe was alter'd?*

THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

SATIRA II.

[a] QUAE virtus et quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo,
(Nec meus hic ſermo; ſed quae praecepit Ofellus,
Ruſticus, [b] *abnormis* Sapiens, *crudiſque Minerva*)
Diſcite, [c] non inter lances *menſaque nitentes*;
Cum ſtupet *inſanis aciès fulgoribus*, et cum
Acclinis falſis animus meliora recuſat:
[c] Verum hic *impranſi* mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam, ſi potero. malè verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex. Leporem ſectatus, equove
Laſſus ab indomito; vel (ſi Romana fatigat
Militia aſſuetum Graecari) ſeu pila velox,
Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem;
Seu te diſcus agit, pete cedentem aëra diſco:
Cum labor extulerit faſtidia; ſiccus, inanis,
Sperne *cibum vilem:* niſi Hymettia mella Falerno,
Ne biberis, diluta. [d] foris eſt promus, et atrum

NOTES.

VER. 5, 6. —*a gilt Buffet's reflected pride*
Turns you from ſound Philoſophy aſide;] More forcibly and happily expreſſed than the original, *acclinis falſis*; though that be very elegant.

SATIRE II.

To Mr. BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a chearful heart;
[b] (A doctrine ſage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk [c] before we dine.
[d] Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from ſound Philoſophy aſide;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
[e] But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.
[f] Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner, if you can.
[g] Your wine lock'd up, your Butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or fiſh deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)

NOTES.

[a] VER. 9. BETHEL. The ſame to whom ſeveral of Mr. Pope's Letters are addreſſed.

Defendens piſces hiemat mare: cum ſale panis
Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, ſed in *teipſo* eſt. tu pulmentaria quaere
Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque oſtrea,
Nec ſcarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.
[k] Vix tamen eripiam, poſito *pavone*, velis quin
Hoc potius quam *gallina* tergere palatum;
Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro
Rara avis, et picta pandat ſpectacula cauda:
Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num veſceris iſta,
Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adeſt honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis diſtat nihil hac, magis illa;
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, eſto.
Unde datum ſentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
Captus hiet? ponteſne inter jactatus, an amnis
Oſtia ſub Tuſci? [l] laudas, inſane, *trilibrem*
Mullum; in ſingula quem minuas pulmenta neceſſe eſt.
Ducit te ſpecies, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odiſſe *lupos?* quia ſcilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Jejunus raro ſtomachus vulgaria temnit.
[m] *Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino*
Vellem, ait *Harpyiis* gula digna rapacibus. At vos,

If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in you, and not the meat.
[k] Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chuſe a pheaſant ſtill before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
[l] Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for ſmall Turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.
[m] Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd,
Cries "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd!"

NOTES.

VER. 25. *Oldfield.*] This eminent Glutton ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year in the ſimple luxury of good eating.

VER. 26. *Hog barbecu'd, &c.*] A Weſt Indian term of Gluttony; a hog roaſted whole, ſtuffed with ſpice, and baſted with Madera wine. P.

[n] Praeſentes, Auſtri, coquite horum opſonia; quamquam
Putet aper rhombuſque recens, mala copia quando
Aegrum ſollicitat ſtomachum; cum *rapula* plenus
Atque acidas mavult *inulas*. [o]necdum *omnis* abacta
Pauperies epulis regum: nam *vilibus ovis*
Nigriſque eſt *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Gallonî praeconis erat acipenſere menſa
Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus aequora alebant?
[p] Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque *ciconia* nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit *praetorius*. ergo
[p] Si quis nunc *mergos* ſuaves edixerit *aſſos*,
Parebit pravi docilis *Romana juventus*.
[r] Sordidus a tenui victus diſtabit, Oſello
Judice: nam fruſtra vitium vitaveris iſtud,
Si te alio pravus detorſeris. [s] Avidienus
[t] Cui *Canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,

NOTES.

VER. 27. *Oh blaſt it, South-winds!*] This has not the force, nor gives us the pleaſant alluſion of the original, *coquite*.

VER. 42. *Bedford-head*;] A famous Eating-houſe. P.

VER. 43. *Or ev'n to crack live Crawfiſh*] There is force and humour in *dixerit* and *parebit*, which the imitation does not reach.

Oh blaſt it, [n] South-winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the ripeneſs of a rabbit's tail.
By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink?
When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
He finds no reliſh in the ſweeteſt meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
[o] Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives ſtill we ſee;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
[p] The Robin-red-breaſt till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a Martin's neſt,
Till Becca-ficos ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.
[q] Let me extol a Cat, on oyſters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfiſh recommend;
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
[r] 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Exceſs and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not ſordid; tho' not ſplendid, clean.
[s] Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a [t] dog, and her a bitch)

NOTES.

VER. 50. *For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch, &c.*] Our Poet had the art of giving wit and dignity to his Billingſgate, which Horace ſeems not to have learnt.

Quinquennes oleas eſt, et ſylveſtria corna;
[u] Ac, niſi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum*; et
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille *repotia*, *natales*, alioſque dierum
[w] *Feſtos* albatus celebret) cornu ipſe bilibri
Caulibus inſtillat, [x] *veteris non parcus aceti*.
Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur, et horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis,
aiunt.
[y] Mundus erit, qua non offendat ſordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miſer. [z] Hic neque
ſervis
Albutî ſenis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Saevus erit; nec ſit ut ſimplex [b] Naevius, *unctam*
Convivis praebebit *aquam*: vitium hoc quoque
magnum.
[c] Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque
ſecum
Afferat. [d] In primis valeas bene; nam variae res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius eſcae,
Quae ſimplex [e] *olim* tibi ſederit. at ſimul aſſis
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta ferent pituita. [f] Vides, ut pallidus omnis

Sell their preſented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
[a] One half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine:
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on ſome [v] lucky day (as when they found
A loſt Bank bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)
At ſuch a feaſt, [x] old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo gen'rous cannot bear:
Oyl, tho' it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
But ſowſe the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
[y] He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, nor on that;
Nor [z] ſtops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like [b] Nævius, ev'ry error paſs,
The muſty wine, foul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.
[c] Now hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our Friend, and what he ſaid I ſing)
[d] Firſt Health: The ſtomach (cramm'd from ev'ry diſh,
A tomb of boil'd and roaſt, and fleſh and fiſh,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers oft [e] the School-boy's ſimple fare,
The temp'rate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.
[f] How pale, each Worſhipful and Rev'rend gueſt
Riſe from a Clergy, or a City feaſt!

Coena deſurgat dubia? quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis *animum* quoque praegravat una,
Atque affigit humo *divinae particulam aurae.*
[s] Alter, ubi dicto citius curata ſopori
Membra dedit, vegetus praeſcripta ad munia ſurgit.
[h] Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam;
Sive *diem* feſtum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus:* ubique
Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius aetas*
Imbecilla volet. [i] Tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam,
Quam puer et validus praeſumis, mollitiem; ſeu
Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus?
[k] *Rancidum aprum* antiqui laudabant: non quia naſus
Illis nullus erat; ſed, *credo*, hac mente, quod hoſpes
Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam

NOTES.

VER. 79, 80. *The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines*
To ſe m but mo tal, ev'n in ſound Divines.] Horace was an Epicurean, and laughed at the immortality of the ſoul. And therefore, to render the doctrine more ridiculous, deſcribes that languor of the mind proceeding from intemperance, on the idea, and in the terms of Plato,

" affigit humo divinae particulam aurae."

To *this*, his ridicule is pointed. Our Poet, with more ſobriety and judgment, has turned the Ridicule, from the doctrine, which he believed, upon thoſe Preachers of it, whoſe feaſts and compotations in Taverns did not edify him: and ſo has

What life in all that ample body, ſay?
What heav'nly particle inſpires the clay?
The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound Divines.
[s] On morning wings how active ſprings the Mind
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind?
How eaſy ev'ry labour it purſues?
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muſe?
[h] Not but we may exceed, ſome holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme;
Ill health ſome juſt indulgence may engage,
And more the ſickneſs of long life, Old age:
[i] For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the veſſel drains?
[k] Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no noſe.
Not ſo: a Buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.

NOTES.

added ſurprizing humour and ſpirit to the eaſy elegance of the Original.

VER. 81. *On morning wings, &c.*] Much happier and nobler than the Original.

VER. 86. *Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme;*]

Integrum edax dominus conſumeret. [l] hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliſſet.
[m] Das aliquid *famae*, quae *carmine gratior* aurem
Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinaeque
Grande ferunt una [n] cum *damno dedecus*, adde
[o] Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et fruſtra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
[p] As, *laquei* pretium.
[q] Jure, inquit, Trauſius iſtis
Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiaſque habeo tribus amplas regibus. Ergo,
Quod *ſuperat*, non eſt *melius quo* inſumere poſſis?
Cur eget indignus *quiſquam*, te divite? quare

NOTES.

A fine ridicule on the extravagance of human purſuits; where the moſt trifling and moſt important concerns of life ſucceed one another, indifferently.

VER. 117, 118. *Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,*
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?]

"Cur eget indignus quiſquam, te divite?"

is here admirably paraphraſed. And it is obſervable in theſe *Imitations*, that where our Poet keeps to the ſentiments of Horace, he rather piques himſelf in excelling the moſt finiſhed touches of his Original, than in correcting or improving the more inferior parts. Of this elegance of Ambition, all his Writings bear ſuch marks, that it gave Countenance to an invidious imputation, as if his chief talent lay in copying

[l] Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pyes or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
[m] That ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear;
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a ſong)
Who has not learn'd, [n] freſh ſturgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy [o] neighbours, thy truſtees, thyſelf,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how poſterity will treat thy name;
And [p] buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well.
[q] "Right," cries his Lordſhip, "for a rogue in
"need
"To have a Taſte is inſolence indeed:
"In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let [r] Bounty ſpread her ray,
And ſhine that ſuperfluity away.
Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?

NOTES.

finely. But if ever there was an Original in Poetry it was Pope. But his fancy was ſo corrected by his judgment, and his imitation ſo ſpirited by his genius, that what he *improved* ſtruck the vulgar eye more ſtrongly than what he *invented*.

[s] *Templa* ruunt *antiqua* Deûm? *cur*, improbe, carae
Non aliquid *patriae* tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recte ſemper erunt res?
[t] O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus! uterne
[u] Ad caſus dubios fidet ſibi certius? hic, qui
Pluribus aſſuêrit mentem corpuſque ſuperbum;
An qui contentus parvo metuenſque futuri,
In pace, ut ſapiens, aptarit idonea bello?
[x] Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus *Oſellum*
Integris opibus novi non latius uſum,
Quam nunc [w] *acciſis*. Videas, *metato* in agello,
Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profeſta

NOTES.

VER. 122. *As M**o's uas, &c.*] I think this light ſtroke of ſatire ill placed; and that it hurts the dignity of the preceding morality. Horace was very ſerious, and properly ſo, when he ſaid,

"cur, Improbe! carae
"Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo."

He remembered, and hints with juſt indignation at, thoſe luxurious Patricians of his old party; who, when they had agreed to eſtabliſh a fund in the cauſe of Freedom, under the conduct of Brutus, could never be perſuaded to withdraw from their expenſive pleaſures what was ſufficient for the ſup-

Shall half the [t]new-built churches round thee fall?
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall:
Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.
[t] Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jeſt for all mankind.
And [u] who ſtands ſafeſt? tell me, is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd Proſperity,
Or bleſt with little, whoſe preventing care
In peace provides fit arms againſt a war?
[x] Thus BETHEL ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.
In South-ſea days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The Lord of Thouſands, than if now [y] *Excis'd*;
In foreſt planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.

NOTES.

port of ſo great a cauſe. He had prepared his apology for this liberty, in the preceding line, where he pays a fine compliment to Auguſtus:

" quare
" Templa ruunt antiqua Deûm?"

which oblique Panegyric the Imitator has very properly turned into a direct ſtroke of ſatire.

VER. 133. *In South-Sea days not happier, &c.*] Mr. Pope had South-ſea ſtock, which he did not ſell out. It was valued at between twenty and thirty thouſand pounds when it fell.

Quidquam, praeter [x] *olus* fumoſae cum pede pernae.

Ac mihi ſeu [y] *longum poſt tempus* venerat hoſpes,

Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem

Vicinus; bene erat, non *piſcibus* urbe petitis,

Sed *pullo* atque *hoedo*: tum [z] *penſilis uva* ſecundas

Et *nux* ornabat menſas, cum *duplice ficu*.

Poſt hoc ludus erat [a] cuppa potare magiſtra:

Ac *vencrata Ceres*, ita culmo ſurgeret alto,

Explicuit vino contractae ſeria frontis.

[b] Saeviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!

Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto *aut ego* parcius,

aut *vos*,

O pueri, nituiſtis, ut huc [c] *novus incola* venit?

NOTES.

VER. 150. *And, what's more rare, a Poet ſhall ſay Grace.*] The pleaſantry of this line conſiſts in the ſuppoſed rarity of a Poet's having a table of his own; or a ſenſe of gratitude for the bleſſings he receives. But it contains, too,

Content with little, I can piddle here
On [x] brocoli and mutton, round the year;
But [y] ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no [z] Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounſlow-heath I point, and Banſted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:
[a] From yon old walnut-tree a ſhow'r ſhall fall;
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from ſtandard and eſpalier join;
The Dev'l is in you if you cannot dine:
Then [b] chearful healths (your Miſtreſs ſhall have place)
And, what's more rare, a Poet ſhall ſay Grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt;
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I loſt?
My Life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame,
Before, and after [c] Standing Armies came.
My lands are ſold, my father's houſe is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? thro' whoſe free-op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;

NOTES.

a ſober reproof of people of condition, for their unmanly and brutal diſuſe of ſo natural a duty.

Nam [d] *propriae telluris* herum natura neque illum,

Nec me, nec quemquam ſtatuit. nos expulit ille;

Illum aut [e] nequities aut [f] *vafri inſcitia juris*,

Poſtremum expellet certe [g] *vivacior heres*,

[h] Nunc ager *Umbreni ſub nomine*, nuper *Oſelli*

Dictus erat: nulli proprius; ſed cedit in uſum

NOTES.

VER. 165. *Well, if the uſe be mine, &c.*] In a letter to this Mr. Bethel, of March 20, 1743, he ſays, "My Landlady, Mrs. "*Vernon*, being dead, this Garden and Houſe are offered me "in ſale; and, I believe (together with the cottages on each "ſide my graſs-plot next the Thames) will come at about a "thouſand pounds. If I thought any very particular friend "would be pleaſed to live in it after my death (for, as it is, "it ſerves all my purpoſes as well, during life) I would pur-"chaſe it; and more particularly could I hope two things; "that the Friend who ſhould like it, was ſo much younger "and healthier than myſelf, as to have a proſpect of its con-"tinuing his, ſome years longer than I can of its continuing

(For I, who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going Gueſt.)
"Pray Heav'n it laſt! (cries SWIFT!) as you go on;
"I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own:
"Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife:
"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the uſe be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's [d] *Property?* dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to [e] Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's ſhare;
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the heir;
Or in pure [f] equity (the caſe not clear)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At beſt, it falls to ſome ungracious ſon,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own.
[h] Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby Lord;

NOTES.

"mine. But moſt of thoſe I love are travelling out of the "world, not into it; and unleſs I have ſuch a view given "me, I have no vanity nor pleaſure that does not ſtop ſhort "of the Grave."—So that we ſee (what ſome who called themſelves his friends would not believe) his thoughts in proſe and verſe were the ſame.

VER. 170. *Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the heir.*] The expreſſion well deſcribes the ſurprize an heir muſt be in to find himſelf excluded by that Inſtrument which was

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. [1] quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

NOTES.

made to ſecure his ſucceſſion. For Butler humourouſly defines a *Jointure* to be the act whereby Parents

" ——turn
" Their Childrens Tenants, ere they're born."

VER. 177. *proud Buckingham's, &c.*] Villers Duke of Buckingham. P.

And Hemſley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.
'Let lands and houſes have what Lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own maſters ſtill.

NOTES.

VER. 179. *Let lands and houſes, &c.*] The turn of his imitation, in the concluding part, obliged him to diverſify the ſentiment. They are equally noble: but Horace's is expreſſed with the greater force.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

570850

EPISTOLA I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, ſumma dicende camena,
[b] Spectatum ſatis, et donatum jam rude, quaeris,
Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem eſt aetas, non mens. [c] Veianius, armis
[d] Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum [e] extrema toties exoret arena.
[f] Eſt mihi purgatam crebro qui perſonet aurem;
Solve [g] ſeneſcentem mature ſanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Sabbath of my days?*] i. e. The 49th year, the age of the Author.

VER. 8. *Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,*] An occaſional ſtroke of Satire on ill-placed ornaments. He has more openly ridiculed them in his *Epiſtle on Taſte,*

EPISTLE I.

To L. BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whoſe love indulg'd my labours paſt,
Matures my preſent, and ſhall bound my laſt!
Why [b] will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now ſick alike of Envy and of Praiſe.
Public too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See Modeſt [c] Cibber now has left the Stage:
Our Gen'rals now, [d] retir'd to their Eſtates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool Ev'ning ſatiate of Applauſe,
Nor [e] fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cauſe.
[f] A Voice there is, that whiſpers in my ear,
('Tis Reaſon's voice, which ſometimes one can hear)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your [g] Muſe take breath,
"And never gallop Pegaſus to death;

NOTES.

"Load ſome vain Church with old theatric ſtate,
"Turn *Arcs of Triumph to a garden gate.*"

VER. 10. *ev'n in Brunſwick's cauſe.*] In the former Editions it was *Britain's cauſe.* But the terms are ſynonimous.

Nunc itaque et [h] verſus, et *caetera ludicra* pono:
Quid [i] verum atque *decens*, curo et rogo, et *omnis*
in hoc ſum:
[k] Condo, et compono, quae mox depromere poſſim.
Ac ne forte roges, [l] quo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter:
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,
[m] Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor *hoſpes*.
Nunc *agilis* fio, et merſor [n] *civilibus undis*,
Virtutis verae cuſtos, [o] *rigiduſque ſatelles*:

NOTES.

VER. 16. *You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horſe.*] The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elſewhere, was univerſally received in the City of London. His verſification is here exactly deſcribed: ſtiff, and not ſtrong; ſtately and yet dull, like the ſober and ſlow-paced Animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and therefore here humourouſly oppoſed to Pegaſus. P.

VER. 26. *And hiſe with* Montagne *now, or now with* Locke.] *i.e* Chuſe either an *active* or a *contemplative* life, as is moſt fitted to the ſeaſon and circumſtances ——For he regarded theſe Writers as the beſt Schools to form a man for the world; or to give him a knowledge of himſelf: *Montagne* excelling in his obſervations on ſocial and civil life; and *Locke*, in developing the faculties, and explaining the operations of the human mind.

" Leſt ſtiff, and ſtately, void of fire or force,
" You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's
" horſe."

Farewel then [k] Verſe, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What right, what true, what fit we juſtly call,
Let this be all my care---for this is All:
To lay this [k] harveſt up, and hoard with haſte
What ev'ry day will want, and moſt, the laſt.

But aſk not, to what [l] Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Maſter, of no Sect am I:
As drives the [m] ſtorm, at any door I knock:
And houſe with Montagne now, or now with
Locke.
Sometimes a [n] Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttelton, her Cauſe purſue,
Still true to Virtue, [o] and as warm as true:

NOTES.

VER. 30. *Still true to Virtue—with Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,*] It was the Poet's purpoſe in this place to give us the picture of his own mind, not that of Horace's; who tells us, he ſometimes went with *Zeno*, and ſometimes with *Ariſtippus*; the extremes of whoſe different Syſtems, Tully thus juſtly cenſures: " Ut quoniam *Ariſtippus*, quaſi animum nullum " habeamus, corpus ſolum tuetur; *Zeno*, quaſi corporis ſimus " expertes, animum ſolum complectitur." But neither Truth nor Decency would ſuffer our Poet to ſay, that, to ſuit himſelf to the times, he went into either of theſe follies. To

Nunc in * Ariſtippi [p] *furtim* praecepta *relabor*,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, ſubjungere conor.
[q] Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; dieſque
Lenta videtur *opus debentibus*: ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda [r] fluunt *ingrataque* tempora, quae ſpem
Conſiliumque *morantur* agendi gnaviter [s] id, quod
Aeque *pauperibus* prodeſt, *locupletibus* aeque,
Aeque neglectum *pueris*, *ſenibuſque* nocebit.

* Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, et ſtatus, et res. P.

NOTES.

ſhew us therefore that he took no more from the Stoics than their ſincerity and warmth for the intereſts of Virtue, he compares himſelf to a Friend, in whom he obſerved that warmth. And by joining St. *Paul* with *Ariſtippus* he would inſinuate, that he took no more from the Cyrenaic ſect than a charitable compliance to occaſions, for the benefit of his neighbour. Thus in ſerving himſelf of his Friend, to temper the rigidity of one ſect of Philoſophy, while the Apoſtle is employed to rectify the looſeneſs of the other, he brings Mr. *Lyttelton* and St. *Paul* acquainted; for thoſe who correct oppoſite extremes muſt needs meet; and ſo we ſee the *Patriot* in a new point of view; which is, *in a virtuous accommodation of himſelf to ſeaſons and circumſtances.*

VER. 32. *Indulge my candor——Back to my native Moderation ſlide.*] An honeſt and artful inſinuation, that though

Sometimes with Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
Back to my [p] native Moderation ſlide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
[q] Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the Night to her whoſe Love's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle ſeems to run,
When the briſk Minor pants for Twenty-one:
So flow th' [r] unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my ſoul;
That keep me from myſelf; and ſtill delay
Life's inſtant buſineſs to a future day:
That [s] taſk, which as we follow, or deſpiſe,
The eldeſt is a fool, the youngeſt wiſe.
Which done, the pooreſt can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richeſt muſt be poor.

NOTES.

Parties in the State proſecute their ends on ever ſo true principles, and with ever ſo good intentions, yet oppoſition is apt to make the moſt ſcrupulous leaders of them ſometimes violate both *candor* and *moderation*. However, by the expreſſion of *indulging his candor*, he would inſinuate too, that, when he allowed the leaſt to it, he never violated truth; and, by *ſliding back to his native moderation*, that he always kept within the Bounds of Reaſon.—But the general ſenſe of the whole paſſage is, that when he went with the Stoics, who adviſe a *public* life, the character of his *civil* virtue was *rigid*; when he went with the Cyrenaics, who encourage a *private*, that the character of his *ſocial* was *indulgent*.

VER. 45. *can no wants endure*;] i. e. *Can want nothing*: badly expreſſed.

[t] *Reſtat,* ut his ego me ipſe regam [u] ſolerque *elementis:*

[w] Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodoſa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.
Eſt quadam prodire [x] tenus, ſi non datur ultra.

[y] Fervet Avaritia, miſeroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt *verba* et *voces,* quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſis, et [z] magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? Sunt [a] certa *piacula,* quae te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

[b] Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, [c] *amator;*
Nemo [d] adeo *ferus* eſt, ut non miteſcere poſſit,
Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.

NOTES.

VER. 51. *I'll do what Mead*—] Mr. Pope highly eſteemed and loved this worthy man; whoſe unaffected humanity and benevolence have ſtifled much of that envy which his eminence in his profeſſion would otherwiſe have drawn out. Speaking of his obligations to this great Phyſician and others of the Faculty, in a Letter to Mr. Allen, about a month before his death, he ſays, "There is no end of my kind treatment "from the Faculty. They are in general the moſt amiable "companions, and the beſt friends, as well as the moſt learned men I know."

[t] Late as it is, I put myſelf to ſchool,
And feel ſome [u] comfort, not to be a fool.
[v] Weak tho' I am of limb, and ſhort of ſight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite;
I'll do what Mead and Cheſelden adviſe,
To keep theſe limbs, and to preſerve theſe eyes.
Not to [x] go back, is ſomewhat to advance,
And men muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.
Say, does thy [y] blood rebel, thy boſom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can controll
[z] Between the Fits this Fever of the Soul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which [a] freſh and freſh apply'd
Will cure the arrant'ſt Puppy of his Pride.
Be [b] furious, envious, ſlothful, mad, or drunk,
[c] Slave to a Wife, or Vaſſal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch [d] Bear;
All that we aſk is but a patient Ear.

NOTES.

VER. 58. *Between the Fits*—] The ſenſe of
"magnam morbi deponere partem,"
in here very happily expreſſed. And
"Ter pure lecto," etc.
is the following line, as happily varied. But the whole paſſage, which deſcribes the uſe and efficacy of ſatire, is admirably imitated.

[e] Virtus eſt, vitium fugere; et ſapientia prima,
Stultitia caruiſſe. vides, quae [f] maxima credis
Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemque repulſam,
Quanto devites animi, capitiſque labore.
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per [g] mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes:
Ne cures [h] ea, quae *ſtulte* miraris et optas,
Diſcere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui ſpes,
Cui ſit conditio dulcis ſine pulvere palmae?
" [i] Vilius eſt auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.

NOTES.

VER. 70. *Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale Poverty!*] Though this has all the ſpirit, it has not all the imagery of the Original; where Horace makes Poverty purſue, and keep pace with, the Miſer in his flight.

" Per mare Pauperiem fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes."

But what follows,

" Wilt thou do nothing," etc.

far ſurpaſſes the Original.

VER. 77. *Here, Wiſdom calls, &c.*] All from hence to Ver. 110, is a pretty cloſe tranſlation: but in general done with ſo maſterly a ſpirit, that the Original, though one of the moſt finiſhed paſſages in Horace, looks only like the *imitation* of it.

VER. 78. *As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold.*] This per-

[e] 'Tis the firſt Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the firſt Wiſdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world no [f] bugbear is ſo great,
As want of Figure, and a ſmall Eſtate.
To either India ſee the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale Poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of ſoul,
Burn thro' the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make Philoſophy thy friend?
To ſtop thy fooliſh views, thy long deſires,
And [g] eaſe thy heart of all that it admires?
[h] Here, Wiſdom calls: [i] "Seek Virtue firſt, be bold!
"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."

NOTES.

haps is the moſt faulty line in the whole collection. The Original is,

"Vilius eſt auro argentum, virtutibus aurum."

which only ſays, *That as Silver is of leſs value than Gold, ſo Gold is of leſs value than Virtue:* in which *ſimple inferiority*, and not the *proportion* of it, is implied. For it was as contrary to the Author's purpoſe, as it is to common ſenſe, to ſuppoſe, that virtue was but juſt as much better than gold, as gold is better than ſilver. Yet Mr. Pope, too attentive to his conſtant object, *conciſeneſs*, has, before he was aware, fallen into this abſurd meaning. However, this and many other inaccuracies in his works had been corrected, had he lived; as many, that now firſt appear in this edition, were actually corrected a little before his death.

And here I cannot but do juſtice to one of his many good qualities, a very rare one, indeed, and what none but a truly

" O cives, cives! [k] quaerenda pecunia primum eſt;

Virtus poſt nummos: haec [l] *Janus ſummus* ab *imo*

Prodocet: haec recinunt juvenes dictata ſeneſque,

[m] Laevo ſuſpenſi loculos tabulamque lacerto.

Eſt [n] animus tibi, ſunt mores, eſt lingua, fideſque:

Sed quadringentis ſex ſeptem millia deſint,

[o] *Plebs* eris. [p] at pueri ludentes, *Rex* eris, aiunt,

NOTES.

great genius can afford to indulge; I mean his extreme readineſs, and unfeigned pleaſure, in acknowledging his miſtakes: this, with an impatience to reform them, he poſſeſſed in a greater degree, and with leſs affectation, than any man I ever knew.

VER. 82. *From low St. James's up to high St. Paul,*] i. e. This is a doctrine in which both Whigs and Tories agree.

VER. 83. *From him whoſe quills ſtand quiver'd at his ear,*] They who do not take the delicacy of this ſatire, may think the figure of *ſtanding quiver'd*, extremely hard and quaint; but it has an exquiſite beauty, inſinuating that the pen of a Scrivener is as ready as the quill of a porcupine, and as fatal as the ſhafts of a Parthian.—*Quiver'd at the ear* of the Scrivener, deſcribes the poſition it is uſually found in, and alludes to the cuſtom of the American canibals, who make uſe of their

There, London's voice: [k] "Get Money, Money ſtill!
"And then let Virtue follow, if ſhe will." 80
This, this the ſaving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From [l] low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whoſe [m] quills ſtand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches ſticks at Weſtminſter.
Barnard in [n] ſpirit, ſenſe, and truth abounds; 85
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourſcore thouſand pounds;
A Penſion, or ſuch Harneſs for a ſlave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a [o] Cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, Their *Honours*, and ſo forth. 90
Yet ev'ry [p] Child another ſong will ſing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conſcious Honour is to feel no ſin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;

NOTES.

hair (tied in a knot on the top of their heads) inſtead of a quiver, for their *poiſon'd* arrows.

VER. 84. *notches ſticks*] Exchequer Tallies.

VER. 85. *Barnard in ſpirit, ſenſe, and truth abounds,*] Sir John Barnard. It was the Poet's purpoſe to ſay, that this great Man (who does ſo much honour to his Country) had a fine genius, improved and put in uſe by a true underſtanding; and both, under the guidance of an integrity ſuperior to all the temptations of intereſt, honours, or any meaner paſſion. Many events, ſince the paying this tribute to his virtue, have ſhewn how much, and how particularly it was due to him.

Si recte facies: Hic [q] *murus aheneus eſto,*
Nil *conſcire* ſibi, nulla palleſcere culpa.
[r] Roſcia, dic ſodes, melior lex, an puerorum eſt
Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et *Maribus* [s] *Curiis* et decantata *Camillis?*
[t] Iſne tibi melius ſuadet, qui, "Rem facias; rem,
"Si poſſis, recte; ſi non, quocunque modo rem."
Ut [u] propius ſpectes lacrymoſa poëmata Pupî!
An, [w] qui fortunae te reſponſare ſuperbae
Liberum et erectum, [x] *praeſens* hortatur et aptat?
[y] Quod ſi me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur
Non, ut [z] porticibus, ſic judiciis fruar iſdem;
Nec ſequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipſe vel odit:
Olim quod [a] vulpes aegroto cauta leoni

NOTES.

VER. 95. *Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs;*] "Hic murus aheneus eſto."

Dacier laughs at an able Critic, who was ſcandalized, that the ancient Scholiaſts had not explained what Horace meant by *a wall of braſs*; for, ſays Dacier, "Chacun ſe fait des "difficultez à ſa mode, et demande des remarques propor- "tionnées à ſon goût:" he then ſets himſelf in good earneſt about this important enquiry; and, by a paſſage in Vegeti, luckily diſcovers, that it ſignified an *old veteran*, armed

Be this thy [q] Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs;
Compar'd to this, a Miniſter's an Aſs.
[r] And ſay, to which ſhall our applauſe belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old ſong?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was ſpoke at [s] CRESSY and POITIERS?
[t] Who counſels beſt? who whiſpers, "Be but great,
"With Praiſe or Infamy leave that to fate;
"Get Place and Wealth, if poſſible, with grace;
"If not, by any means get Wealth and Place."
For what? to have a [u] Box where Eunuchs ſing,
And foremoſt in the Circle eye a King.
Or [w] he, who bids thee face with ſteddy view
Proud Fortune, and look ſhallow Greatneſs thro':
And, [x] while he bids thee, ſets th' Example too?
If [y] ſuch a Doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well-dreſt Rabble ſtare;
If honeſt S*z take ſcandal at a Spark,
That leſs admires the [z] Palace than the Park:
Faith I ſhall give the anſwer [a] Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave:

NOTES.

cap-a-pie in *braſs*, and PLACED TO COVER HIS FELLOW. Our Poet has happily ſerved himſelf of this impertinence to convey a very fine ſtroke of Satire.

VER. 97. *And ſay, &c.*] Theſe four Lines greatly ſuperior to any thing in the Original.

Reſpondit, referam: Quia me veſtigia terrent
Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.
[b] *Bellua multorum* eſt *capitum*. nam quid ſequar, aut quem?
Pars hominum geſtit [c] conducere *publica*: ſunt qui
[d] Cruſtis et *pomis* viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque ſenes, quos in vivaria mittant:
[e] *Multis* occulto creſcit res fenore. [f] verum
Eſto, aliis alios rebus ſtudiiſque teneri:
Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes?

NOTES.

VER. 117. *Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none come out.*] This Expreſſion is uſed for the joke's ſake; but it hurts his *moral*; which is, that *they come out beaſts*. He ſhould here have ſtuck to the terms of his Original, *veſtigia omnia te adverſum ſpectantia*.

VER. 118. *Adieu to Virtue, &c.*] Theſe two lines are intended for the Moral of a Fable which needed no explaining; ſo that they impair the *grace* of it; at beſt, as here applied, inferior to his Original. For Horace ſpeaks of the common people, *Populus Romanus*, to whom one of Æſop's Fables was properly addreſſed: but this is too ſimple a method of conveying Truth to *the well-dreſſed Rabble of St. James's*.

VER. 126. *Their Country's Wealth our mightier Miſers drain,*] The undertakers for advancing Loans to the Public, on the Funds. They have been commonly accuſed of making it a job. But in ſo corrupt times, the fault is not always to be imputed to a Miniſtry: it having been found, on trial, that the wiſeſt and moſt virtuous citizen of this or any other Age, with every requiſite talent in ſuch matters, and ſupported by

" Becauſe I ſee, by all the tracks about,
" Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you ſend her to her grave.
Well, if a King's a Lion, at the leaſt
The [b] People are a many-headed Beaſt:
Can they direct what meaſures to purſue,
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Luſt of Gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold:
Their [c] Country's Wealth our mightier Miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The reſt, ſome farm the Poor-box, ſome the Pews;
Some keep Aſſemblies, and would keep the Stews;
Some [d] with fat Bucks on childleſs Dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the ſilent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkneſs, [e] hundreds ſtink content.
Of all theſe ways, if each [f] purſues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But ſhew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act conſiſtent with himſelf an hour.

NOTES.

all the weight an honeſt adminiſtration could afford him, was, they ſay, unable to aboliſh this inveterate myſtery of iniquity.

[g] Nullus in orbe ſinus *Baiis* praelucet amoenis,
Si dixit *dives*; [h] lacus et mare *ſentit* amorem
Feſtinantis heri: cui ſi [i] vitioſa *libido*
Fecerit auſpicium; cras ferramenta *Teanum*
Tolletis, fabri. [k] lectus genialis in aula eſt?
Nil ait eſſe prius, melius nil coelibe vitâ:
[l] Si non eſt, jurat bene ſolis eſſe maritis.
[m] Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid [n] *pauper?* ride: mutat [o] *coenacula, lectos,*
Balnea, [p] *tonſores*; conducto navigio aeque
Nauſeat, ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.
[q] Si curatus *inaequali* tonſore capillos
Occurro; rides. ſi forte ſubucula pexae
Trita ſubeſt tunicae, vel ſi toga *diſſidet impar*;

NOTES.

VER. 143. *Now let ſom· whimſy, &c.*] This is very ſpirited, but much inferior to the elegance of the Original,

" Cui ſi vitioſa Libido
" Fecerit auſpicium;"

which alluding to the religious manners of that time, no modern imitation can come up to.

Sir Job [g] ſail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and ſtill,
" No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich
" hill!"
[h] Up ſtarts a Palace, lo, th' obedient baſe
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let ſome whimſy, or that [i] Dev'l within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) ſpleen;
" Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
" For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in
" Town."
At am'rous Flavio is the [k] ſtocken thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
[l] The Fool, whoſe Wife elopes ſome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial ſolace dies a martyr.
Did ever [m] Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the Rich?
Well, but the [n] Poor--The Poor have the ſame itch;
They change their [o] weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner to their ſhoes,
Diſcharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaiſe and one;
They [p] hire their ſculler, and when once aboard,
Grow ſick, and damn the climate----like a Lord.
[q] You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I ſtand,
My wig all powder, and all ſnuff my band;

Rides, quid, [r]mea cum pugnat *ſententia* ſecum;
Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;
[s]Aeſtuat, et vitae diſconvenit ordine toto;
[t]Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
[u]Inſanire putas ſolennia me, neque rides,
Nec [w]*medici* credis, nec *curatoris* egere
A *praetore* dati; rerum [x]tutela meārum
Cùm ſis, et prave ſectum ſtomacheris ob unguem,
De te *pendentis*, te *reſpicientis* amici.

Ad ſummam, *ſapiens* uno [y]minor eſt *Jove*, dives,
[z]Liber, [a]honoratus, [b]pulcher, [c]rex denique regum;
Praecipue ſanus, [d]niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt.

NOTES.

VER. 182. *when plunder'd*] *i. e.* By the Public; which has rarely her revenge on her plunderers; and when ſhe has, more rarely knows how to uſe it.

You laugh, if coat and breeches ſtrangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when [r] no Prelate's Lawn with hair-ſhirt lin'd,
Is half ſo incoherent as my Mind,
When (each opinion with the next at ſtrife,
One [s] ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I [t] plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round;
[u] You never change one muſcle of your face,
You think this Madneſs but a common caſe,
Nor [w] once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to ſee a Seam awry!
Careleſs how ill I with myſelf agree,
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my [x] Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That Man divine whom Wiſdom calls her own;
Great without Title, without Fortune bleſs'd;
Rich [y] ev'n when plunder'd, [z] honour'd while oppreſs'd;
Lov'd [a] without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home, tho' exil'd; [b] free, tho' in the Tow'r;
In ſhort, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing,
Juſt [c] leſs than Jove, and much above a King,
Nay, half in heav'n---[d] except (what's mighty odd)
A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-God.

THE SIXTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL *admirari*, prope res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque quae poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.
[b] Hunc ſolem, et ſtellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui [c] formidine nulla

NOTES.

VER. 3. *dear* MURRAY,] This piece is the moſt finiſhed of all his Imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian Painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the ſtretch, and produces the ſupreme degree of *excellence*. For the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addreſſed: and, indeed, no man ever more deſerved to have a *Poet for his friend*. In the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear, had any ſhare, (which gave birth to the attachments of many of his noble Acquaintance) ſo he ſupported his title to it by all the good offices of a generous and true Friendſhip.

VER. 4. *Creech.*] From whoſe Tranſlation of Horace the two firſt lines are taken. P.

VER. 6. —*Stars that riſe and fall,*] The Original is

"—decedentia certis
" Tempora momentis;"

which words ſimply and literally ſignify, *the change of ſeaſons*. But this change being conſidered as an object of admiration,

EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. MURRAY.

" NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
" To make men happy, and to keep
" them ſo."
(Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs
of ſpeech,
So take it in the very Words of Creech.)
[b] This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that riſe and fall,
There are, my Friend! whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look thro', and truſt the Ruler with his Skies,
To him commit the Hour, the Day, the Year,
And view [c] this dreadful All without a fear.

NOTES.

his imitator has judiciouſly expreſſed it in the more ſublime figurative terms of

" Stars that riſe and fall,"

by whoſe courſes the ſeaſons are marked and diſtinguiſhed.

VER. 8. —*truſt the Ruler with his Skies,—To him commit the Hour,*] Our Author, in theſe imitations, has been all along careful to correct the looſe morals, and abſurd theology of his Original.

VER. 10. *And view this dreadful All without a fear.*] He has added this idea to his text; and it greatly heightens the

Imbuti ſpectent. [d] quid cenſes, munera terrae?
Quid, maris extremos Arabas [e] ditantis et Indos?
Ludicra, quid, [f] plauſus, et amici dona Quiritis?
Quo ſpectanda modo, [g] quo *ſenſu* credis et *ore?*
[h] Qui *timet* his adverſa, fere miratur eodem
Quo *cupiens* pacto: pavor eſt *utrobique* moleſtus:
Improviſa ſimul ſpecies exterret *utrumque:*
[i] Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,
Si, quidquid vidit melius pejuſve ſua ſpe,
Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?
[k] Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;
Ultra quam ſatis eſt, *virtutem* ſi petat ipſam.

NOTES.

dignity of the whole thought. He gives it the appellation of a *dreadful ill*, becauſe the immenſity of God's creation, which modern philoſophy has ſo infinitely enlarged, is apt to affect *narrow* minds, who meaſure the divine comprehenſion by their own, with dreadful ſuſpicions of man's being overlooked in this dark and narrow corner of exiſtence, by a Governor occupied and buſied with greater matters.

VER. 21. *In either caſe, believe me, we admire;*] i. e. Theſe objects, in either caſe, affect us, as objects unknown

Admire we then what [d] Earth's low Entrails hold,
Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold;
All the mad trade of [e] Fools and Slaves for Gold?
Or [f] Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauſes, or the gifts of Kings?
Say with what [g] eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?

If weak the [h] pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
Whether we [i] joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
Surpriz'd at better, or ſurpriz'd at worſe.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and ſnatch the Man away;
For [k] Virtue's ſelf may too much zeal be had;
The worſt of Madmen is a Saint run mad.

NOTES.

affect the mind; and conſequently betray us into falſe judgments.

VER. 22. *Whether we joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe, Surpriz'd at better, or ſurpriz'd at worſe.*] The elegance of this is ſuperior to the Original. The *curſe* is the *ſame* (ſays he) *whether we joy or grieve.* Why ſo? Becauſe, in either caſe, the man is *ſurprized*, hurried off, and led away captive.

" (The good or bad to one extreme betray
" Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and *ſnatch the Man away.*)"

This happy advantage of the Imitation over the Original, ariſes from the ambiguity of the word *ſurprize.*

VER. 27. *The worſt of Madmen is a Saint run mad.*] Becauſe when men are carried away by their Paſſions, as all

I nunc, argentum et marmor [m] *vetus*, aeraque et artes

Suſpice: cum gemmis [n] Tyrios mirare colores:

Gaude, quod ſpectant oculi te [o] mille loquentem:

Gnavus [p] mane forum, et veſpertinus pete tectum;

[q] Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris

Mutus, et (indignum; quod ſit pejoribus ortus)

[r] Hic tibi ſit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.

[s] Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet aetas;

NOTES.

Madmen are, he, who has joined the *cauſe of God* to *his own*, muſt needs do the moſt miſchief; as this union gives him additional vigour in the purſuit of his extravagancies, and impreſſes additional reverence for them on his Followers.

VER. 30. *Procure a* TASTE *to double the ſurprize.*] This is one of thoſe ſuperior touches that moſt ennoble a perfect piece. He ſpeaks here of *falſe Taſte*, as appears by his directions how to get it; and how to uſe it when got. *Procure a Taſte*, ſays he: That is, of the Virtuoſi; whoſe ſcience you are to *buy* for that purpoſe: for *true Taſte*, which is from nature, comes of itſelf. And how are you to uſe it? Not to cure you of that bane of life, *admiration*, but to raiſe and inflame

[1] Go then, and if you can, admire the ſtate
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a TASTE to double the ſurprize,
And gaze on [m] Parian Charms with learned eyes:
Be ſtruck with bright [n] Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birth-day Nobles' ſplendid Livery.
If not ſo pleas'd, at [o] Council-board rejoice,
To ſee their Judgments hang upon thy Voice;
From [p] morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this ſtrife?
For [q] Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall [r] One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conſpir'd
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
Weds the rich Dulneſs of ſome Son of earth?
Yet [s] Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine:

NOTES.

it, by *doubling your ſurprize.* And this a *falſe Taſte* will always do; there being none ſo given to raptures as the *Virtuoſo-Tribe:* whereas the *Man of true Taſte* finds but few things to approve; and thoſe, he approves with moderation.

VER. 44. *Yet Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;*
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:]
One of the nobleſt houſes in Europe.—The Original is,

" Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet aetas;
" Defodiet, condetque nitentia."

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. [t] cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippae, et via te conſpexerit Appî;
Ire tamen reſtat, Numa [u] quo devenit et Ancus.

[w] Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quaere fugam morbi. [x] vis recte vivere? quis non?
Si virtus hoc *una* poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis
Hoc age *deliciis*.

[y] virtutem verba putes, et
Lucum ligna? [z] cave ne portus occupet alter.

[*] NOTES.

This wants neither force nor elegance; yet is vaſtly inferior to the imitation, where a very fine panegyric on two great characters, in the ſecond line, gives dignity and eaſe to the maſterly conciſeneſs of the firſt.

VER. 53. TULLY, HYDE!] Equal to either, in the miniſtry of his profeſſion; and, where the parallel fails, as it does in the reſt of the character, ſuperior to both. TULLY's brighteſt characters were frequently tarniſhed by *Vanity* and *Fear*; and HYDE's moſt virtuous purpoſes perverted and defeated by ſuperſtitious notions concerning the divine origine of Government, and the unlimited obedience of the People.

VER. 57. *And deſp'rate Miſery* lays hold *on Devir.*] There is a prettineſs in this expreſſion, which depends on its contraſt

And what is Fame? the Meaneſt have their day,
The Greateſt can but blaze, and paſs away.
Grac'd as thou art, [t] with all the Pow'r of Words,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the Houſe of Lords:
Conſpicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
(More ſilent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!
[u] Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any Mortal let himſelf alone?
See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,
And deſp'rate Miſery lays hold on Dover.
The caſe is eaſier in the Mind's diſeaſe;
There all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they pleaſe.
Would ye be [x] bleſt? deſpiſe low Joys, low Gains;
Diſdain whatever CORNBURY diſdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
[y] But art thou one, whom new opinions ſway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike diſowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and ſtones?
Fly [z] then, on all the Wings of wild Deſire,
Admire whate'er the maddeſt can admire:

NOTES.

to that *ſlippery* medicine, by which this Quack rendered himſelf famous, namely *Quickſilver*.

VER. 65. *Who Virtue and a Church alike diſowns,*] The one he renounces in his *party-pamphlets*; the other, in his *Rights of the Chriſtian Church*.

Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.

[a] Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
Tertia ſuccedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet [b] uxorem *cum dote, fidemque,* et [c] *amicos,*
Et *genus,* et *formam,* regina [d] Pecunia donat;
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venuſque.
Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris [e] *Cappadocum rex.*
Ne fueris hic tu. [f] chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si poſſet centum ſcenae praebere rogatus,
Quî poſſum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et quot habebo
Mittam: poſt paulo ſcribit, ſibi millia quinque
Eſſe domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
[g] Exilis domus eſt, ubi non et multa *ſuperſunt,*

NOTES.

VER. 81. *dubb'd a Man of Worth,*] Alluding to the City Knighthoods, where *wealth* and *worſhip* go together.

VER. 87. *Or if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play,*] The common Reader, I am ſenſible, will be always more ſolicitous about the names of theſe *three Ladies*, the unlucky *Play*, and every other trifling circumſtance that attended this piece of gallantry, than for the explanation of our Author's ſenſe, or the illuſtration of his poetry; even where he is moſt moral and ſublime. But had it been Mr. Pope's purpoſe to indulge

Is Wealth thy paſſion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian Gold,
Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold:
[a] Advance thy golden Mountain to the ſkies;
On the broad baſe of Fifty Thouſand riſe,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare.
For, mark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore
Will gain a [b] Wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch [c] Friends---as cannot fail to laſt.
A [d] Man of Wealth is dubb'd a Man of Worth,
Venus ſhall give him Form, and Anſtis Birth.
(Believe me, many a [e] German Prince is worſe,
Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purſe)
His Wealth brave [f] Timon gloriouſly confounds;
Aſk'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play,
Takes the whole Houſe upon the Poet's day.
[g] Now, in ſuch exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you muſt be rich indeed;

NOTES.

ſo impertinent a curioſity, he had ſought elſewhere for a commentator on his writings. Which defect in theſe Notes, the periodical Scribblers, however, have been ſtupid and ſhameleſs enough to object to them.

Et *dominum fallunt*, et *proſunt furibus*. [h] ergo,
Si res ſola poteſt facere et ſervare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc poſtremus omittas.
[i] Si fortunatum ſpecies et gratia praeſtat,
[k] *Mercemur* ſervum, qui dictet nomina, laevum
Qui fodicet latus, et [l] cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere: [m] Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille *Velina*:
Cui libet, is faſces dabit; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, *importunus* ebur: [n] Frater, Pater, adde:
Ut cuique eſt aetas, ita quemque [o] *facetus* adopta.
Si [p] bene qui coenat, bene vivit; lucet, eamus
Quo ducit gula: piſcemur, venemur, ut [q] olim
Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, ſervos,

NOTES.

VER. 91. *A noble Superfluity, &c.*] Theſe four lines are an admirable paraphraſe on

"Exilis domus eſt, ubi non et multa ſuperſunt,
"Et dominum fallunt, et proſunt furibus."

A noble Superfluity it craves,
Not for yourſelf, but for your Fools and Knaves;
Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
[h] If Wealth alone then make and keep us bleſt,
Still, ſtill be getting, never, never reſt.
[i] But if to Power and Place your paſſion lie,
If in the Pomp of Life conſiſt the joy;
Then [k] hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord
To do the Honours, and to give the Word;
Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
To whom [l] to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who [m] rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
" This may be troubleſome, is near the Chair:
" That makes three Members, this can chuſe a " May'r."
Inſtructed thus, you bow, embrace, proteſt,
Adopt him [n] Son, or Couſin at the leaſt,
Then turn about, and [o] laugh at your own jeſt.
Or if your life be one continu'd Treat,
If [p] to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
So [q] Ruſſel did, but could not eat at night,

Differtum tranſire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut e multis populo ſpectante referret.
Emtum mulus aprum. 'crudi, tumidique lavemur,
Quid *deceat*, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera
Digni; 'r*emigium vitioſum* Ithacenſis Ulyſſei;
Cui *potior* 'p*atria* fuit interdicta voluptas.
"Si, Mimnermus uti cenſet, ſine *amore jociſque*
Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in amore jociſque.

NOTES.

VER. 118. *And envy'd Thirſt and Hunger to the Poor.*] The Poet has here, with admirable ſenſe, and with a ſublime of ſatire never to be equalled, expoſed what he elſewhere calls,

THE IMPUDENCE OF WEALTH:

which, in its rage to engroſs *all* the bleſſings of life, without ſtudying to deſerve *any* of them, not only *dares ſuffer an honeſt man to conti ue poor*, but is ſo horribly mean and abject as to envy him the advantages ariſing from his very Poverty: A degree of corruption not ſo rare as deteſtable; though it has its root in our common nature, if the Poet has not done it injuſtice in the deſcription he gives of its *pride* and *meanneſs:*

"What would this Man? Now upward will he ſoar,
"And little leſs than Angel, would be more;
"Now *looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears*
"*To want the ſtrength of Bulls, the fur of Bears.*"

VER. 127. *Wilmot*] Earl of Rocheſter.

Ibid. 129. *And* SWIFT *cry wiſely*, "*Vive la Bagatelle!*"] Our Poet, ſpeaking in one place of the purpoſe of his ſatire, ſays,

"In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
"Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my *friends.*"

Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirſt and Hunger to the Poor.
Or ſhall we [r] ev'ry Decency confound,
Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios take our round,
Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do
'K--l's lewd Cargo, or Ty--y's Crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feaſts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beaſts,
Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
Renounce our [t] Country, and degrade our Name?
If, after all, we muſt with [u] Wilmot own,
The cordial Drop of Life is Love alone;
And SWIFT cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The Man that loves and laughs, muſt ſure do well.

NOTES.

and, in another, he makes his Court-Adviſer ſay,

"Laugh at your *Friends*, and if your *Friends* be ſore,
"So much the better, you may laugh the more."

becauſe their impatience under reproof would ſhew, they had a great deal which wanted to be ſet right.

On this principle, *Swift* falls under his correction. He could not bear to ſee a Friend he ſo much valued, live in the miſerable abuſe of one of Nature's beſt gifts, unadmoniſhed of his folly. Swift, as we may ſee by ſome poſthumous volumes, lately publiſhed, ſo diſhonourable and injurious to his memory, trifled away his old age in a diſſipation that women and boys might be aſham'd of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their *wit* only to ſhew their parts, to edge their ſpleen, to pander to a faction; or, in

" Vive, vale. ſi quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti: ſi non, his utere mecum.

NOTES.

ſhort, to any thing but that for which Nature beſtowed it, namely, to recommend Virtue, and ſet off Truth; old age, which abates the paſſions, will never rectify the abuſes they occaſioned. But the remains of *wit*, inſtead of ſeeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miſerable depravity of taſte here condemned: and in which Dr. Swift ſeems to have placed no inconſiderable part of his wiſdom. "I chuſe" (ſays he, in a letter to Mr. Pope) "my Compa-"nions amongſt thoſe of the leaſt conſequence, and moſt

" Adieu---if this Advice appear the worſt,
E'en take the Counſel which I gave you firſt:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

NOTES.

" compliance: I read the moſt trifling Books I can find:
" and whenever I write, it is upon the moſt trifling ſub-
" jects." And again, " I love *La Bagatelle* better than
" ever. I am always writing bad Proſe or worſe Verſes,
" either of RAGE or RAILLERY," *&c.* And again, in a Let-
ter to Mr. Gay, " My rule is, Vive la Bagatelle."

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

Advertiſement.

THE Reflections of *Horace*, and the Judgment, paſt in his Epiſtle to *Auguſtus*, ſeemed ſo ſeaſonable to the preſent Times, that I could not help applying them to the uſe of my own Country. The Author thought them conſiderable enough to addreſs them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encreaſe of an *Abſolute Empire*. But to make the Poem entirely Engliſh, I was willing to add one or two of thoſe which contribute to the Happineſs of a *Free People*, and are more conſiſtent with the Welfare of our *Neighbours*.

This Epiſtle will ſhow the learned World to have fallen into Two miſtakes: one, that *Auguſtus was a Patron of Poets in general*; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Beſt Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magiſtrate: *Admonebat Praetores, ne paterentur Nomen ſuum obſolefieri*, etc. The other, that this Piece was only a *general Diſcourſe of Poetry*; whereas it was an *Apology for the Poets*, in order to render *Auguſtus* more their Patron. *Horace* here pleads the Cauſe of his Cotemporaries, firſt againſt the Taſte of the *Town*, whoſe humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; ſecondly againſt the *Court* and *Nobility*, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and laſtly againſt

the *Emperor* himſelf, who had conceived them of little Uſe to the Government. He ſhews (by a View of the Progreſs of Learning, and the Change of Taſte among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of *Greece* had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predeceſſors; that their *Morals* were much improved, and the Licence of thoſe ancient Poets reſtrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more juſt and uſeful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the *Ill Taſte* of the *Nobility*; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many reſpects uſeful to the *State*; and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himſelf muſt depend, for his Fame with Poſterity.

We may further learn from this Epiſtle, that *Horace* made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a juſt Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character. P.

EPISTOLA I.

Ad AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot [a] ſuſtineas et tanta negotia ſolus,
Rex Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in [b] publica commoda peccem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Caeſar.
[c] Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, [d] Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros adſignant, oppida condunt;
[e] Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit [f] invidiam ſupremo ſine domari.

NOTES.

Book ii. *Ep.* 1.] The Poet always riſes with his Original; and very often, without it. This whole Imitation is ſupremely noble and ſublime.

VER. 7. *Edward and Henry, &c.*] *Romulus, et Liber Pater, &c.* Horace very judiciouſly praiſes Auguſtus for the colonies he founded, not for the victories he had won; and therefore compares him, not to thoſe who deſolated, but to thoſe who civilized mankind. The Imitation wants this

EPISTLE I.

To AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great Patron of Mankind!
[a] ſuſtain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
[b] How ſhall the Muſe, from ſuch a Monarch, ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?
[c] Edward and Henry, now the Boaſt of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more [d] ſacred Name,
After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdu'd, or Property ſecur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty Citíes ſtorm'd,
Or Laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;
[e] Clos'd their long Glories, with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of baſe mankind!
All human Virtue, to its lateſt breath,
[f] Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.

NOTES.

grace: and, for a very obvious reaſon, our Poet ſhould not have aimed at it; as he has done in the mention of *Alfred*.

VER. 13. *Clos'd their long Glories, with a ſigh,*] The expreſſion is extremely beautiful; and the *ploravere* judiciouſly placed.

VER. 16. *Finds Envy never conquer'd, &c.*] It hath been

[g] Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui praegravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.

[h] Praeſenti tibi *maturos* largimur honores,

[i] Jurandaſque tuum per numen ponimus aras,

[k] *Nil oriturum* alias, *nil ortum tale* fatentes.

Sed tuus hoc populus ſapiens et juſtus in uno,

* *Te noſtris ducibus, te Graiis* anteferendo;

NOTES.

the common practice of thoſe amongſt us, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the learned world, to aſcribe the ill treatment they have met with, from thoſe they endeavoured to oblige, to ſo bad a cauſe as *envy*. But ſurely without reaſon, for we find our Countrymen of the ſame candid diſpoſition with the Athenians, as Socrates deſcribes them in the *Euthyphro* of Plato; *They are well content* (ſays he) *to allow the Pretenſions of reputed eminence; it is only when a man will write and preſume to give a proof of it, that they grow angry.* We, too, are as ready to allow the reputation of eminence, to thoſe whoſe Modeſty has made them decline giving us a ſpecimen of their parts. A temper ſurely very diſtant from Envy. We ſhould not then aſcribe that violent ferment which good men are apt to work themſelves into, while they ſtruggle to ſuppreſs the reputation of him who pretends to give a proof of what they are ſo willing to take for granted, to any thing but an eager concern for the public welfare. Which, nothing better ſecures than the ſpeedy damping of

The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour paſt,
Had ſtill this Monſter to ſubdue at laſt.
[g] Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
Each ſtar of meaner merit fades away!
Oppreſs'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Thoſe Suns of Glory pleaſe not till they ſet.
To thee, the World its preſent homage pays,
The Harveſt early, [h] but mature the praiſe:
Great Friend of LIBERTY! in *Kings* a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame *:
Whoſe Word is Truth, as ſacred and rever'd,
[i] As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
[k] None e'er has riſen, and none e'er ſhall riſe.

NOTES.

Popularity; ſo dangerous to the community, when joined to great Talents. SCRIBL.

VER. 17. *The great Alcides,*] This inſtance has not the ſame grace here as in the Original, where it comes in well after thoſe of Romulus, Bacchus, Caſtor, and Pollux; though aukwardly after Edward and Henry. But it was for the ſake of the beautiful thought in the next line; which yet does not equal the force of his Original.

VER. 21. *Oppreſs'd we feel, &c.*] "Les hommes, nez IN-"GRATS et JALOUX" (ſays an ingenious French Writer, with becoming indignation) "ne pardonnent pas ceux qui pré-"tend à leur admiration: de la mériter ils en font un crime, "qu'ils puniſſent par des *calomnies*, des *critiques ameres*, et des "*mépris affectez*. La Poſtérité le vengera de ſes oppreſſeurs, "en le comblant de louanges, tandis que ſes imbécilles de-"tracteurs, ces hommes *vils*, qui pour être oubliez, n'ont

Caetera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Aeſtimat; et, niſi quae terris ſemota ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit et odit;
[l] Sic fautor *veterum*, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri ſanxerunt, foedera regum,
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annoſa volumina Vatum,
[m] Dictitet Albano Muſas in monte locutas.

Si, quia [n] Graiorum ſunt antiquiſſima quaeque
Scripta vel optima, Romani penſantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non eſt quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra eſt oleam, nil extra eſt in nuce duri.
Venimus ad ſummum fortunae: *pingimus*, atque
[o] *Pſallimus*, et [p] *luctamur Achivis doctius unctis*.
Si [q] meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;

NOTES.

" pas beſoin de ceſſer d'être, reſteront pour jamais plongez " dans l'oubli."

VER. 38. *And beaſtly Skelton, &c.*] Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII. a volume of whoſe verſes has been lately reprinted, conſiſting almoſt wholly of ribaldry, obſcenity, and ſcurrilous language. P.

VER. 40. *Chriſt's kirk of the Green*;] A Ballad made by a King of Scotland. P.

Juſt in one inſtance, be it yet confeſt
Your People, Sir, are partial in the reſt:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the Ruſt we value, not the Gold.
Chaucer's worſt ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beaſtly Skelton Heads of Houſes quote:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Chriſt's Kirk of the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben ſo civil,
He ſwears the Muſes met him at the Devil.
Tho' juſtly [a] Greece her eldeſt ſons admires,
Why ſhould not We be wiſer than our ſires?
In ev'ry Public Virtue we excell;
We build, we paint, [b] we ſing, we dance as well,
And [c] learned Athens to our art muſt ſtoop,
Could ſhe behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.
If [d] Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?

NOTES.

VER. 42. *the Muſes met him*] This inſtance of the People's taſte was both well choſen, and happily expreſſed. Johnſon's talents were learning, judgment, and induſtry, rather than wit, or natural genius.

VER. 42. *met him at the Devil*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnſon held his Poetical Club. P.

Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos vetereſque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.
Eſt vetus atque probus, [r] centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno menſe, vell anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? [s] vetereſne poetas,
An quos et praeſens et poſtera reſpuat aetas?
Iſte quidem veteres inter ponetur [t] *honeſte*,
Qui vel menſe brevi, vel toto eſt junior anno.
Utor permiſſo, caudaeque pilos ut [u] equinae
Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item
unum;
Dum cadat eluſus ratione [w] ruentis acervi,
Qui redit in [x] *faſtos*, et virtutem aeſtimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, niſi quod [y] *Libitina* ſacravit.
[z] Ennius et *ſapiens*, et *fortis*, et *alter Homerus*;

NOTES.

VER. 68. *Beſtow a Garland only on a Bier.*] The thought is beautiful, and alludes to the old practice of our Anceſtors, of covering the *Bier* (on which the dead were carried to their interment) with Garlands. A manly and pious cuſtom, which aroſe from the antient practice of rewarding Victors; and from thence was brought into the Church, and applied to thoſe who had *fought the good fight of the Apoſtle.*

VER. 69. *Shakeſpear.*] Shakeſpear and Ben Johnſon may truly be ſaid not much to have thought of this Immortality; the one, in many pieces compoſed in haſte for the Stage; the other in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* called his *Dotages.* P. Dryden does, indeed, call them ſo, but very

Shall we, or ſhall we not, account him ſo,
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all diſpute; and fix the year preciſe
When Britiſh Bards begin t' immortalize?
" Who laſts a [r] century can have no flaw,
" I hold that Wit a Claſſic, good in law."
Suppoſe he wants a year, will you compound?
And ſhall we deem him [s] Ancient, right and ſound,
Or damn to all Eternity at once,
[illegible]inety nine, a Modern and a Dunce?
" We ſhall not quarrel for a year or two;
" By courteſy of England, he may do."
Then, by the rule that made the [u] Horſe-tail bare,
Pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down Ancients like a heap of ſnow:
While you, to meaſure merits, look in [x] Stowe,
And eſtimating Authors by the year,
Beſtow a Garland only on a [y] Bier.
[z] Shakeſpear (whom you and ev'ry Play-houſe bill
Style the Divine, the Matchleſs, what you will)

NOTES.

undeſervedly. The truth is, he was not enough acquainted with the manners of the preceding Age, to judge competently of them. Beſides, nothing is more inconſtant than his characters of his own Country Poets, nor leſs reaſonable than moſt of his critical notions; for he had many occaſional ends to ſerve, and few principles to go upon. This may be ſaid as to the character of his critical works in general, though written with great elegance and vivacity.

Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur

Quo [a] *promiſſa* cadant, et *ſomnia Pythagorea.*

Naevius in manibus non eſt; at [c] mentibus haeret

Pene recens: [d] adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema

Ambigitur [e] quoties, uter utro ſit prior; aufert

Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti:

NOTES.

VER. 69, &c. *Shakeſpear—For gain, not glory, &c.*] SHAKESPEAR knew perfectly well what belonged to a true compoſition, as appears from *the Tempeſt*, and *the Merry Wives of Windſor*. But he generally complied with the ignorance, and the ill taſte of his Audience. However, in his moſt irregular plays, his wit and his ſublimity make amends for his tranſgreſſion of the rules of art; and ſupport him in it. But, happily for the improvement of the Drama, he had a Competitor in JOHNSON, who, with a greater temptation to comply with the bad taſte of the age, had not the ſame force of genius to ſupport him in it. Johnſon therefore borrowed all he could from art; and, like an experienced General, when he could not depend on his natural ſtrength, kept ſtill behind his lines. The conſequence was, that Shakeſpear having once tried to reform the taſte [See the firſt ſcene of the Players in Hamlet] and on failing, had complied with it, became the favourite Poet of the people; while Johnſon, who, for the reaſon given above, could not be ſo complaiſant, was all his life long in a ſtate of war with them. This, and not (as is commonly ſuppoſed) the ignorance of the one, and the ſuperior knowledge of the other, was the true cauſe of that difference which we find between theſe two Capital Writers, in the art and conſtruction of their pieces. Inſomuch, that here, we ſee, a want of ſufficient

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew Immortal in his own deſpight.
Ben, old and poor, as little ſeem'd to heed
[a] The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
Who now reads [b] Cowley? if he pleaſes yet,
His Moral pleaſes, not his pointed Wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But ſtill [c] I love the Language of his Heart.
" Yet ſurely, [d] ſurely, theſe were famous men!
" What boy but hears the ſayings of old Ben?
" In all [e] debates where Critics bear a part,
" Not one but nods, and talks of Johnſon's Art,

NOTES.

natural genius accidentally contributing to the refinement of the Engliſh ſtage.

Ibid. *and ev'ry Playhouſe bill*] A ridicule on thoſe who talk of *Shakeſpear*, becauſe he is in faſhion; who, if they dared to do juſtice to their taſte or conſcience, would own they liked *Durfey* better.

VER. 74. *The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.*]

" Quo promiſſa cadant, et ſomnia Pythagorea "

The beauty of this ariſes from a circumſtance in Ennius's ſtory. But as this could not be imitated, our Poet endeavoured to equal it; and has ſucceeded.

VER. 77. *Pindaric Art,*] Which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar. P.

VER. 81. *In all debates, &c.*] The Poet has here put the bald cant of women and boys into extreme fine verſe. This is in ſtrict imitation of his Original, where the ſame impertinent and gratuitous criticiſm is admirably ridiculed.

Dicitur Afranî toga conveniſſe Menandro;
Plautus ad examplar Siculi properare Epicharmi
Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte:
Hos ediſcit, et hos arcto ſtipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens; [f] habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad noſtrum tempus, Livî ſcriptoris ab aevo.
[g] Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.
Si [h] veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:
Si quaedam nimis [i] *antique*, ſi pleraque [k] *dure*

NOTES.

VER. 85. *Wycherly*] The chief ſupport of this Writer's reputation, is his famous comedy of the *Plain Dealer*; which is taken from Moliere's *Miſanthrope*. But it has ſo happened that while Moliere's *Miſanthrope* is but a *Plain Dealer*, Wycherly's *Plain Dealer* is a downright *Miſanthrope*. Whether this was owing to the different genius of the nations, or to the different judgments of the Poets, is left for the Critics to determine

Ibid. *Shadwell haſty, Wycherly was ſlow.*] Nothing was leſs true than this particular: But the whole paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and muſt not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common Chat of the pretenders to Criticiſm; in ſome things right, in others, wrong; as he tells us in his anſwer,

"Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat." P.

" Of Shakeſpear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
" How Beaumont's Judgment check'd what
" Fletcher writ;
" How Shadwell haſty, Wycherly was ſlow;
" But, for the Paſſions, Southern ſure and Rowe.
" Theſe, [f] only theſe, ſupport the crouded ſtage,
" From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber's age."

All this may be; [g] the People's Voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To [h] Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careleſs Huſband praiſe,
Or ſay our Fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I ſay, the Public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater Faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
Spenſer himſelf affects the [i] Obſolete,
And Sydney's verſe halts ill on [k] Roman feet:

NOTES.

VER. 91. *Gammer Gurton*] A piece of very low Humour, one of the firſt printed Plays in Engliſh, and therefore much valued by ſome Antiquaries. P.

Ibid. *To Gammer Gurton—And yet deny, &c.*] i. e. If they give the Bays to one play becauſe it is *old*, and deny it to another becauſe it is *new*; why then, I ſay, the Public acts a very fooliſh part.

VER. 97. *Spenſer himſelf affects the Obſolete,*] This is certainly true; he extended, beyond all reaſon, that precept of Horace,

" Obſcurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
" Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum," etc.

VER. 98. *And Sydney's verſe halts ill on Roman feet:*] Sir

Dicere cedit eos, [1] *ignava* multa fatetur;

Et ſapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo

[a] Non equidem inſector, *delendaque carmina* Livi

NOTES.

Philip Sidney. He attempted to introduce the Roman hexameter and pentameter meaſure into Engliſh verſe. *Baif*, a French Poet, in the time of their Hen. II. had attempted the ſame thing before him, and with the ſame ſucceſs.

VER. 107. *And God the Father turns a School-divine.*] Ben Johnſon ridicules the humour of his age, when the audience choſe to take their knowledge of Engliſh Hiſtory from Shakeſpear's Plays. The preſent faſhion for Milton makes us ready to learn our Religion from the *Paradiſe Loſt:* though it be certain, he was as *poor and fanciful* a Divine, as Shakeſpear was a *licentious* Hiſtorian. This appears from many places of that admirable Poem. As he here degrades the *Father* by making him follow the *ſchool-ſyſtems*; ſo, in his *Paradiſe Regain'd*, he diſhonours the *Son*, by making him the Author of the MAHOMETAN Oeconomy of grace.

" Victorious deeds
" Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
" To reſcue Iſrael from the Roman yoke;
" Then to ſubdue and quell o'er all the Earth
" Brute violence, and proud tyrannic pow'r,
" Till truth was freed and equity reſtor'd:
" Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, FIRST
" By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
" And make perſuaſion do the work of fear;
" At leaſt to try, and teach the erring ſoul
" Not willingly miſdoing, but unaware
" Miſled; the ſtubborn only to deſtroy."

VER. 104. *Bentley.*] This excellent Critic, who had the fortune to be extravagantly deſpiſed and ridiculed by two of the greateſt Wits, [P. S.] and as extravagantly feared and flattered by two of the greateſt Scholars of his time, [C. H.]

Milton's ſtrong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now Serpent-like, in [l] proſe he ſweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine.
[m] Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like [n] ſlaſhing Bentley with his deſp'rate hook,

NOTES.

will deſerve to have that juſtice done him now, which he never met with while alive.

He was a great Maſter both of the languages and the learning of polite Antiquity; whoſe Writings he ſtudied with no other deſign than to correct the errors of the text. For this he had a ſtrong natural underſtanding, a great ſhare of penetration, and a ſagacity and acumen very uncommon. All which qualities he had greatly improved by long exerciſe and application. Yet, at the ſame time, he had ſo little of that elegance of judgment, we call *Taſte*, that he knew nothing of *Style*, as it accommodates itſelf, and is appropriated to, the various kinds of compoſition. And his reaſoning faculty being infinitely better than that of his imagination, the *Style of Poetry* was what he leaſt underſtood. So that, that clearneſs of conception, which ſo much aſſiſted his critical ſagacity, in diſcovering and reforming errors in books of ſcience, where a philoſophical preciſion, and grammatical exactneſs of language is employed, ſerved but to betray him into abſurd and extravagant conjectures, whenever he attempted to reform the text of a Poet; whoſe diction he was always for reducing to the proſaic rules of logical ſeverity; and whenever he found what a great maſter of ſpeech calls *verbum ardens*, he was ſure not to leave it till he had thoroughly quenched it in his critical ſtandiſh. But to make Philology amends, he was a perfect Maſter of all the myſteries of the ancient *Rythmus*.

Eſſe reor, memini quae [a] *plagoſum* [o] *mihi parvo*

Orbilium dictare;

ſed emendata videri

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum diſtantia, miror:

NOTES.

The moſt important of his Works, as a ſcholar, is his *Critique on the Epiſtles of Phalaris:* and the leaſt conſiderable, his *Remarks on the Diſcourſe concerning Free-thinking*. Yet the firſt, with all its ſuperiority of learning, argument, and truth, was borne down by the vivacity and clamour of a Party, which (as uſual) carried the public along with them: while the other, employed only in the eaſy and trifling taſk of expoſing a very dull and very ignorant Rhapſodiſt, was as extravagantly extolled. For it was his odd fortune (as our Poet expreſſes it) to paſs for

" A Wit with Dunces, and a Dunce with Wits:"

whereas in truth he was neither one nor the other. The injuſtice that had been done him in the firſt caſe, made him always ſpeak, amongſt his friends, of the blind partiality of the public, in the latter, with the contempt it deſerved. For however he might ſometime miſtake his own force, he was never the dupe of the public judgment: Of which, a learned Prelate, now living, gave me this inſtance: He accidentally met Bentley in the days of Phalaris; and after having complimented him on that noble Piece of Criticiſm (the *Anſwer* to the Oxford writers) he bad him not be diſcouraged at this run upon him: for though they had got the laughers on their ſide, yet mere wit and raillery could not hold it out long againſt a Work of ſo much Merit. To which the other replied, " Indeed, Dr. S. I am in no pain about the matter. " For it is a maxim with me, that no man was ever written " out of reputation, but by himſelf."

Or damn all Shakeſpear, like th' affected Fool
At court, who hates whate'er he °read at ſchool.
But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Eaſe;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling ſtars the Miſcellanies o'er)

NOTES.

Ibid. *his deſp'rate hook*] Alluding to the ſeveral paſſages of Milton, which Bentley has reprobated, by including them within hooks; ſome with judgment, and ſome without any.

VER. 108. *The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Eaſe;*] The Poet has here very happily exemplified this envied quality of *eaſy writing*, in the turn of the verſes which expoſe it. Theſe Wits formed themſelves, for the moſt part, on SUCKLING, a fine original genius. But on ſo ſlippery a ground it was no wonder, ſuch Imitators ſhould fall; and either ſink his free and eaſy manner into inſipidity; or abuſe it, to ribaldry and licentiouſneſs: They did both; till *eaſy writing* came to be defined a negligence of *what* they ſaid, and *how* they ſaid it. This was called writing like a *Gentleman*. But as faſhions take their turn, Lord Shafteſbury has introduced a new ſort of *Gentleman-like writing*, which conſiſts indeed, like the other, in a negligence of what is ſaid, but joined to much *affectation* in the manner of ſaying it.

VER. 109. *Sprat,*] Rightly put at the head of the ſmall Wits. He is now known to moſt advantage as the Friend of Mr. Cowley. His Learning was compriſed in the well rounding a period: For, as Seneca ſaid of Triarius, "Compoſitione verborum belle cadentium multos *Scholaſticos* delectabat, omnes decipiebat." As to the turn of his piety and genius, it is beſt ſeen by his laſt Will and Teſtament, where he gives God thanks that he who had been bred neither at Eaton nor Weſtminſter, but at a little country ſchool by the Churchyard ſide, ſhould at laſt come to be a Biſhop.—But the honour of being a Weſtminſter School-boy ſome have at one

Inter quae [p] *verbum emicuit* ſi forte *decorum*,

Si [q] *verſus* paulo *concinnior* unus et alter;

Injuſte *totum* ducit venitque poema.

[r] Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe

Compoſitum, illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper;

Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem et proemia poſci.

[s] Recte necne *crocum floreſque* perambulet *Attae*

Fabula, ſi dubitem; clament periiſſe pudorem

Cuncti pene *patres*: ea cum reprehendere coner,

Quae [t] *gravis Aeſopus*, quae doctus *Roſcius* egit.

NOTES.

age, and ſome at another; and ſome all their life long. Our grateful Biſhop, though he had it not in his youth, it came upon him in his old age.

VER. 113. *gleams thro' many a page,*] The image is taken from half-formed unripe lightening, which ſtreams along the ſky, and is juſt ſufficient to ſhow the deformity of thoſe black vapours, to which it ſerves (as Milton expreſſes it) for a ſilver lining.

VER. 119. *On Avon's bank,*] At Stratford in Warwickſhire, where Shakeſpear had his birth. The thought of the Original is here infinitely improved—*Perambulet* is a low alluſion to the name and imperfections of *Atta*.

VER. 121. *One Tragic ſentence if I dare deride.*] When Writers of our Author's rank have once effectually expoſed

One Simile, that [p] ſolitary ſhines
In the dry deſert of a thouſand lines,
Or [q] lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many a page,
Has ſanctify'd whole poems for an age.
[r] I loſe my patience, and I own it too,
When works are cenſur'd, not as bad but new;
While if our Elders break all reaſon's laws,
Theſe fools demand not pardon, but Applauſe.
[s] On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but aſk, if any weed can grow?
One Tragic ſentence if I dare deride
Which [t] Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

NOTES.

turgid expreſſion, and reduced it to its juſt value, which, hitherto, the ſmall Critics had miſtaken for the *ſublime*, theſe latter are now apt to ſuſpect all they do not underſtand to be bombaſt: like the Idiot, in Cervantes, who having been beat for not diſtinguiſhing between a Cur and a Greyhound, imagined every dog he met to be a Cur-dog. So our learned Laureat will needs imitate his betters; and *dare to deride* too, with the beſt. "In what raptures (ſays he) have I ſeen an "audience, at the furious fuſtian, and turgid rants of Nat. "Lee's *Alexander the Great*. Let me give you a ſample. "Alexander, in a full croud of courtiers, ſays,

"When Glory, like the dazzling *Eagle*, ſtood
"Perch'd on my Beaver in the Granic flood;
"When *Fortune*'s ſelf my ſtandard trembling bore,
"And the pale *Fates* ſtood frighted on the ſhore;
"When the *Immortals on the billows rode*,
"And I myſelf appear'd the leading God."

Vel quia nil "rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt,

Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quae

Imberbi didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.

NOTES.

"If this paſſage has merit, let us ſee what figure it would "make upon canvas; what ſort of picture would ariſe from "it. If Le Brun had ſeen this lofty deſcription, what one "image could he have poſſibly taken from it? In what co-"lours could he have ſhewn us *Glory perch'd upon a beaver?* "How could he have drawn Fortune trembling? Or indeed "what uſe could he have made of *pale Fates*, or *Immortals* "*riding upon billows*, with this bluſtering God of his own "making at the head of them?" *Apol. for his Life*, p. 88. Ed. Oct.—If the *Audience were in raptures*, I admire their good Taſte: for, I think, theſe ſix lines are as truly ſublime as any thing we have in the Engliſh language. But the Critic is for having the images they convey transferred upon *canvas*. And, it muſt be owned, this is no ill teſt of diſtinguiſhing *ſound* from *ſenſe*. He is indeed, a little miſtaken in his painter, as the Connoiſſeurs will tell him. For this ſubject demands the genius of a Rubens rather than of Le Brun. And, from ſuch a one, he might have a very good picture for his money. He ſeems not to have reflected, that *Fortune* and the *Fates*, though imaginary, are yet perſonified Beings. And *Glory*, here, is ſomething more ſubſtantial; for by the line,

"When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, ſtood," etc.

is meant, that Glory appeared, in the ſhape of an Eagle, on his creſt.

The truth is, theſe ſix lines, unluckily for the Laureat's Criticiſm, contain not only the moſt *ſublime*, but the moſt *judicious*, imagery that Poetry could conceive or paint. The

Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphaſis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muſter-roll of Names)
How will our Fathers riſe up in a rage,
And ſwear all ſhame is loſt in George's Age!
You'd think no Fools diſgrac'd the former reign,
Did not ſome grave Examples yet remain,

NOTES.

firſt line alludes to the tradition of an eagle's hovering over Alexander's head, at the Battle of Arbela, as a preſage of Victory; Lee, I ſuppoſe, might think himſelf at liberty to transfer it to the paſſage of the Granicus; and this he has made the ground of his fine imagination, of *Glory* in the ſhape of an *Eagle:* in the ſtyle of Homer, who repreſents Terror, Affright, and a number of ſuch fantaſtic Beings, ſwarming on the creſts of his heroes.

The repreſenting *Fortune*, in the third line, as his ſtandard-bearer, is very happy. It is not only in the true ſpirit of poetry, but it gives us a right idea of the nature of his Aſiatic expedition; and the making her *tremble*, as ſhe diſplayed it, in the paſſage of the Granicus, the juſteſt notion of the exceeding raſhneſs of that adventure.

The fourth line greatly heightens all theſe images, by making the *Fates* themſelves (who had deſtined the Perſian empire to deſtruction, and called Alexander out of Greece to execute their decrees) as half afraid that this deſperate Madman would fruſtrate their purpoſe.

But the ſublime of the *two laſt* verſes exceeds all the reſt. They are a beautiful alluſion to the battle of Scamander in Homer, where Achilles led on the Gods themſelves to the deſtruction of Troy, through the billows of that river, which oppoſed their paſſage. And the exquiſite judgment of the Poet in this alluſion is underſtood by thoſe who have heard, that Achilles was Alexander's model of Heroiſm; and Homer his favourite Hiſtorian. Laſtly, as to the propriety of Alex-

Jam [w] *Saliare Numae carmen* qui laudat, et illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit.
[x] Quod ſi tam Graecis *novitas* inviſa fuiſſet,
Quam nobis; quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus uſus?

NOTES.

ander's thus extolling his own actions, the Poet is juſtified by Q. Curtius, from whom we learn that it was his cuſtom.

From what has been ſaid, we may collect, how dangerous it is for a Writer to give his opinion out of his own Profeſſion, how well ſoever he may ſucceed within it. For this juſtice is due to the Laureat, that that part of his book where he has drawn the characters of the ſet of Players on whom he formed himſelf, or whom he emulated, and that, with a performance equal to the beſt of theirs, is indeed (bating the ſingularity of his phraſe) a Maſter-piece in its kind So neceſſary was that ancient direction

"Quam quiſque norit artem, in hac ſe exerceat."

VER. 122. *With Betterton's grave action dignify'd,*
Or well-mouth'd Booth]—The epithet *gravis*, when applied to a Tragedian, ſignifies dignity of geſture and action; and in this ſenſe the imitator uſes the word *grave*: nothing being more deſtructive of his character than *ranting*, the common vice of Stage-Heroes, from which this admirable Actor was entirely free. The epithet *well-mouth'd*, a term of the *chaſe*, here applied to his ſucceſſor, was not given without a particular deſign, and to inſinuate, that there was as

Who ſcorn a Lad ſhould teach his father ſkill,
And, having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill.
He, who to ſeem more deep than you or I,
Extols old Bards, * or Merlin's Prophecy,
Miſtake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debaſe the Sons, exalts the Sires.
* Had ancient times conſpir'd to diſallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, ſo worthy to be read
By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?

NOTES.

wide a difference between their performances, as there is between ſcientific muſic, and the harmony of brute ſounds, between elocution and vociferation. This compliment was paid to BETTERTON, as the earlieſt of our Author's friends; whom he no leſs eſteemed (as *Cicero* did ROSCIUS) for the integrity of his life and manners, than for the excellence of his dramatic performance. Our Author lived to ſee with pleaſure, though after a conſiderable interruption, theſe qualities again revive and unite in the perſon of a *third* accompliſhed Actor *: the preſent ornament of the Engliſh Theatre.

* Mr. Garrick.

VER. 124. *a muſter-roll of Names,*] An abſurd cuſtom of ſeveral Actors, to pronounce with emphaſis the meer *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player. P.

VER. 129, 130.] Inferior to the Original: as VER. 133—4. excel it.

VER. 138. *By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?*] A ridicule on the tribe of *learned Critics*, who think all Writers, but the ancient, unworthy their care and attention. This came properly into a ſatire, whoſe ſubject is the unreaſonable fondneſs for antiquity in general.

[1] Ut primum poſitis nugari Graecia bellis

Coepit, et in *vitium fortuna labier aequa*;

Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit [2] *equorum*.

NOTES.

VER. 140. *with Charles reſtor'd*:] He ſays *reſtor'd*, becauſe the luxury he brought in was only the revival of that practiſed in the reigns of his Father and Grandfather.

VER. 142. A Verſe of the Lord Lanſdown P.

VER. 143. *in Horſemanſhip t'excell,— And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcaſtle's book of Horſemanſhip: the Romance of *Parthenifſa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and moſt of the French Romances tranſlated by *Perſons of Quality*. P.—How deep this infection then reached, may be ſeen (but not without ſurprize) from the famous George Lord Digby's tranſlating the three firſt books of Caſſandra. Neither Philoſophy, Public Buſineſs, nor the Bigotry of Religion could keep him from an amuſement fit only for girls and boys, when the folly was become faſhionable.

VER. 146. *And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The riſe and progreſs of the ſeveral branches of literary ſcience is one of the moſt curious parts of the hiſtory of the human mind; and yet it is that which, amongſt us, is leaſt attended to. This of fictitious hiſtory is not below our notice. The cloſe connection which every individual has with all that relates to MAN in general, ſtrongly inclines us to turn our obſervation upon human affairs, in preference to other attentions; and eagerly to wait the progreſs and iſſue of them. But as the courſe of human actions is too ſlow to gratify our curioſity, obſervant men very early contrived to ſatisfy its impatience, by the invention of *hiſtory*. Which, by recording the principal circumſtances of paſt Facts, and laying them cloſe together in a continued narration, kept the mind from languiſhing, and gave conſtant exerciſe to its reflections.

But as it commonly happens, that in all indulgent refinements on our ſatisfactions, the Procurers to our pleaſures run into exceſs; ſo it happened here. Strict matters of fact, however delicately dreſſed up, ſoon grew too ſimple and in-

[y] In Days of Eaſe, when now the weary Sword
Was ſheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* reſtor'd;
In ev'ry taſte of foreign Courts improv'd,
"All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then Peers grew proud in [z] Horſemanſhip t'excell,
New-market's Glory roſe, as Britain's fell;
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.

NOTES.

ſipid to a taſte ſtimulated by the luxury of art: They wanted ſomething of more poignancy, to quicken and enforce a jaded appetite. Hence in the politer ages thoſe feigned hiſtories relating the quick turns of capricious Fortune; and, in the more barbarous, the ROMANCES, abounding with the falſe provocative of inchantment and prodigies.

But ſatiety, in things unnatural, brings on diſguſt. And the reader at length began to ſee, that too eager a purſuit after *adventures* had drawn him from, what firſt engaged his attention, MAN and *his ways*, into the fairy walks of Monſters and Chimera's. And now thoſe who had run furtheſt after theſe deluſions, were the firſt that recovered themſelves. For the next ſpecies of fiction, which took its name from its NOVELTY, was of *Spaniſh* invention. Theſe preſented us with ſomething of humanity; but in a forced unnatural ſtate. For as every thing before was conducted by Necromancy, ſo all now was managed by *intrigue*. And though it had indeed a kind of *life*, it had yet, as in its infancy, nothing of *manners*. On which account, thoſe who could not penetrate into the ill conſtitution of its plan, yet grew diſguſted at the dryneſs of the *Conduct*, and want of eaſe in the *Catastrophe*.

The avoiding theſe defects gave riſe to the HEROICAL ROMANCES of the *French*, here ridiculed by our Poet; in which ſome celebrated ſtory of antiquity was ſo polluted by modern fable and invention, as was juſt enough to ſhew that

[a] Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit;
Suſpendit [b] picta vultum mentemque tabella;
Nunc [c] tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragoedis:
[d] Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique ſecundi.

NOTES.

the contrivers of them neither knew how to lye nor ſpeak truth. In theſe voluminous extravagances, *Love* and *Honour* ſupplied the place of *Life* and *Manners*. But the over refinement of *Platonic* ſentiments always ſinks into the dregs of the *gentle paſſion*. Thus in attempting a more natural repreſentation of it in the little AMATORY NOVELS which ſucceeded thoſe heavier volumes, though the Writers avoided the dryneſs of the *Spaniſh intrigue*, and the extravagance of the *French Herciſm*, yet, by giving too natural a picture of their ſubject, they introduced a worſe evil than a corruption of *Taſte*, and that was a corruption of *Heart*.

At length this great people (to whom, it muſt be owned, every branch of Science has been infinitely indebted) hit upon the true ſecret by which alone a deviation from ſtrict fact, in the commerce of *Man*, could be really amuſing to an improved mind, or uſeful to promote that improvement. And this was by a faithful and chaſte copy of real LIFE AND MANNERS.

In this ſpecies of Writing, Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr. FIELDING in England ſtand the foremoſt. And by enriching it with the beſt part of the *Comic* art, may be ſaid to have brought it to its perfection. But the ridiculous rage

Then [a] Marble, ſoften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on [b] animated Canvas ſtole
The ſleepy Eye, that ſpoke the melting ſoul.
No wonder then, when all was Love and Sport,
The willing Muſes were debauch'd at Court:
On [c] each enervate ſtring they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an Eunuch's throat.
But [d] Britain, changeful as a Child at play,
Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for Pleaſure, now for Church and State;
Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cauſe.

NOTES.

of appetite in the Public for theſe amuſements, and the monſtrous things that now ſerve for their entertainment, put us in mind of a ſtory, which Plutarch tells us of Cæſar: who obſerving certain Barbarians at Rome, careſſing young puppy-dogs and apes, aſked if the women bred no children amongſt thoſe ſtrangers, that they were ſo fond of theſe groteſque reſemblances.

VER. 149. *Lely on animated Canvas ſtole—The ſleepy Eye, &c.*] This was the characteriſtic of this excellent Colouriſt's expreſſion; who was an exceſſive Manierest.

VER. 153. *On each enervate ſtring, &c.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the firſt Opera ſung in England. P.

VER. 158. *Now all for Pleaſure, now for Church and State;*] The firſt half of Charles the Second's Reign was paſſed in an abandoned diſſoluteneſs of manners; the other half, in factious diſputes about popiſh plots and French prerogative.

VER. 160. *Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cauſe.*] i.e. The

[e] Romae dulce diu fuit et ſolemne, reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos [g] nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
[f] *Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quae
Creſcere res poſſet, minui damnoſa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, [h] et calet uno
Scribendi ſtudio: puerique patreſque ſeveri
Fronde comas vincti coenant, et carmina dictant.
Ipſe ego, qui nullos me affirmo ſcribere verſus,
Invenior [i] Parthis *mendacior*; et prius orto
Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et ſcrinia poſco.

Notes.

love of Liberty—Mr. Voltaire, while in England, writes thus to a friend in Paris—"I had a mind at firſt to print our poor "*Henry* at my own expences in London: but the loſs of my "money is a ſad ſtop to my deſign. I queſtion if I ſhall "try the way of Subſcriptions by the favour of the Court. "I am weary of Courts. All that is King or belongs to a "Kin:, frights my republican Philoſophy. I wont drink the "leaſt draught of Slavery in the Land of Liberty. I have "written freely to—and I will always do ſo, having no rea-"ſon to lay myſelf under any reſtraint. I fear, I hope no-"thing from *your* Country: all that I wiſh for, is to ſee you "one day here. I am entertaining myſelf with this pleaſant "hope. If it is but a dream, let me enjoy it: don't un-"deceive me: let me believe I ſhall have the pleaſure "to ſee you in London, drawing up the ſtrong ſpirit of "this unaccountable Nation. You will tranſlate their "thoughts better when you live amongſt them. You will "ſee a Nation fond of their Liberty, learned, witty, de-

[a]Time was, a ſober Engliſhman would knock
His ſervants up, and riſe by five o'clock,
Inſtruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
And ſend his Wife to church, his Son to ſchool.
To [b]worſhip like his Fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on good [c]Security, his Gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one [d]Poetic Itch
Has ſeiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
Sons, Sires, and Grandſires, all will wear the bays,
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To Theatres, and to Rehearſals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.
I, who ſo oft renounce the Muſes, [e]lye,
Not ——'s ſelf e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;
When ſick of Muſe, or follies we deplore,
And promiſe our beſt Friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to ſhow our Wit.

NOTES.

[a] ſpiſing Life and Death, a nation of Philoſophers. Not but "that there are ſome fools in England. Every Country has "its madmen. It may be, French folly is pleaſanter than "Engliſh madneſs, but by —— Engliſh Wiſdom and Engliſh "Honeſty is above *yours*." *MS. Eng. Let. Oct.* 15, 1726.

VAR. 189. *to ſhow our Wit.*] The force of this conſiſts in

[k] Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet: abrotonum aegro
Non audet, niſi qui *didicit*, dare: quod *medicorum* eſt,
Promittunt [l] medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:
[m] Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.
[n] Hic error tamen et levis haec inſania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, ſic collige: vatis [o] *avarus*
Non temere eſt animus: [p] verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum;
Detrimenta, [q] *fugas* ſervorum, *incendia* ridet;

NOTES.

the ambiguity.—To ſhew how conſtant we are to our reſolutions—or, to ſhew what fine verſes we can make.

VER. 181. *He ſerv'd, &c.*] To the ſimple elegance of the Original, the Poet has here added great ſpirit and vivacity, without departing from the fidelity of a tranſlation.

VER. 182. *Ward*] A famous Empiric, whoſe Pill and Drop had ſeveral ſurprizing Effects, and were one of the principal ſubjects of writing and converſation at this time. P.

Ibid. *Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;*] It was the Poet's purpoſe to do Mr. Ward honour, in aſſigning to him that medical Aphoriſm of regular practice,

"Periculum faciamus in corpore vili." SCRIBL.

[k] He ſerv'd a 'Prenticeſhip, who ſets up ſhop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Ev'n [l]Radcliff's Doctors travel firſt to France,
Nor dare to practiſe till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile)
But [m]thoſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
All rhyme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, [n] reflect, the miſchief is not great;
Theſe Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
And rarely [o]Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his [p]plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
[q]Flight of Caſhiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no loſſes while the Muſe is kind.

NOTES.

VER. 183, 184. *Ev'n Radcliff's Doctors travel firſt to France,*
Nor dare to practiſe till they've learn'd to dance.] By no means an inſinuation as if the travelling Doctors had miſpent their time. *Radcliff* had ſent them on a medicinal miſſion, to examine the produce of each Country, and ſee in what it might be made ſubſervient to the art of healing. The native commodity of France is DANCING. Mercurialis gives the *Gymnaſtics*, of which Dancing is part, a neceſſary place amongſt the *non-naturals* (by which [illegible] the Phyſicians mean air, exerciſe, diet, *&c.* as if the *natural* way of living in health was by phyſic) and the dignity and eminence of this part of the *Gymnaſtics* is learnedly and elaborately explained in that curious *Diſſertation on Dancing*, in the 13th chap. of the 2d Vol. *of the Life of King David.* SCRIBL.

Non [1]*fraudem ſocio*, puerove incogitat ullam

Pupillo; vivit ſiliquis, et pane ſecundo[2];

[3] Militiae quanquam piger et malus, *utilis urbi*;

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;

[4] Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:

NOTES.

VER. 201. *Of little uſe, &c.*] There is a poignancy in the following verſes, which the Original did not aim at, nor affect.

VER. 204. *And (tho' no Soldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himſelf much to his credit in this capacity *(non bene relicta parmula)* in the battle of Philippi. It is manifeſt he alludes to himſelf, in this whole account of the Poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit ſiliquis et pane ſecundo* has a relation to his Epicuriſm; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows; *Torquet ab obſcoenis— Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert, &c.* which the Imitator has applied where he thinks it more due than to himſelf. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is ſincerely inclined to praiſe what deſerves to be praiſed, he arraigns what deſerves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verſes. P.

VER. 213, 214. *Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,*
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted bays;] The ſudden ſtop after mentioning the name of *Dryden* has a great beauty. The Poet's *tenderneſs* for his Maſter is expreſſed in the ſecond line by making his *caſe general*; and his *honour* for him, in the firſt line, by making his *caſe particular*, as the only one that deſerved pity.

VER. 215. *excuſe ſome Courtly ſtains*] We are not to underſtand this as a diſapprobation of Mr. Addiſon for celebrating

To 'cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect Hermit in his ' diet.
Of little uſe the Man you may ſuppoſe,
Who ſays in verſe what others ſay in proſe;
Yet let me ſhow, a Poet's of ſome weight,
And (' tho' no Soldier) uſeful to the State.
' What will a Child learn ſooner than a ſong?
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
What's long or ſhort, each accent where to place,
And ſpeak in public with ſome ſort of grace.
I ſcarce can think him ſuch a worthleſs thing,
Unleſs he praiſe ſome Monſter of a King;
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to ſport,
To pleaſe a lewd, or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden!---In all Charles's days,
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted bays;
And in our own (excuſe ſome Courtly ſtains)
No whiter page than Addiſon remains.

NOTES.

the virtues of the preſent Royal Family. It relates to a certain circumſtance, in which he thought that amiable Poet did not act with the ingenuity that became his character.

When Mr. Addiſon, in the year 1713, had finiſhed his *Cato*, he brought it to Mr. Pope for his judgment. Our

Torquet ab *obſcoenis* jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;

Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,

Aſperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;

NOTES.

Poet, who thought the ſentiments excellent, but the action not enough theatrical, gave him his opinion fairly; and told him that he had better not bring it upon the Stage, but print it like a claſſical performance, which would perfectly anſwer his deſign. Mr. Addiſon approved of this advice; and ſeemed diſpoſed to follow it. But ſoon after, he came to Mr. Pope, and told him, that ſome friends, whom he could not diſoblige, inſiſted on his having it acted. However he aſſured Mr. Pope, that it was with no *Party* views; and deſired him to ſatisfy the Treaſurer and the Secretary in that particular; and at the ſame time gave him the Poem to carry to them for their peruſal. Our Poet executed his commiſſion in the moſt friendly manner; and the Play, and the project for bringing it upon the Stage, had their approbation and encouragement. Throughout the carriage of this whole affair, Mr. Addiſon was ſo exceedingly afraid of party imputations, that when Mr. Pope, at his requeſt, wrote the famous Prologue to it, and had ſaid,

> "Britons, ARISE, be worth like this approv'd,
> "And ſhew you have the virtue to be mov'd."

he was much troubled; ſaid it would be called, ſtirring the people to rebellion; and earneſtly begged he would ſoften it into ſomething leſs obnoxious. On this account it was altered, as it now ſtands, to *Britons, attend*,—though at the expence both of the ſenſe and ſpirit. Notwithſtanding this, the very next year, when the preſent illuſtrious Family came to the ſucceſſion, Mr. Addiſon thought fit to make a merit

He, from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
And ſets the Paſſions on the ſide of Truth,
Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cauſe,
Her Trade ſupported, and ſupplied her Laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verſe ingrav'd,
"The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet ſav'd."

NOTES.

of CATO, as purpoſely and directly written to oppoſe to the ſchemes of a faction. His Poem, to Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales, beginning in this manner,

"The Muſe, that oft with ſacred raptures fir'd
"Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inſpir'd;
"And, boldly riſing for Britannia's Laws,
"Ingag'd great CATO in her country's cauſe;
"On you ſubmiſſive waits."

VER. 216. *No whiter page than Addiſon remains.*] Mr. Addiſon's literary character is much miſtaken, as characters generally are when taken (as his has been) in the groſs. He was but an ordinary Poet, and a worſe Critic. His verſes are heavy, and his judgment of men and books ſuperficial. But, in the pleaſantry of comic adventures, and, in the dignity of moral allegories, he is inimitable. Nature having joined in him, as ſhe had done once before in *Lucian* (who wanted the other's wiſdom to make a right uſe of it) the ſublime of Plato to the humour of Menander.

VER. 217. *He, from the taſte obſcene, &c.*] This, in Imitation of his Original, refers to the true Poet,

"torquet ab obſcoenis."

and likewiſe to Mr. Addiſon's papers in the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*; the Character of which is given in the

Recte facta refert; [x] orientia tempora notis

Inſtruit exemplis; [y] *inopem* ſolatur et *aegrum*.

Caſtis cum [z] pueris ignara puella mariti

Diſceret unde [a] *preces*, vatem ni Muſa dediſſet?

Poſcit opem chorus, et *praeſentia numina* ſentit;

Coeleſtes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;

Avertit morbos, [c] *metuenda pericula* pellit;

Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.

[d] Carmine Dî ſuperi placantur, carmine Manes.

[e] Agricolae priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,

Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto

NOTES.

preceding note. But their excellence may be beſt gathered from their having procured ſo long credit to that vaſt heap of crude and indigeſted things with which they are intermixed.

VER. 226. *the Idiot and the Poor.*] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for aſſiſting the Poor, by lending ſmall ſums of money on demand. P.

VER. 229. *Not but there are, &c.*] Nothing can be more truly humorous or witty than all that follows to Ver. 240. Yet the noble ſobriety of the Original, or, at leaſt, the appearance of ſobriety, which is the ſame thing here, is of a Taſte vaſtly ſuperior to it.

Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to [y] relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And [z] ſtretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Pſalms:
The [a] Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains,
Implore your help in theſe pathetic ſtrains:
How could Devotion [b] touch the country pews,
Unleſs the Gods beſtow'd a proper Muſe?
Verſe chears their leiſure, Verſe aſſiſts their work,
Verſe prays for Peace, or ſings down [c] Pope and Turk.
The ſilenc'd Preacher yields to potent ſtrain,
And feels that Grace his pray'r beſought in vain;
The bleſſing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And [d] Heav'n is won by Violence of Song.
Our [e] rural Anceſtors, with little bleſt,
Patient of labour when the end was reſt,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feaſts, and off'rings, and a thankful ſtrain:

NOTES.

VER. 230. *Sternhold.*] One of the Verſifiers of the old ſinging pſalms. He was a Courtier, and Groom of the Robes to Hen. VIII. and of the Bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in his *Church Hiſtory*, ſays he was eſteemed an *excellent Poet.*

VER. 241. *Our rural Anceſtors, &c.*] This is almoſt like

Corpus et ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.
Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
[f] Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;
Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter: [g] donec jam ſaevus apertam
In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: [h] quin etiam lex
Poenaque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quemquam
Deſcribi. vertere modum, formidine fuſtis
Ad [i] *bene dicendum, delectandumque* redacti.
[k] Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes

NOTES.

ral; and ſhews, that the beauty and ſpirit, ſo much admired in theſe Imitations, owe leſs to the Liberty of imitating, than to the ſuperior genius of the Imitator.

VER. 259. *Moſt warp'd to Flatt'ry's ſide, &c.*] Theſe two lines (notwithſtanding the reference) are an addition to the Original. They ſeemed neceſſary to compleat the Hiſtory of the riſe and progreſs of Wit; and, if attended to, will be ſeen to make much for the Poet's argument, *viz. the recommendation of Poetry to the protection of the Magiſtrate.* And is,

The joy their wives, their ſons, and ſervants ſhare,
Eaſe of their toil, and part'ners of their care:
The laugh, the jeſt, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry ſoul:
With growing years the pleaſing Licence grew,
And [f] Taunts alternate innocently flew.
But Times corrupt, and [g] Nature, ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a ſting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at ſtrife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Juſtice lent her arm.
At length, by wholeſome [h] dread of ſtatutes bound,
The Poets learn'd to pleaſe, and not to wound:
Moſt warp'd to [i] Flatt'ry's ſide; but ſome, more nice,
Preſerv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence Satire roſe, that juſt the medium hit,
And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.
[k] We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;

NOTES.

therefore, what Horace would have choſen to ſay, had he reflected on it.

VER. 263. *We conquer'd France, &c.*] The inſtance which the Author *here* gives, to anſwer that in the *Original*, is not ſo happy. However, it might be ſaid with truth, that our in-

Intulit agreſti Latio. ſic horridus ille
Defluxit [l] *numerus Saturnius*, et grave virus
Munditiae pepulere: ſed in longum tamen aevum
Manſerunt, hodieque manent, [m] *veſtigia ruris*.
Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis;
Et poſt [n] *Punica bella* quietus quaerere coepit,
Quod [o] Sophocles et Theſpis et Aeſchylus utile ferrent:
Tentavit quoque rem, ſi digne vertere poſſet:
Et placuit ſibi, natura ſublimis et acer:
Nam [p] ſpirat tragicum ſatis, et feliciter audet:
Sed [q] turpem putat inſcite metuitque *lituram*.

NOTES.

trigues on the Continent brought us acquainted with the *Provincial* Poets; and produced *Chaucer*. I only wonder, when he had ſuch an example before him, of a Bard who ſo greatly poliſhed the ruſticity of his age, he did not uſe it, to paraphraſe the ſenſe of

"Defluxit numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
"Munditiae pepulere."

VER. 267. *Waller was ſmooth*;] Mr. Waller, about this time, with the Earl of Dorſet, Mr. Godolphin, and others, tranſlated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation. P.

VER. 269. *Energy divine*.] Mr. Pope's gratitude, for what he owed to the Genius and Writings of this great Poet, oc-

Britain to ſoft refinements leſs a foe,
Wit grew polite, and [l] Numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was ſmooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verſe, the full-reſounding-line,
The long majeſtic March, and Energy divine.
Tho' ſtill ſome traces of our [m] ruſtic vein,
And ſplay-foot verſe, remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctneſs grew our care,
When the tir'd Nation [n] breath'd from civil war.
Exact [o] Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had ſomething to admire.
Not but the [p] Tragic ſpirit was our own,
And full in Shakeſpear, fair in Otway ſhone:
But Otway fail'd to poliſh or refine,
And [q] fluent Shakeſpear ſcarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The laſt and greateſt Art, the Art to blot.

NOTES.

caſioned theſe perpetual encomiums; which have preſerved his Maſter from falling into neglect, and have even raiſed his reputation higher than ever. *Cicero* did the ſame grateful office to *Craſſus* and *Antonius*, to whom he had the ſame obligations. One of the principal reaſons he gives for making them the chief Speakers in his famous Dialogue *de Oratore* is, "ut "laudem eorum jam prope ſeneſcentem quantum ego poſſem "(ſays he) ab oblivione hominum, atque a ſilentio vindicarem "---deberi hoc a me tantis hominum ingeniis putavi.——"

VER. 280. *Ev'n copious Dryden*—] *Copious* aggravated the fault. For when a Writer has great ſtores, he is inexcuſable not to diſcharge the eaſy taſk of chuſing from the beſt.

Creditur, ex [r] *medio* quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum; ſed habet *Comoedia* tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus. [s] aſpice, Plautus
Quo pacto [t] *partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut inſidioſi:
Quantus ſit Doſſennus [u] *edacibus in paraſitis*;
Quam [w] *non aſtricto* percurrat pulpita *ſocco*.
Geſtit enim [x] nummum in loculos demittere; poſt hoc
Securus, cadat an recto ſtet fabula talo.
Quem tulit ad ſcenam [y] ventoſo gloria curru,

NOTES.

VER. 282. *Some doubt, &c.*] In Tragedy it is the *action*, and in Comedy it is the *manners*, which moſt engage our attention. But it is eaſier to direct and conduct an action than to draw and colour manners. Beſides, our ignorance of high life makes falſe manners in Tragedy eſcape unobſerved; but unnatural action in Comedy lies hid from nobody. Hence it is, that the difficulty of ſucceeding lies on the ſide of the comic writer. To ſupport theſe obſervations, let me aſk from whence ariſes our diſguſt, when the ſcene in Comedy is laid abroad, and that of Tragedy at home It appears, at firſt ſight, whimſical and capricious, but has its foundation in nature. What we chiefly ſeek in Comedy is a true image of life and manners; but we are not eaſily brought to think we have it given us, when dreſſed in foreign modes and faſhions. And yet a good writer muſt follow his ſcene, and obſerve *decorum*. On the contrary, it is the action in Tragedy which

Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
The [t] humbler Muſe of Comedy require.
But in known Images of life, I gueſs
The labour greater, as th' indulgence leſs[u].
Obſerve how ſeldom ev'n the beſt ſucceed:
Tell me if [v] Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The ſtage how [w] looſely does Aſtrea tread,
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky [x] eat with vaſt applauſe!
But fill their [x] purſe, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.
O you! whom [y] Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praiſe,

NOTES.

moſt engages our attention. But to fit a domeſtic occurrence for the ſtage,, we muſt take greater liberties with the action than a well known ſtory will allow. Not but perhaps another reaſon might be given for our diſapprobation of this inverted ſtate of the ſcene. Comedy deals much in Satire; Tragedy in Panegyric: and our natural malignity will more eaſily ſuffer us to find the *ridiculous* at home, than the *heroic*.

VER. 290. *Aſtrea,*] A Name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authoreſs of ſeveral obſcene Plays, *&c.* P.

Ibid. *The ſtage how looſely does Aſtrea tread,*] The fine metaphor, of *non aſtricto*, greatly improved by the happy ambiguity of the word *looſely*.

VER. 296. *Oh you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys.*] The

Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inflat:
Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, ac reficit: [a] valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
[a] Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,
Indocti, ſtolidique, et [b] depugnare parati
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut [c] *urſum* aut *pugiles:* his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum [d] *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* voluptas
Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulaea premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt [e] *equitum* turmae, peditumque catervae:

NOTES.

Metaphor is fine; but inferior to the Original, in many reſpects.

" ventoſo gloria curru,"

has a happy air of Ridicule heightened by its alluſion to the Roman Triumph. It has a great beauty too, taken in a more ſerious light, as repreſenting the Poet a *Slave* to, and Attendant on, Fame or *Glory*,

" Quem tulit ad ſcenam—Gloria."

as was the cuſtom in their Triumphs. In other reſpects

With what a ſhifting gale your courſe you ply.
For ever ſunk too low, or born too high!
Who pants for glory finds but ſhort repoſe,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
[z] Farewell the ſtage! if juſt as thrives the play,
The ſilly bard grows fat, or falls away.
[a] There ſtill remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monſter of the Pit:
A ſenſeleſs, worthleſs, and unhonour'd croud;
Who, [b] to diſturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their ſticks before ten lines are ſpoke,
Call for the Farce, [c] the Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords!
Ever the taſte of Mobs, but now [d] of Lords;
(Taſte, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The Play ſtands ſtill; damn action and diſcourſe,
Back fly the ſcenes, and enter foot and horſe;

NOTES.

the imitation has the preference. It is moſt juſt. For a Poet makes his firſt entrance on the ſtage not, immediately, to *Triumph*, but to *try his fortune*. However,

"Who pants for Glory," &c.

is much ſuperior to the Original.

VER. 313. *From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.*] From *Plays* to *Operas*, and from Operas to *Pantomimes*.

Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis;
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
[f] Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; ſeu
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,
Sive [g] *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.
Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipſis,
Ut ſibi praebentem mimo ſpectacula plura:
Scriptores autem [h] narrare putaret *aſello*
Fabellam ſurdo. nam quae [i] pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referunt quem noſtra theatra?
[k] *Garganum mugire* putes *nemus*, aut *mare Tuſcum.*
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, et artes,
[l] *Divitiaeque peregrinae: quibus* [m] *oblitus actor*
Cum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera laevae.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil ſane. Quid placet ergo?
[n] Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

NOTES.

VER. 319. *Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.*] The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouſes vied with each other to repreſent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dreſs the Champion. P.

Ibid. *Old Edward's Armour, &c.*] Deſcriptive Poetry is the loweſt work of a Genius. Therefore when Mr. Pope employs

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Biſhops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn;
The Champion too! and, to complete the jeſt,
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.
With [f] laughter ſure Democritus had dy'd,
Had he beheld an Audience gape ſo wide.
Let Bear or [g] Elephant be e'er ſo white,
The People, ſure, the People are the ſight!
Ah luckleſs [h] Poet! ſtretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant ſhall heed thee more;
While all its [i] throats the Gallery extends,
And all the Thunder of the Pit aſcends!
Loud as the Wolves, on [k] Orcas' ſtormy ſteep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
Such is the ſhout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's [l] petticoat;
Or when from Court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd,
Sinks the [m] loſt Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters,---hark! the Univerſal peal!
"But has he ſpoken?" Not a ſyllable.
"What ſhook the ſtage, and made the people ſtare?"
[n] Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

NOTES.

himſelf in it, he never fails, as here, to ennoble it with ſome moral ſtroke or other.

VER. 328. *Orcas' ſtormy ſteep.*] The fartheſt Northern Promontory of Scotland, oppoſite to the Orcades. P.

Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipſe recuſem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta; [o] meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
[p] Verum age, et his, qui ſe *lectori* credere malunt,
Quam *ſpectatoris* faſtidia ferre ſuperbi,
Curam impende brevem: ſi [q] munus Apolline dignum
Vis *complere libris*; et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem.
[r] Multa quidem nobis facimus mala ſaepe poetae,
(Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum
[s] *Solicito* damus, aut *feſſo:* cum laedimur, [t] *unum*
Si quis *amicorum* eſt auſus reprendere *verſum:*.

NOTES.

VER. 347. *To Thebes, to Athens, &c.*] i. e. is equally knowing in the manners of the moſt different people; and has the ſkill to employ thoſe manners with decorum.

VER. 354. *a Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine Library then building by Auguſtus. P.

VER. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a ſmall, but choice Collection of Books. P.

Yet leſt you think I rially more than teach,
r praiſe malignly Arts I cannot reach,
et me for once preſume t' inſtruct the times,
o know the Poet from the Man of Rhymes:
'is he, [o] who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
an make me feel each Paſſion that he feigns;
rage, compoſe, with more than magic Art,
Vith Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart;
nd ſnatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
o Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
[p] But not this part of the Poetic ſtate,
lone, deſerves the favour of the Great:
hink of thoſe Authors, Sir, who would rely
lore on a Reader's ſenſe, than Gazer's eye.
r who ſhall wander where the Muſes ſing?
Vho climb their mountain, or who taſte their ſpring?
ow ſhall we fill [q] a Library with Wit,
Vhen Merlin's Cave is half unfiniſh'd yet?
My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
gueſs; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
Ve [r] Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
f all mankind, the creatures moſt abſurd:
he [s] ſeaſon, when to come, and when to go,
o ſing, or ceaſe to ſing, we never know;
nd if we will recite nine hours in ten,
ou loſe your patience, juſt like other men.
hen too we hurt ourſelves, when to defend
[t] ſingle verſe, we quarrel with a friend;

Cum loca jam [u] recitata revolvimus *irrevocati:*
Cum [v] lamentamur non *apparere* labores
Noſtros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *filo;*
Cum [x] ſperamus eo rem venturam, ut, ſimul atque
Carmina reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceſſas, et egere vetes, et *ſcribere cogas.*
Sed tamen eſt [y] *operae pretium* cognoſcere, *quales*
Aedituos habeat belli ſpectata domique
Virtus, [z] *indigno* non committenda *poetae.*
[a] Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Choerilus, incultis qui verſibus et male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
[b] Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere ſcriptores carmine foedo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis *ſe* praeter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret aera

NOTES.

VER. 380—1. *Charles, to late times, &c.*] In the third volume of the *Catholic Church Hiſtory of England,* printed at Bruſſels 1742, F. there is a curious anecdote concerning this matter, taken from an Italian MS. of the Memoirs of Panzani, the Pope's Agent. "Before Panzani ſet out on his "journey (to England) which was about the year 1635, her "Majeſty wrote a letter to Cardinal Barberini; wherein, "amongſt other things, ſhe deſired he would uſe his intereſt "with the famous Sculptor Cavalier Bernini, that he would "cut two Buſtos; one of the King, the other of herſelf: "which were to be brought over by Panzani, alledging that

Repeat [a] unaſk'd; lament, the [v] Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But moſt, when ſtraining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epiſtles to the King;
And [x] from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or penſion from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Hiſtorians by expreſs command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the ſeas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan ſome work divine,
As once for LOUIS, Boileau and Racine.

Yet think, great Sir! (ſo many Virtues ſhown)
Ah think, what Poet beſt may make them known?
Or chuſe at leaſt ſome Miniſter of Grace,
Fit to beſtow the [z] Laureat's weighty place.

[a] Charles, to late times to be tranſmitted fair,
Aſſign'd his figure to Bernini's care;

NOTES.

" her Huſband was uncommonly curious in works of that
" kind, and no preſent could be more acceptable to him.
" Bernini was one of a haughty temper, and had lately re-
" fuſed the like favour to Cardinal Richlieu, who deſired his
" own Buſto from the ſame hand. But Barberini's reputa-
" tion and addreſs prevailed upon him to grant the requeſt.
" I mention this Buſto upon account of the extraordinary
" circumſtances which attended it; ſome whereof are taken
" notice of by our Hiſtorians: But what I ſhall further
" relate, is not commonly known. It is reported, that when
" Bernini took a view of the original picture, according to
" which he was to form the King's Buſto, he obſerved ſuch
" melancholic lines, that they in a manner ſpoke ſome diſmal
" fate that would befall the perſon it repreſented. And this
" he ſignified to thoſe who were preſent." P. 38.

Fortis [h] *Alexandri vultum ſimulantia.* quod ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud

NOTES.

VER. 385. *But Kings in Wit may want diſcerning Spirit.*] This is not much to be wondered at ſince the *Sacerdotal* character has been ſeparated from the *Regal.* This *diſcerning of Spirits* now ſeems to be the allotment of the eccleſiaſtical branch, which the following inſtance will put out of doubt. The famous HUGO GROTIUS had, ſome how or other, ſurprized the world into an early admiration of his parts and virtues. But his Grace Archbiſhop Abbot was not to be deceived by dazzling appearances. In one of his *Reſcripts* to Sir Ralph Winwood, at the Hague, he unmaſks this forward Dutchman, who a little before had been ſent over to England by the States. "You muſt take heed how you truſt "DOCTOR GROTIUS too far, for I perceive him to be so "ADDICTED TO SOME PARTIALITIES IN THOSE PARTS, "THAT HE FEARETH NOT TO LASH SO IT MAY SERVE A "TURN. At his firſt coming to the King, by reaſon of his "good Latin tongue, he was ſo tedious and full of tittle-"tattle, that the KING's *judgment was of him, that he was* "*ſome* PEDANT, full of words, and of NO GREAT JUDG-"MENT. And I MYSELF DISCOVERING that to be his "habit, as if he did imagine that every man was bound to "hear him ſo long as he would talk, did privately give him "notice thereof, that he ſhould plainly and directly deliver "his mind, or elſe he would make the King weary of him. "This did not take place, but that afterwards he fell to it "again, as was eſpecially obſerved one night at ſupper at the "Lord Biſhop of Ely's, whither being brought by Mr. Ca-"ſaubon (as I think) my Lord intreated him to ſtay to ſup-"per, which he did. There was preſent Dr. Steward and "another Civilian, unto whom he flings out ſome queſtion "of that profeſſion; and was ſo full of words, that Dr. "Steward afterwards told my Lord, *That he did perceive by* "*him, that, like a* SMATTERER, *he had ſtudied ſome two or* "*three queſtions; whereof when he came in company he muſt be* "*talking, to vindicate his ſkill; but if he were put from thoſe,* "*he would ſhew himſelf but a* SIMPLE FELLOW. There was

And great [b] Naſſau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
So well in paint and ſtone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want diſcerning Spirit. 385

NOTES.

" preſent alſo Dr. Richardſon, the King's profeſſor of Divi-
" nity in Cambridge, and another Doctor in that Faculty,
" with whom he falleth in alſo, about ſome of thoſe queſ-
" tions, which are now controverted amongſt the Miniſters
" in Holland; and being matters wherein he was ſtudied, he
" uttered all his ſkill concerning them. MY LORD OF ELY
" SITTING STILL AT THE SUPPER ALL THE WHILE,
" AND WONDERING what a man he had there, who never
" being in the place or company before, could overwhelm
" them ſo with talk for ſo long a time. I write this unto
" you ſo largely, that you may know the diſpoſition of the
" man: and HOW KINDLY HE USED MY LORD OF ELY
" FOR HIS GOOD ENTERTAINMENT." *Winwood's Memo-rials*, vol. iii. p. 459. SCRIBL.

Seriouſly, *my Lord of Ely's* caſe was to be pitied. But this will not happen every day: for as expoſed as their Lordſhips may be to theſe kind of inſults, happy is it, that the men are not always at hand, who can offer them. A ſecond *Grotius*, for aught I know, may be as far off as a ſecond Century of *my Lords of Ely*.—But it was enough that this *ſimple fellow* was an Arminian and a Republican, to be deſpiſed by Abbot and his Maſter. For in the opinion of theſe great judges of merit, Religion and Society could not ſubſiſt without PREDESTINATION and ARBITRARY POWER.—However this *diſcerning ſpirit*, it is certain, had not left L. when the grave Hiſtorian Anthony Wood was ſo hoſpitably entertained there. Who in the journal of his life under the year 1671, tells the following ſtory. " I and John Echard, the Author of the *Contempt of the Clergy*, dined with A. Bp. Sheldon. After dinner, when the Archbiſhop had withdrawn and *ſelected* his company, I was called " into the withdrawing-room, and " Echard was left behind to *go drink and ſmoke with the Chap-* " *lains*." So well adjuſted was this reſpect of perſons;

Ad libros et ad haec Muſarum dona vocares;
[c] Boeotum in craſſo jurares aëre natum.

[*At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque*
Munera, quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variuſque poetae;]

Nec magis expreſſi [d] vultus per ahenea ſigna,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorem apparent. nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, [e] quam *res* componere *geſtas*,
Terrarumque [f] ſitus et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impoſitas, et [g] *barbara regna*, tuiſque
Auſpiciis *totum* [h] *confecta duella* per *orbem*,
Clauſtraque [h] cuſtodem *pacis* cohibentia Janum,
Et [i] formidatam *Parthis*, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque. ſed neque parvum
[k] Carmen *majeſtas* recipit *tua*; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recuſent.

NOTES.

Echard being the wittieſt man of the age, was very fitly left to divert the Chaplains; and Anthony Wood, without all peradventure the dulleſt, was called in to enjoy the converſation of his Grace.

VER. 405. *And I'm not us'd to Panegyric ſtrains.*] Archbiſhop *Tillotſon* hath ſaid, "That ſatire and invective were "the eaſieſt kind of wit, becauſe almoſt any degree of it will "ſerve to abuſe and find fault. For wit (ſays he) is a keen "inſtrument, and every one can cut and gaſh with it. But

The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one penſion'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben, and ſurly Dennis ſwear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a [c] Ruſſian Bear."
Not with ſuch [d] majeſty, ſuch bold relief,
The Forms auguſt, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
E'er ſwell'd on marble; as in verſe have ſhin'd
(In poliſh'd verſe) the Manners and the Mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your [e] Arms, your Actions, your Repoſe to ſing!
What [f] ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How [g] barb'rous rage ſubſided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the ſword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
[h] Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapt the world in ſleep;
[i]'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And [j] Aſia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne---
But [k] Verſe, alas! your Majeſty diſdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric ſtrains:

NOTES.

"to carve a beautiful image and poliſh it, requires great "art and dexterity. To praiſe any thing well, is an argu- "ment of much more wit than to abuſe; a little wit, and a

Sedulitas autem [l] *ſtulte*, quem *diligit*, urget;
Praecipue cum ſe *numeris* commendat et arte.
Diſcit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod *quis* [m] *deridet*, quam quod *probat* et *veneratur*.
Nil moror [n] officium, quod me gravat: ac neque *ficto*
In [o] *pejus* vultu proponi cereus uſquam,
Nec prave factis decorari verſibus opto:
Ne [p] rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una
Cum [q] ſcriptore meo capſa porrectus aperta,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

NOTES.

" great deal of ill-nature, will furniſh a man for ſatire, but " the greateſt inſtance of wit is to commend well." Thus far this candid Prelate. And I, in my turn, might as well ſay, that Satire was the moſt difficult, and Panegyric the moſt eaſy of all performances; for that any barber-ſurgeon can curl and ſhave, and give coſmetic waſhes for the ſkin; but it requires the abilities of an Anatomiſt to diſſect and lay open the interior of the human frame. But the truth is, theſe ſimilitudes prove nothing, but the good fancy, or the ill judgment of the uſer. The one is juſt as eaſy to do *ill*, and as

The Zeal of [l] Fools offends at any time,
But moſt of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Beſides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praiſe, they ſay [m] I bite.
A vile [n] Encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a [o] woful likeneſs; and if lyes,
"Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſcandal in diſguiſe:"
Well may he [p] bluſh, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like [q] Journals, Odes, and ſuch forgotten things
As Euſden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Cloath ſpice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

NOTES.

difficult to do *well*, as the other. In our Author's *Eſſay on the Characters of Men*, the Encomium on Lord Cobham, and the Satire on Lord Wharton, are the equal efforts of the ſame great genius. There is one advantage indeed in Satire over Panegyric, which every body has taken notice of, that it is *more readily received*: but this does not ſhew that it is more *eaſily written*.

THE

SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

HORACE.

Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et torquebitur. Hor.

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum ſic agat: "Hic et
"Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
"Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
"Verna miniſteriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
"Litterulis Graecis imbutus, idoneus arti
"Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
"Quin etiam canet indoctum, ſed dulce bibenti.
"Multa fidem promiſſa levant, ubi plenius aequo
"Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
"Res urget me nulla: meo ſum pauper in aere.
"Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non te-
"mere a me

NOTES.

VER. 4. *This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:*] A Town in Beauce, where the French tongue is ſpoken in great purity.

VER. 15. *But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?*].

EPISTLE II.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's Friend!
You love a Verſe, take ſuch as I can ſend.
A Frenchman comes, preſents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins---" This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
" Obſerve his ſhape how clean! his locks how
" curl'd!
" My only ſon, I'd have him ſee the world:
" His French is pure; his Voice too --- you
" ſhall hear.
" Sir, he's your ſlave, for twenty pound a year.
" Mere wax as yet, you faſhion him with eaſe,
" Your Barber, Cook, Upholſt'rer, what you
" pleaſe:
" A perfect genius at an Op'ra-ſong---
" To ſay too much, might do my honour wrong.
" Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
" His whole ambition was to ſerve a Lord;
" But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
" Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's
" heart.
" Once (and but once) I caught him in a lye,
" And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
" The fault he has I fairly ſhall reveal,
" (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to ſteal."

NOTES.

The numbers well expreſs the unwillingneſs of parting with what one can but ill ſpare.

" Quivis ferret idem: ſemel hic ceſſavit, et (ut fit)
" In ſcalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae:
" Des nummos, excepta nihil te ſi *fuga* laedit."
' Ille ferat pretium, poenae ſecurus, opinor.
Prudens emiſti vitioſum: dicta tibi eſt lex.
Inſequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.
' Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea ſaevus
Jurgares ad te quod epiſtola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris ſuper hoc etiam, quod
Exſpectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
' Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Aerumnis, laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat: poſt hoc vehemens lupus, et ſibi et hoſti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Praeſidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,

NOTES.

VER. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Juſtice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha. P. Sir Godfrey Kneller.

VER. 33. *In Anna's Wars, &c.*] Many parts of this ſtory are well told; but, on the whole, it is much inferior to the Original.

'If, after this, you took the graceleſs lad,
Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd ſo bad?
Faith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
I think Sir Godfrey ſhould decide the ſuit;
Who ſent the Thief that ſtole the Caſh, away,
And puniſh'd him that put it in his way.
'Conſider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You ſaid the ſame; and are you diſcontent
With Laws, to which you gave your own aſſent?
Nay worſe, to aſk for Verſe at ſuch a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
'In ANNA's Wars, a Soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purſe of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckleſs night,
He ſlept, poor dog! and loſt it, to a doit.
This put the man in ſuch a deſp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd
Againſt the foe, himſelf, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, ſcal'd a Caſtle-wall,
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.

NOTES.

VER. 37. *This put the man, &c.*] Much below the Original,

"Poſt hoc vehemens lupus, et ſibi et hoſti
"Iratus pariter, *jejunis dentibus acer.*"

The laſt words are particularly elegant and humorous.

Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honeſtis,
Accipit et bis dena ſuper ſeſtertia nummûm.
Forte ſub hoc tempus *caſtellum* evertere praetor
Neſcio quod cupiens, hortari coepit eundem
Verbis, quae timido quoque poſſent addere mentem:
I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fauſto,
Grandia laturus meritorum praemia: quid ſtas?
Poſt haec ille catus, quantumvis ruſticus, " Ibit,
" Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.
' Romae nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuiſſet Achilles.

NOTES.

VER. 43. *Gave him much praiſe, and* ſome *reward beſide.*] For the ſake of a ſtroke of Satire, he has here weakened that circumſtance, on which, the turn of the ſtory depends. Horace avoided it, though the avaricious character of Lucullus was a tempting occaſion to indulge his raillery.

VER. 51. *Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat*] This has neither the force nor the juſtneſs of the Original. Horace makes his Soldier ſay,

" ———Ibit,
" Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit "

for it was not his *poverty*, but his *loſs*, that puſhed him upon danger; many being ſufficient to poverty, who cannot bear the ſudden change of condition occaſioned by loſſes. What betray'd our Poet into this inaccuracy of expreſſion was, it's ſuiting better with the *application*. But in a great Writer, we pardon nothing. And ſuch ſhould not forget, that the expreſſion is not perfect, but when the ideas it conveys fit both the *tale* and the *application:* for then they reflect mutual *light* upon one another.

" Prodigious well;" his great Commander cry'd,
Gave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.
Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and its no great matter)
" Go on, my Friend (he cry'd) ſee yonder walls!
" Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
" More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
" D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, ſuch a ſot?
" Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat."
[f] Bred up at home, full early I begun,
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.

NOTES.

VER. 52. *Bred up at home, &c.*] The Reader may poſſibly have a curioſity to know ſomething more of Mr. Pope's education than what this verſe tells him; and though much more would be too trifling to enter into a juſt volume of his life, it may do no diſhonour to one of theſe curſory notes. He was taught his letters very early by an Aunt; and from thence, to his eighth year, he took great delight in reading. He learned to write of himſelf, by copying after printed books, whoſe characters he brought himſelf to imitate in great perfection. At eight, he was put under one *Taverner*, a Prieſt, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues, together: From him, in a little time, he was ſent to a private ſchool at Twiford near Wincheſter. Here, he continued about a year; and was then removed to another, near Hyde-park Corner. Under theſe two laſt Maſters, he loſt the little he had got under the Prieſt. At twelve, he went with his Father into the Foreſt; where he was, for a few months, under another Prieſt; and with as little ſucceſs as before. For, as

Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae:

Scilicet ut poſſem *curvo* dignoſcere *rectum*,

Atque inter ſilvas Academi *quaerere* verum.

Dura ſed emovere loco me tempora grato;

NOTES.

he uſed to ſay, he never could learn any thing which he did not purſue with pleaſure. And theſe miſerable pedants had not the art of making his ſtudies an amuſement to him. Upon the remnants, therefore, of this ſmall ſtock, ſo hardly picked up, ſo eaſily loſt, and recovered (as we ſhall ſee) with ſo much labour, he at length thought fit to become his own maſter. And now the only method of ſtudy he preſcribed to himſelf was reading thoſe claſſic writers, who afforded him moſt entertainment. So that while he was intent upon the ſubject, with a ſtrong appetite for Knowledge, and an equal paſſion for Poetry, he inſenſibly got Latin and Greek. And, what was extraordinary, his impatience of reſtraint, in the uſual forms, did not hinder his ſubjecting himſelf, now he was his own maſter, to all the drudgery and fatigue of perpetually recurring to his Grammar and Lexicon. By the time he was fifteen, he had acquired a very ready habit in the learned languages; when a ſtrong fancy came into his head to remove to London to learn French and Italian. His Family (whoſe only object was the preſervation of his miſerably infirm body) regarded it as a very wild project. But he perſiſted in it, and they gave way: to town he came, and maſtered thoſe two languages with ſurprizing diſpatch. The whole treaſure of Parnaſſus now lay open to him: and between this and his twentieth year, his conſtant employment was reading the moſt conſiderable Poets and Critics in the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Engliſh languages. But, all this, without much order; as chance threw them in his

Beſides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little ſure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half ſo well,
Depriv'd us ſoon of our paternal Cell;
And certain Laws, by ſuff'rers thought unjuſt,
Deny'd all poſts of profit or of truſt:

NOTES.

way, or the caprice of deſultory reading directed his choice. This being one continued indulgence of his curioſity or amuſement, made him always ſpeak of theſe four or five years as the moſt pleaſurable part of his life.

Yet his true underſtanding would not allow him to continue long eaſy under ſo defective an education. For a vaſt memory and an accurate judgment, which remedied many of its inconveniences, made him but the more ſenſible of them all. So that, at twenty, when the impetuoſity of his ſpirits began to permit his genius to be put under reſtraint, he went over all the parts of his education a-new, from the very beginning; and in a regular, and more artful manner. He penetrated into the general grounds and reaſons of ſpeech; he learnt to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral ſpecies of ſtyle, he ſtudied the peculiar genius and character of each language; he reduced his natural talent for Poetry to a ſcience; and maſtered thoſe parts of Philoſophy which would moſt contribute to enrich his vein. And all this, with ſuch continued attention, labour, and ſeverity, that he uſed to ſay, he had been ſeven years (that is, from twenty to twenty-ſeven) in unlearning all he had been acquiring for twice that time.

VER. 53. *To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.*] This circumſtance has a happier application in the *imitation* than in the *original*; and properly introduces the 68th verſe.

Civiliſque rudem belli tulit aeſtus in arma,

Caeſaris Auguſti non reſponſura lacertis.

Unde ſimul primum me dimiſere Philippi,

Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque *paterni*

Et *laris* et fundi, paupertas impulit audax

Ut verſus facerem: ſed, quod non deſit, habentem,

Quae poterunt unquam ſatis expurgare *cicutae*,

Ni melius dormire putem, quam ſcribere verſus?

[s] Singula de nobis anni *praedantur* euntes;

NOTES.

VER. 65. *He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind.*] There was ſomething very ſingular in the Oeconomy of Mr. POPE's Father. He was a Merchant, and lived in London. At the Revolution he left off trade, and converted his effects into money, amounting to between fifteen and twenty thouſand pounds; with which he retired into the country. As he was a Papiſt, he could not purchaſe, nor put his money to intereſt on real ſecurity; and as he adhered to the intereſts of King James, he made a point of conſcience not to lend it to the new Government: ſo he kept it in his cheſt; and lived upon the Principal; till, by that time his ſon came to the ſucceſſion, it was almoſt all fairly ſpent.

Hopes after hopes of pious Papiſts fail'd,
While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muſes help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papiſt he, and I a Poet,
But (thanks to Homer) ſince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I ſhould want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would ſcribble, rather than repoſe.
Years following years, ſteal ſomething ev'ry day.
At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;

NOTES.

VER. 68, *But (thanks to Homer) &c.*] He began the *Iliad* at twenty-five, and finiſhed it in five years. It was publiſhed for his own benefit by ſubſcription. He ſold it to Lintot the Bookſeller, on the following terms, twelve hundred pounds paid down, and all the Books for his Subſcribers. The *Odyſſey* was publiſhed in the ſame manner, and ſold on the ſame conditions; except only that inſtead of Twelve he had ſix hundred pounds. He was aſſiſted in this latter work by *Broome* and *Fenton*; to the firſt of whom he gave ſix hundred pounds; and to the other, three hundred.

VER. 69. *Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,*] Indeed, it would be very hard upon Authors, if the ſubſcribing for a book, which does honour to one's age and country, and conſequently reflects back part of it on the *Subſcribers*, ſhould be eſteemed a debt or obligation.

VER 70. *Monroes,*] Dr. Monroe, Phyſician to Bedlam Hoſpital.

VER. 73. *At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;*] i. e. *Time* changes all our paſſions, appetites, and inclinations.

Eripuere *jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;*
Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?
[b]Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis ſermonibus, et ſale nigro.
Tres mihi convivae prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:
Quod petis, id ſane eſt inviſum acidumque duobus.
[i] Praeter caetera me *Romaene* poemata cenſes
Scribere poſſe, inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic ſponſum vocat, hic auditum ſcripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,

NOTES.

VER. 83. *and that Pindaric lays?*] Of our modern Lyric Poetry, the Engliſh is *Pindaric*, and the Latin, *Horatian*. The firſt is like boiled meats, of different taſtes and flavours, but all inſipid: The other, like the ſame meats potted, all of one ſpicey taſte, and equally high flavoured. The reaſon is, the Engliſh ode-makers only imitate Pindar's *ſenſe*; whereas the Latin employ the very *words* of Horace.

VER. 87. *Oldfield—Dartineuf*] Two celebrated gluttons.

In one our Frolics, one Amuſements end,
In one a Miſtreſs drops, in one a Friend:
This ſubtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it ſnatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
That turn'd ten thouſand verſes, now ſtands ſtill?
[h]But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can pleaſe not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praiſe,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the Pheaſant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roaſt an egg;
Hard taſk! to hit the palate of ſuch gueſts,
When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf deteſts.
[i]But grant I may relapſe, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme; can London be the place?
Who there his Muſe, or ſelf, or ſoul attends,
In crouds, and courts, law, buſineſs, feaſts, and friends?
My counſel ſends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me I will hear him read:

NOTES.

—This inſtance adds a beauty to the whole paſſage, as intimating that the demand for verſe is only a ſpecies of luxury.

VER. 90. *or ſelf, or ſoul,*] *Self* is here uſed for *body* (in the language of men of the world, who, at beſt, regard their *ſouls* but as a kind of *ſecond ſelf*) and means the care of the health.

VER. 93. *A Poet begs me I will hear him read.*] Our Au-

Hic extremo in Aventino; viſendus uterque.
Intervalla vides humane commoda. " Verum
" Purae ſunt plateae, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet."
Feſtinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemtor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Triſtia robuſtis luctantur funera plauſtris:
Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.
[R] I nunc, et verſus *tecum* meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus, et fugit urbes,*
Rite cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis et umbra.
Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, et contracta ſequi veſtigia vatum?

NOTES.

thor intended a joke under the ambiguity of this cant phraſe, of *hearing him read.*

VER. 104. *Have you not ſeen, &c.*] The ſatirical pleaſantry of this image, and the humorous manner of repreſenting it, raiſes the Imitation, in this place, far above the Original.

VER. 113. *Would drink and dje, &c.* This has not the delicacy, for it wants the elegant ambiguity of,

" Rite cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis et umbra."

where the Intemperance of Poets is not the *obvious*, but the *ſecret* meaning. For Bacchus was the patron of the *Dreams*

In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomſb'ry ſquare—
Before the Lords at twelve my Cauſe comes on—
There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.—
"Oh but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
"And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite ſo well however as one ought;
A hackney coach may chance to ſpoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen, at Guildhall's narrow paſs,
Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs?
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v-nce in a Car?
"Go, lofty Poet! and in ſuch a croud,
Sing thy ſonorous verſe—but not aloud.
Alas; to Grotto's and to Groves we run,
To eaſe and ſilence, ev'ry Muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How ſhall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?

NOTES.

as well as of the *Bottle*; and *Sleep* was courted for *inſpiration*, as well as to relieve *a debauch*.

Ibid. *Tooting—Earl's-Court.*] Two villages within a few miles of London.

[l] Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumſit *Athenas*,
Et ſtudiis annos *ſeptem* dedit, inſenuitque
Libris et curis, *ſtatua taciturnius exit*
Plerumque, et riſu populum quatit; hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, et tempeſtatibus urbis,
Verba lyrae motura ſonum connectere digner?

[m] Frater erat Romae conſulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius ſermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi foret; huic ut Mucius ille.

NOTES.

VER. 124. *With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers at their doors*;] The licence, luxury, and mutiny of an opulent city are not ill deſcribed.

VER. 132, *And ſhook his head at* MURRAY, *as a Wit.*] It is the ſilly conſolation of blockheads in all profeſſions, that he, whom Nature has formed to excell, does it not by his ſuperior knowledge, but his wit; and ſo they keep themſelves in countenance as not fairly outdone, but only *out-witted*.—The miſerable glory of knowing nothing but in their own trade. Mr. de Voltaire has well expoſed, where, ſpeaking of a great *French* Lawyer, of the genius and talents of our admirable countryman, he ſays, " Il faiſoit reſſouvenir la " France de ces tems, où les plus auſtéres Magiſtrats, con- " ſommes comme lui dans l'etude des Loix, ſe delaſſoient des

[l]The Man, who ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat,
To books and ſtudy gives ſev'n years compleat.
See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the ſun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare:
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue you would ſwear,
Stept from its pedeſtal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers, at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Compoſing ſongs, for Fools to get by heart?
[m]The Temple late two brother Serjeants ſaw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, theſe congenial ſouls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one ſtunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you ſplit,
And ſhook his head at MURRAY, as a Wit.

NOTES.

" fatigues de leur état, dans les travaux de la literature.
" Que ceux qui mepriſent ces travaux amiables; que ceux qui
" mettent je ne ſai quelle miſerable grandeur à ſe renfermer
" dans le cercle étroit de leurs emplois, ſont à plaindre! ig-
" norent ils que CICERON, après avoir rempli la premiere
" place du monde, plaidoit encore les cauſes des Citoyens,
" ecrivoit ſur la nature des Dieux, conferoit avec des Philo-
" ſophes; qu'il alloit au Theatre; qu'il daignoit cultiver
" l'amitié d'Eſopus et de Roſcius, et *laiſſoit aux petits eſprits,*
" *leur conſtante gravité, qui n'eſt que la maſque de la mediocrité?*"

Quî minus argutos vexat furor atque poetas?
"*Carmina* compono, hic *elegos*; mirabile viſu,
Caelatumque novem Muſis opus. aſpice primum
Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circum-
ſpectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem.*
Mox etiam (ſi forte vacas) ſequere, et *procul* audi,
Quid ferat, et quare ſibi nectat uterque coronam.
Caedimur et totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Diſcedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quia, niſi Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus;
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine creſcit.
Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum,*
Cum ſcribo, et ſupplex populi ſuffragia capto:
Idem, finitis ſtudiis, et mente recepta,
Obturem patulas *impune legentibus* aures.

NOTES.

VER. 139. *Merlin's Cave,*] In the Royal Gardens at Richmond. By this it ſhould ſeem as if the collection of Poetry, in that place, was not to our Author's Taſte.

" 'Twas, Sir, your law"---and " Sir, your elo-
" quence,"
" Yours, Cowper's manner---and yours, Talbot's
" ſenſe."
" Thus we diſpoſe of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's ſpirit.
Call Tibbald Shakeſpear, and he'll ſwear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we ſtrut thro' Merlin's Cave, to ſee
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with reſpect behind, while we at eaſe
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we
pleaſe.
" My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
" Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
" Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's ſtrains,
" And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."
Much do I ſuffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bite
To court applauſe by printing what I write:
But let the Fit paſs o'er, I'm wiſe enough
To ſtop my ears to their confounded ſtuff.

NOTES.

VER. 140. *But Stephen*] Mr. *Stephen Duck*, a modeſt and worthy man, who had the honour (which many who thought themſelves his betters in poetry, had not) of being eſteemed by Mr. Pope.

[o]Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudent ſcribentes, et ſe venerantur, et ultro,
Si taceas, laudant; quidquid ſcripſere, beati.
At qui *legitimum* cupiet feciſſe poema,
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit, quaecunque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et *ſine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis *invita* recedant,
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtae:
[p] *Obſcurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque

NOTES.

VER. 159. *not a word they ſpare,—That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,*] *Force and light* reſpect figurative expreſſion; and ſignify, that it be ſuch as awakes the imagination; and be taken from obvious ſubjects: for without the firſt quality, it will want *force*; without the other, *light*.

Weight and *care* reſpect literal expreſſion; the firſt marking out the character of the verb; the other of the noun; and ſignify, that, in ev'ry propoſition, the *attribute* ſhould be important, and the *ſubject* preciſe

VER. 164. *In downright charity revive the dead*;] This is very happily expreſſed, and means, that it is the Poet's office to relieve the poverty of the preſent language with the uſeleſs ſtores of the paſt; not out of *charity* to the *dead*, but to the living. "The riches of a language" (ſays a very fine Writer and moſt judicious Critic) "are actually increaſed by "retaining its old words; and beſides, they have often a "greater real weight and dignity than thoſe of a more fa"ſhionable caſt, which ſucceed to them. This needs no "proof to ſuch as are verſed in the earlier writings of any "language.—And again,—"From theſe teſtimonies we learn,

• In vain, bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
hey treat themſelves with moſt profound reſpect;
'is to ſmall purpoſe that you hold your tongue,
ıch prais'd within, is happy all day long,
ıt how ſeverely with themſelves proceed
he men, who write ſuch Verſe as we can read?
heir own ſtrict Judges, not a word they ſpare
hat wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
owe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
ay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
ch they'll degrade; and ſometimes, in its ſtead,
n' downright charity revive the dead;

NOTES.

the extreme value which theſe great maſters of compoſition ſet upon their old Writers; and as the reaſon of the thing uſtifies their opinions, we may further ſee the important ıſe of ſome late attempts to reſtore a better knowledge of our own. Which I obſerve with pleaſure, as the growing prevalency of a different humour, firſt catched, as it ſhould eem, from our commerce with the French models, and countenanced by the too ſcrupulous delicacy of ſome good Writers amongſt ourſelves, had gone far towards unnerving the nobleſt modern language, and effeminating the public taſte. This was not a little forwarded by what generally makes its appearance at the ſame time, a kind of feminine curioſity in the choice of words; cautiouſly avoiding and reprobating all ſuch (which were not ſeldom the noſt expreſſive) as had been prophaned by a too vulgar ıſe, or had ſuffered the touch of ſome accidental taint. This ran us into periphraſis and general expreſſion; the peculiar bane of every poliſhed language." Mr. HURD's *liſh Commentary and Notes on the Ars Poetica of Horace*, 13, 44.

Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,
Quae priſcis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc ſitus înformis premit et deſerta vetuſtas:
Adſciſcet *nova*, quae *genitor produxerit uſus:*
Vehemens et *liquidus*, puroque ſimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia compeſcet: nimis aſpera ſano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:

NOTES.

VER. 167. *Command old words that long have ſlept, to wake,*] The imagery is here very ſublime. It turns the Poet to a Magician, evoking the dead from their ſepulchres,

" Et mugire ſolum, maneſque exire ſepulchris."

Horace has not the ſame force,

" Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum."

VER. 170. *For Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe*] A very fine and happy improvement on the *expreſſion*, if not on the *thought*, of his original.

VER. 174. *Prune the luxuriant, &c.*] Our Poet, at about fifteen, got acquainted with *Walſh*, whoſe candour and judgment he has celebrated in his *Eſſay on Criticiſm*. Walſh encouraged him greatly; and uſed to tell him, there was one road ſtill open for diſtinction, in which he might excel the reſt of his countrymen; and that was by *correctneſs*; in which the Engliſh poets had been remarkably deficient. For though we have had ſeveral great Geniuſes, yet not one of them knew how to *prune his luxuriancies*. This therefore, as he had talents that ſeemed capable of things worthy improving, ſhould be his principal ſtudy. Our young Author followed his ad-

Mark where a bold expreſſive phraſe appears,
Bright thro' the rubbiſh of ſome hundred years;
Command old words that long have ſlept, to wake,
Words, that wiſe Bacon, or brave Rawleigh ſpake;
Or bid the new be Engliſh, ages hence,
(For Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
Rich with the treaſures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But ſhow no mercy to an empty line:

NOTES.

vice, till habit made correcting the moſt agreeable, as well as uſeful, of all his poetical exerciſes: and the delight he took in it, produced the effect he ſpeaks of, in the following lines,

" Then poliſh all with ſo much *life* and *eaſe*,
" You think 'tis nature, and a knack to pleaſe."

We are not commonly taught to expect this effect from correction; and it has been obſerved oftener to produce a heavy ſtiffneſs; which, by another image, the Ancients called *ſmelling of the lamp*. And without doubt this will, moſt an end, be the conſequence, when it is diſcharged with pain, and merely as a taſk. But when it becomes an exerciſe of pleaſure, the judgment lying no harder on the fancy than to direct its ſallies; will preſerve the *life*; and the fancy will ſo lighten the judgment as to produce *eaſe*.

VER. 175. *But ſhow no mercy to an empty line*;] To ſuch, our Poet was always inexorable. Unleſs it was once, when in the full blaze of his glory, he choſe to ſacrifice to envy,

Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et *torquebitur*, ut qui

Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur.

NOTES.

in that devoted and execrable line, in one of the beſt tranſlated books of the Odyſſey,

" Cloſe to the Cliff with both his hands he clung,
" *And ſtuck adherent, and ſuſpended hung.*"

The tribe of ſmall Wits and Critics could never have ſupported themſelves without the conſolation of ſuch a verſe; to which they have ever ſince *ſtuck adherent, and ſuſpended hung*. Shakeſpear afforded the Dunces of *his* time the ſame conſolation, if we believe Ben Johnſon, by his—*Cæſar did never wrong but with juſt cauſe*. But there is a ſort of ſtill lower Creatures, at the tail of which is one EDWARDS, who can make ſhift to ſubſiſt even on a Printer's blunder. The late Editor of Shakeſpear gave orders to the corrector of the preſs, that all Mr. Pope's notes ſhould be printed in their places. In one of theſe there was mention made, as they ſay, of ſome Italian novels (I forget whoſe) in which *Dec.* and *Nov.*, were printed thus contractedly. But the Printers of the late edition lengthened them into *December* and *November*; and in this condition they are charged upon the Editor by this *Edwards*. Now, was the man ſuch a Dunce to make his criticiſm with good faith, he is much to be pitied; was he ſuch a Knave to make it without, he is much more to be pitied.

VER. 176. *Then pelſh all, &c.*] M. Voltaire ſpeaking, as I remember, of Mr. Pope, ſays,—" L'art d'être eloquent en " vers eſt de tous les arts le plus difficile, et le plus rare. On " trouvera mille Genies qui ſçauront aranger un ouvrage, et " le verſifier d'une maniere commune; mais le traiter en vrai " Poete, c'eſt un talent qui eſt donné à trois ou quatre hommes " ſur la terre."

VER. 177. *You think 'tis nature, and a knack to pleaſe:*] The reaſon is becauſe we are wont to give to nature every thing that is plain, eaſy, and ſimple; without reflecting, that that artificial ordonance of words and expreſſion, from whence this

'hen poliſh all, with ſo much life and eaſe,
'ou think 'tis nature, and a knack to pleaſe:
But eaſe in writing flows from Art, not chance;
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance."

NOTES.

ſe ariſes, is the effect of much ſtudy and application It is ue, that ſtudy is commonly obſerved to deſtroy this very ſe, which, we ſay, ariſes from it. It may, and will do ſo a common Writer; but never in a Genius. The preciſely ue expreſſion is but *one*; while the meaning required, may : tolerably conveyed in a *hundred*. But in ſuch a croud, the arch demands labour; and when you have hit upon the true, leſs you have *taſte* as well as judgment, you will never ow, for certain, that it is the very thing you ſeek; ſo you on till you are tired; and then the firſt that offers itſelf received. Whereas a genius ſeizes it as ſoon as found; d never ſuffers the change to be put upon him, by its unterfeit.

VER. 178. *But eaſe in writing, &c.*] That ſpecies of Wri-rs, which our Poet elſewhere calls

" The mob of Gentlemen who wrote *with eaſe*,"

derſtood this quality of a poem to belong only to ſuch as certain Wit ſays) were *eaſily written*; whereas he ſuppoſes to be the laſt, and hardly attained, perfection of a laboured ork. But the *Gentleman-writing*, laughed at in the line ove, and its oppoſite, which he ſomewhere calls *proſe run d*, are the two extremes of that perfect ſtyle, the idea of ich he has here ſo well deſcribed from his own writings. *eaſe* was the mode of the laſt age, which took *Suckling* for pattern; ſo the imitation of *Milton* has introduced a pomp-hardneſs into the affected writings of the preſent. Which character, Quintilian deſcribes very juſtly, and accounts well for its ſucceſs,—" Evenit nonnunquam ut aliquid grande inveniat, qui ſemper quaerit quod nimium eſt; verum et raro evenit, et caetera vitia non penſat." I remem-r once on reading a poem of this kind with Mr. Pope,

[1] Praetulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea *delectent* mala me, vel denique *fallant*,
Quam ſapere, et ringi. Fuit *haud ignobilis* Argis,
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragoedos,
In vacuo laetus ſeſſor plauſorque *theatro:*
Caetera qui vitae ſervaret munia recto
More; bonus ſane vicinus, *amabilis* hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem; *poſſet* qui ignoſcere ſervis,
Et ſigno laeſo *non inſanire* lagenae:
Poſſet qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,

NOTES.

where the Poet was always on the ſtrain, and labouring for expreſſion, he ſaid pleaſantly: *This is a ſtrange man: he ſeems to think with the Apothecaries, that Album Grecum is better than an ordinary ſtool.* He himſelf was never ſwelling or pompous: and if ever he inclined to hardneſs, it was not from attempting to ſay a common thing with magnificence, but from including a great deal in a little room.

VER. 184. *There liv'd* in primo Georgii, *&c.*] The imitation of this ſtory of the *Madman* is as much ſuperior to his original in the fine and eaſy manner of telling, as that of Lucullus's Soldier comes ſhort of it. It is true, the turn Horace's madman took, agrees better with the ſubject of his epiſtle, which is *Poetry*; and doubtleſs there were other beauties in it, which Time has deprived us of. For it is in Poetry as in Painting, the moſt delicate touches go *firſt*; and, what is worſe, they agree in this too, that they are *laſt* obſerved.

[q] If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (ſay I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a diſeaſe,
It gives men happineſs, or leaves them eaſe.
There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no ſmall fool, a Lord;
Who, tho' the Houſe was up, delighted ſate,
Heard, noted, anſwer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this; a man of ſober life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;
Not quite a mad-man, tho' a paſty fell,
And much too wiſe to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort,
they cur'd:

NOTES.

So that, what between time and ill taſte, the greateſt beauties are the ſhorteſt lived. But we need not wonder that ancient Satiriſts ſhould feel the effects of this fatal union, when thoſe noble ones of ſo modern a date as Rablais and Cervantes are ſo little underſtood. One of the fineſt ſtrokes in the latter is in the plan of his famous Romance, which makes a Spaniſh Gentleman of fifty run mad with reading books of Chivalry. But we ſee little of its beauty, becauſe we do not know that a diſordered imagination is a common malady amongſt Spaniſh Gentlemen in the decline of life. A fact which Thuanus occaſionally informs us of, "Mendoza étoit un fort habile homme, "il avoit été employé en de grandes Ambaſſades—ſur la fin "de ſes jours il devint furieux, comme d'ordinaire les Eſ- "pagnols." *Thuana.*

Et redit ad ſeſe: Pol me occidiſtis, amici,

Non ſervâſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,

Et demtus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.

' Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,

Et tempeſtivum *pueris* concedere ludum;

' Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,

Sed *verae numeroſque modoſque* ediſcere *vitae*.

Quocirca *mecum* loquor haec, tacituſque recordor:

' Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphae,

Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parâſti,

Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?

" Si vulnus tibi monſtrata radice vel herba

Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba

NOTES.

VER. 218. *When golden Angels, &c.*] This illuſtration is much happier than what is employed in his original; as by raiſing pecuniary ideas, it prepares the mind for that morality it is brought to illuſtrate.

Whereat the gentleman began to ſtare—
My Friends! he cry'd, p—x take you for your care!
That from a Patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a ſimple Vote.
' Well, on the whole, plain Proſe muſt be my fate:
Wiſdom (curſe on it) will come ſoon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verſes to the boys at ſchool:
To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to ſmooth and harmonize my Mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal meaſure of the Soul.
' Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind reſumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the penſive Grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I aſk theſe ſober queſtions of my heart.
' If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal eaſe
Confeſs as well your Folly, as Diſeaſe?
The heart reſolves this matter in a trice,
" Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
" When golden Angels ceaſe to cure the Evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:

Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
Rem Dî donârint, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam; et, cum ſis nihilo ſapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus îſdem?
At ſi divitiae prudentem reddere poſſent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes
Viveret in terris te ſi quis avarior uno.
[w] Si *proprium* eſt, quod quis libra mercatus et aere eſt,
Quaedam (ſi credis *conſultis*) mancipat *uſus*:
Qui te paſcit aget, tuus eſt; et villicus Orbî,
Cum ſegetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
Te dominum ſentit.
[x] das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum, temeti: nempe modo iſto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortaſſe trecentis,
Aut etiam ſupra, nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert, vivas *numerato nuper*, an *olim?*
[y] Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.

NOTES.

VER. 220. *When ſervile Chaplains cry,*] Dr. Ken—t.

VER. 229. *luv'd ſix-pence,*] Avarice, and the contempt of it, is well expreſſed in theſe words.

When ſervile Chaplains cry, that birth and place
Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breaſt, moſt dirty D—! be fair,
Say, can you find out one ſuch lodger there?
Yet ſtill, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear theſe Flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth beſtow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a ſpark of ſpirit,
The wiſeſt man might bluſh, I muſt agree,
If D*** lov'd ſixpence, more than he.
[y] If there be truth in Law, and Uſe can give
A Property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confeſſes you its lord:
All [z] Worldly's hens, nay partridge, ſold to town,
His ven'ſon too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thouſands, what with better wit
You purchaſe as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long ſince, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
[a] Heathcote himſelf, and ſuch large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'ſham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy ev'ry ſtick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry Pullet they afford to eat.

NOTES.

VER. 232. *delightful Abs-court*] A farm over-againſt Hampton-Court.

Sed *vocat* uſque ſuum, qua populus adſita certis
Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam
[z] Sit *proprium* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horae,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte ſuprema,
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.
Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *uſus*, at haeres
Haeredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam:
Quid *vici* proſunt, aut *horrea?* quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani; ſi metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?
[a] Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, veſtes Gaetulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant; eſt qui non curat habere.

NOTES.

VER. 248. *hang in Fortune's pow'r—Loſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour.*] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here ſupplied the Imitator with expreſſion much ſuperior to his Original.

Yet theſe are Wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor, a Perpetuity ſhould ſtand:
Eſtates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what wou'dſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vaſt poſſeſſions (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace)
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Joint Cotſwood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let riſing Granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Incloſe whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And trees, and ſtones, and farms, and farmer fall.
Gold, Silver, Ivory, Vaſes ſculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Perſian dye,
There are who have not—and thank heav'n there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

[b] Cur alter fratrum *ceſſare*, et *ludere*, et *ungi*
Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et *importunus*, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silveſtrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:
Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum:
NATURAE DEUS HUMANAE, mortalis in unum—
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater,
[c] Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poſcet, acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet *haeres*,
Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum ſimplex hilariſque nepoti
Diſcrepet, et quantum diſcordet parcus avaro.

NOTES.

VER. 273. *All Townſhend's Turnips*,] Lord Townſhend, Secretary of State to George the Firſt and Second.—When this great Stateſman retired from buſineſs, he amuſed himſelf in Huſbandry; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which ariſes from Turnips; it was the favourite ſubject of his converſation.

VER. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe*,] Employed in ſettling the Colony of Georgia. P.

VER. 280 *That God of Nature, &c.*] Here our Poet had an opportunity of illuſtrating his own Philoſophy; and ſo giving a much better ſenſe to his Original; and cor-

[b] Talk what you will of Taſte, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as ſoon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and reſtleſs one
Plows, burns, manures, and toils from ſun to ſun;
The other ſlights, for women, ſports, and wines,
All Townſhend's Turnips, and all Groſvenor's mines:
Why one like Bu— with pay and ſcorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driv'n by ſtrong Benevolence of ſoul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us ſtill,
Inclines our action, not conſtrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great End the ſame.
[c] Yes, Sir, how ſmall ſoever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may ſigh, and think it want of grace
A man ſo poor would live without a place:

NOTES.

recting both the *Naturaliſm* and the *Fate* of Horace, which are covertly conveyed in theſe words,

" Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum,
" NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ."

Diſtat enim, ſpargas tua prodigus, an neque ſumtum
Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer ut feſtis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore *raptim.*
[f] Pauperies immunda procul procul abſit: ego, utrum
Nave ferar *magna* an *parva*; ferar *unus et idem.*
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:
Non tamen adverſis aetatem ducimus Auſtris.
Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.
[g] Non es avarus: abi. quid? caetera jam ſimul iſto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?

NOTES.

VER. 288. *But ſure no ſtatute*] Alluding to the ſtatutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the Succeſſion of Papiſts, *&c.*

But ſure no ſtatute in his favour ſays,
How free, or frugal, I ſhall paſs my days:
I, who at ſome times ſpend, at others ſpare,
Divided between careleſneſs and care.
'Tis one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore;
Another, not to heed to treaſure more;
Glad, like a Boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
And pleas'd, if ſordid want be far away.

'What is't to me (a paſſenger God wot)
Whether my veſſel be firſt rate or not?
The Ship itſelf may make a better figure,
But I that ſail, am neither leſs nor bigger.
I neither ſtrut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.

'"But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
I wiſh you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
Not the black fear of death, that ſaddens all?
With terrors round, can Reaſon hold her throne,
Deſpiſe the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?

Natales grate numeras? ignoſcis amicis?
Lenior et melior fis accedente ſenecta?
Quid te exemta levat ſpinis de pluribus una?
[h] Vivere ſi recte neſcis, decede peritis.
Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt: ne potum largius aequo
Rideat, et pulſet laſciva decentius aetas.

Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In ſpite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no ſourneſs, drawn ſo near its end?
Can'ſt thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your buſineſs done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
[h] Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk ſober off; before a ſprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and ſhoves you from the ſtage:
Leave ſuch to trifle with more grace and eaſe,
Whom Folly pleaſes, and whoſe Follies pleaſe.

NOTES.

VER. 312. *Survey both worlds,*] It is obſervable with what ſobriety he has corrected the licentiouſneſs of his Original, which made the expectation of another world a part of that ſuperſtition, he would explode; whereas the Imitator is only for removing the falſe terrors from the world of ſpirits; ſuch as the *diablerie* of witchcraft and purgatory.

THE

SATIRES

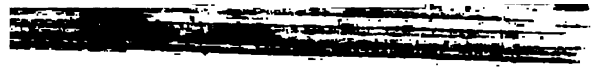
OF

Dr. JOHN DONNE,

Dean of St. PAUL's,

VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et noſmet *Lucili* ſcripta legentes
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Verſiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.



THE SATIRES of Dr. DONNE.

THE *manly Wit* of Donne, which was the character of his genius, ſuited beſt with *Satire*; and in this he excelled, though he wrote but little; ſix ſhort poems being all we find amongſt his writings of this ſort. Mr. Pope has embelliſhed two of them with his wit and harmony. He called it *verſifying* them, becauſe indeed the lines have nothing more of numbers than their being compoſed of a certain quantity of ſyllables. This is the more to be admired, becauſe, as appears by his other poems, and eſpecially from that fine fragment, called the *Progreſs of the Soul*, his Verſe did not want harmony. But, I ſuppoſe, he took the *ſermoni propiora* of Horace too ſeriouſly; or rather, was content with the character his maſter gives of Lucilius,

"Emunctæ naris durus componere verſus."

Having ſpoken of his *Progreſs of the Soul*, let me add, that Poetry ſcarce ever loſt more than by his not purſuing and finiſhing that noble deſign; of which he has only given us the introduction. With regard to his Satires, it is almoſt as much to be lamented that Mr. Pope did not give us a Paraphraſe, in his manner, of the *Third*, which treats the nobleſt ſubject not only of this, but perhaps of any ſatiric poet. To ſupply this loſs, though in a very ſmall degree, I have here inſerted it in the verſification of Dr. Parnell. It will at leaſt ſerve to ſhew the force of Dr. Donne's genius, and of Mr. Pope's; by removing all that was ruſtic and ſhocking in the one, and by not being able to reach a ſingle grace of the other.

COmpaſſion checks my ſpleen, yet Scorn denies
The tears a paſſage thro' my ſwelling Eyes;
To *laugh* or *weep* at ſins might idly ſhow
Unheedful paſſion, or unfruitful woe.
Satire! ariſe, and try thy ſharper ways,
If ever Satire cur'd an old diſeaſe.

Is not *Religion* (Heav'n-deſcended dame)
As worthy all our ſoul's devouteſt flame,
As Moral Virtue in her early ſway,
When the beſt Heathens ſaw by doubtful day?
Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
As great and ſtrong to vanquiſh earthly love,
As earthly glory, fame, reſpect, and ſhow,
As all rewards their Virtue found below?
Alas! Religion proper means prepares,
Theſe means are ours, and muſt its *End* be theirs?
And ſhall thy Father's ſpirit meet the ſight,
Of Heathen Sages cloath'd in heav'nly light,
Whoſe Merit of ſtrict life, ſeverely ſuited
To Reaſon's dictates, may be *faith* imputed?
Whilſt thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
Art ever baniſh'd from the bleſt abode.
Oh! if thy temper ſuch a fear can find,
This fear were valour of the nobleſt kind.
Dar'ſt thou provoke, when rebel ſouls aſpire,
Thy *Maker*'s Vengeance, and thy *Monarch*'s Ire?
Or live entomb'd in ſhips, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the ſea?
In ſearch of *pearl*, in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exil'd the ſun, in mines beneath?
Or, where in tempeſts icy mountains roll,
Attempt a paſſage by the Northern pole?
Or dar'ſt thou parch within the fires of *Spain*,
Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?

Or for ſome *Idol* of thy *Fancy* draw
Some looſe-gown'd dame; O courage made of ſtraw!
Thus, deſp'rate Coward! would'ſt thou bold appear,
Yet when thy God has plac'd thee Centry here,
To thy own foes, to *his*, ignobly yield,
And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field?
Know thy own foes; th' *Apoſtate Angel*, he
You ſtrive to pleaſe, the foremoſt of the Three;
He makes the pleaſures of his realm the bait,
But can *he* give for *Love*, that acts in *Hate?*
The *World*'s thy ſecond Love, thy ſecond Foe,
The *World*, whoſe beauties periſh as they blow,
They fly, ſhe fades herſelf, and at the beſt
You graſp a wither'd ſtrumpet to your breaſt.
The *Fleſh* is next, which in fruition waſtes,
High fluſh'd with all the ſenſual joys it taſtes,
While men the fair, the goodly *Soul* deſtroy,
From whence the *fleſh* has pow'r to taſte a joy.
Seek thou Religion, primitively ſound—
Well, gentle friend, but where may ſhe be found?
By Faith *Implicite* blind *Ignaro* led,
Thinks the bright Seraph from *his* Country fled,
And ſeeks her ſeat at Rome, becauſe we know
She there was ſeen a thouſand years ago;
And loves her Relick rags, as men obey
The *foot-cloth* where the Prince ſat yeſterday.
Theſe pageant Forms are whining *Obed*'s ſcorn,
Who ſeeks Religion at *Geneva* born,

A ſullen thing, whoſe coarſeneſs ſuits the crowd;
Tho' young, unhandſome; tho' unhandſome, proud:
Thus, with the wanton, ſome perverſely judge
All girls unhealthy but the Country drudge.
No foreign ſchemes make eaſy *Cæpio* roam,
The man contented takes his Church at home;
Nay ſhould ſome Preachers, ſervile bawds of gain,
Should ſome new Laws, which like new faſhions reign,
Command his faith to count *Salvation* ty'd
To viſit *his*, and viſit *none* beſide,
He grants Salvation centers in his own,
And grants it centers but in his *alone*:
From youth to age he graſps the proffer'd dame,
And *they* confer his *Faith*, who give his *Name*:
So from the Guardian's hands, the Wards who live
Enthrall'd to Guardians, take the wives they give.
From all profeſſions careleſs *Airy* flies,
For, *all* profeſſions can't be good, he cries,
And here a fault, and there another views,
And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuſe.
So men, who know what *ſome* looſe girls have done,
For fear of marrying *ſuch*, will marry *none*.
The Charms of *all*, obſequious *Courtly* ſtrike;
On each he doats, on each attends alike;
And thinks, as diff'rent countries deck the dame,
The dreſſes altering, and the ſex the ſame;
So fares Religion, chang'd in outward ſhow,
But 'tis Religion ſtill, where'er we go.

This blindneſs ſprings from an exceſs of light,
And men embrace the *wrong* to chuſe the *right*.
But *thou* of force muſt *one* Religion own,
And only *one*, and that the *Right* alone.
To find that *Right one*, aſk thy Rev'rend Sire;
Let him of his, and him of *his* enquire;
Tho' *Truth* and *Falſhood* ſeem as twins ally'd,
There's Elderſhip on *Truth*'s delightful ſide,
Her ſeek with heed—who ſeeks the ſoundeſt *Firſt*
Is not of *No* Religion, nor the *worſt*.
T' *adore*, or *ſcorn* an Image, or *proteſt*,
May *all* be bad; doubt wiſely for the beſt;
'Twere wrong to ſleep, or headlong run aſtray;
It is not wand'ring to inquire the way.
On a large mountain, at the Baſis wide,
Steep to the top, and craggy at the ſide,
Sits ſacred *Truth* enthron'd; and he, who means
To reach the ſummit, mounts with weary pains,
Winds round and round, and ev'ry turn eſſays
Where ſudden breaks reſiſt the ſhorter ways.
Yet labour ſo, that, ere faint age arrive,
Thy ſearching ſoul poſſeſs her Reſt alive;
To work by twilight were to work too late,
And *Age* is twilight to the night of *fate*.
To *will* alone, is but to mean delay:
To work at *preſent* is the uſe of day,
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
High *Thoughts* the *Soul*, hard *deeds* the *body* ſtrain:

And *Myſt'ries* aſk believing, which to View
Like the fair *Sun*, are plain, but dazzling too.
Be *Truth*, ſo found, with ſacred heed poſſeſt,
Not *Kings* have pow'r to tear it from thy breaſt;
By no blank Charters harm they where they hate,
Nor are they *Vicars*, but the *Hands* of Fate.
Ah! fool and wretch, who let'ſt thy ſoul be ty'd
To *human* Laws! Or muſt it *ſo* be try'd?
Or will it boot thee, at the lateſt day,
When Judgment ſits, and Juſtice aſks thy plea,
That *Philip* that, or *Greg'ry* taught thee this,
Or *John* or *Martin? All* may teach amiſs:
For ev'ry contrary in each extream
This holds alike, and each may plead the ſame.
Would'ſt thou to *Pow'r* a proper duty ſhew?
'Tis thy firſt taſk the bounds of pow'r to know;
The *bounds* once paſt, it holds the name no more,
Its nature alters, which it own'd before,
Nor were ſubmiſſion humbleneſs expreſt,
But all a low *Idolatry* at beſt.
Pow'r from above ſubordinately ſpread,
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head;
There, calm and pure the living waters flow,
But roar a Torrent or a Flood *below*;
Each flow'r, ordain'd the Margins to adorn,
Each native Beauty, from its roots is torn,
And left on Deſerts, Rocks, and Sands, or toſt
All the long travel, and in Ocean loſt;

So fares the ſoul, which more that Pow'r reveres
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

NOTES.

This noble ſimilitude, with which the Satire concludes, Dr. Parnell did not ſeem to underſtand; or was not able to expreſs it in its original force. Dr. Donne ſays,

" As ſtreams are, Pow'r is; thoſe bleſt flow'rs that dwell
" At the rough ſtreams calm head, thrive, and do well;
" But having left their roots, and themſelves given
" To the ſtreams tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
" Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at laſt, almoſt
" Conſum'd in going, in the Sea are loſt.
" So periſh Souls," &c.

Dr. Donne expreſly compares *power* to ſtreams: but the compariſon of *ſouls* to flowers being only implied, Dr. Parnell overlooked that part; and ſo has hurt the whole thought, by making the flowers *paſſive*; whereas the Original ſays, *they leave their roots, and give themſelves to the ſtream:* that is, wilfully prefer human Authority to divine; and this makes them the object of his Satire; which they would not have been, were they irreſiſtibly carried away, as the Imitation ſuppoſes.

SATIRE II.

SIR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things, ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the reſt.
Though Poetry, indeed, be ſuch a ſin,
As, I think, that brings *Dearth* and *Spaniards* in:
Though like the peſtilence, and old-faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read,
And ſaves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
(Starving himſelf) to live by's labour'd ſcenes.
As in ſome Organs, Puppits dance above,
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rythmes; but witch-craft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms:

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my ſtars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the ſenſe to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there muſt be ſtill
One Giant-Vice, ſo excellently ill,
That all beſide, one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, ſmiles at other whores.
I grant that Poetry's a crying ſin;
It brought (no doubt) th' *Exciſe* and *Army* in:
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is ſtarving, all allow.
Yet like the Papiſt's, is the Poet's ſtate,
Poor and diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean Bard, whoſe wit could never give
Himſelf a dinner, makes an Actor live:
The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and ſaves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of ſome carv'd Organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heav'd by the breath, th' inſpiring bellows blow:
Th' inſpiring bellows lie and pant below.
One ſings the Fair; but ſongs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:

Rams, and ſlings now are ſilly battery,
Piſtolets are the beſt artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
That 'ſcuſe for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worſt, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digeſted, doth theſe things out-ſpue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe,
. . . . . to out-uſure Jews,
T' out-drink the ſea, t' out-ſwear the Letanie,
Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be
As Confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Whoſe ſtrange ſins Canoniſts could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receit they dwell.

NOTES.

VER. 38. *Iriſhmen out-ſwear.*] The Original ſays,

"out-ſwear the Letanie."

improved by the Imitator into a juſt ſtroke of Satire. Dr. Donne's is a low alluſion to a licentious quibble uſed at that time by the enemies of the Engliſh Liturgy; who diſliking the

In love's, in nature's ſpite, the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the fleſh, the dev'l, and all but gold.
These write to Lords, ſome mean reward to get,
As needy beggars ſing at doors for meat.
Thoſe write becauſe all write, and ſo have ſtill
Excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,
His rank digeſtion makes it wit no more:
Senſe, paſt thro' him, no longer is the ſame;
For food digeſted takes another name.
I paſs o'er all thoſe Confeſſors and Martyrs
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Eſdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-uſure Jews, or Iriſhmen out-ſwear;
Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act ſins which Priſca's Confeſſor ſcarce hears.
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no Canoniſt can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

NOTES.

frequent invocations in the *Letanie*, called them the *taking God's Name in vain*, which is the Scripture periphraſis for *ſwearing*.

VER. 44. *In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.*] The Original is more humorous;

"In which Commandment's large *receit* they dwell."

But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of *Coſcus*, only, breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, muſt make a calf an ox)
Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But ſcarce a Poet: jollier of this ſtate,
Then are new-benefic'd Miniſters, he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, whereſoe'er he goes
His title of Barriſter on ev'ry wench,
And woes in language of the Pleas and Bench.**
Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a Maid's ſoft ear:
More, more than ten Sclavonians ſcolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.

NOTES.

As if the *Ten Commandments* were ſo wide, as to ſtand ready to receive every thing within them, that either the *Law of Nature*, or the *Goſpel*, enjoins. A juſt ridicule on thoſe *practical Commentators*, as they are called, who include all moral and religious duties within the Decalogue. Whereas their true original ſenſe is much more confined; being a ſhort ſummary of moral duty fitted for a ſingle people, upon a particular occaſion, and to ſerve tranſitory ends.

VER. 61. *Language, which Boreas*—] The Original has here a very fine ſtroke of Satire,

"Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar."

One, one man only breeds my juſt offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
Time, that at laſt matures a clap to pox,
Whoſe gentle progreſs makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to paſs,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Aſs.
No young Divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more poſitive than he.
What further could I wiſh the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and ſcribble verſes too;
Pierce the ſoft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year?*
Or court a Wife, ſpread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich Widows hearts;
Call himſelf Barriſter to ev'ry wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language, which Boreas might to Auſter hold
More rough than forty Germans when they ſcold.

NOTES.

The frauds with which that work (ſo neceſſary for the welfare both of religion and the ſtate) was begun; the rapine with which it was carried on; and the diſſoluteneſs in which the plunder ariſing from it was waſted, had ſcandalized all ſober men; and diſpoſed ſome even of the beſt Proteſtants to wiſh, that ſome part of that immenſe wealth, ariſing from the ſuppreſſion of the Monaſteries, had been reſerved for charity, hoſpitality, and even for the ſervice of religion.

Then ſick with Poetry, and poſſeſt with Muſe
Thou waſt, and mad I hop'd; but men which
chuſe
Law practice for meer gain; bold ſoul repute
Worſe than imbrothel'd ſtrumpets proſtitute [a].
Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk,
His hand ſtill at a bill; now he muſt talk
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will
ſwear,
That only ſuretyſhip hath brought them there,
And to every ſuitor lye in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like aſſes, and more ſhameleſs farre
Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.

NOTES.

[a] He ſpeaks here of thoſe illiberal Advocates who frequent the Bar for mere gain, without any purpoſe of promoting or advancing civil juſtice; the conſequence of which, he tells us, is a *ſlaviſh* attendance, together with a *degradation* of their parts and abilities. So that when they undertake to excuſe the bad conduct of their client, they talk as idly, and are heard with the ſame contempt, as debtors, whoſe common

Curs'd be the wretch, ſo venal and ſo vain:
Paltry and proud, as Drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis ſuch a bounty as was never known,
If PETER deigns to help you to your *own:*
What thanks, what praiſe, if *Peter* but ſupplies!
And what a ſolemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when pris'ners ſhake the head and ſwear
'Twas only Suretiſhip that brought 'em there.
His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,
He ſtarves with cold to ſave them from the fire;
For you he walks the ſtreets through rain or duſt,
For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his truſt;
For you he ſweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witneſs he affects your cauſe,
And lies to ev'ry Lord, in ev'ry thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
Theſe are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * *
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Nor more of Baſtardy in heirs to Crowns.
In ſhillings and in pence at firſt they deal;
And ſteal ſo little, few perceive they ſteal;

NOTES.

cant is, that they were undone by *Suretyſhip*. The Imitator did not ſeem to take the fineneſs of the ſatire, or would not have neglected an abuſe of this importance, to fall upon ſuch *paultry things as Peter*, and thoſe whom *Peter* conſidered (and ſo well uſed) as his *patrimony*.

Shortly (as th' ſea) he'll compaſs all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand.
And ſpying heirs melting with Luxury,
Satan will not joy at their ſins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitchen-ſtuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the ſnuffe
Of waſting candles, which in thirty year,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and ſpends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Aſſurances, big as gloſs'd civil laws,
So huge that men (in our times forwardneſs)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
Theſe he writes not; nor for theſe written payes,
Therefore ſpares no length (as in thoſe firſt dayes
When *Luther* was profeſt, he did deſire
Short *Pater-noſters*, ſaying as a Fryer
Each day his Beads; but having left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer, the *Power and Glory* clauſe)
But when he ſells or changes land, h' impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ſes heires*,
As ſlily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or ſenſe; or, in Divinity
As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might againſt them clear
the doubt.

'Till, like the Sea, they compaſs all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand:
And when rank Widows purchaſe luſcious nights,
Or when a Duke to *Janſen* punts at White's,
Or City-heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himſelf feels far leſs joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre firſt, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole eſtate.
Then ſtrongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indenture, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,
Large as the fields themſelves, and larger far
Than civil Codes, with all their Gloſſes, are;
So vaſt, our new Divines, we muſt confeſs,
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dextrouſly omits, *ſes heires:*
No Commentator can more ſlily paſs
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;
Or, in quotation, ſhrewd Divines leave out
Thoſe words, that would againſt them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noſter long,
When doom'd to ſay his beads and Even-ſong;
But having caſt his cowle, and left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer, the *Power and Glory* clauſe,

NOTES.

VER. 105. *So Luther, &c.*] Our Poet, by judiciouſly tranſpoſing this fine ſimilitude, has given new luſtre to his

Where are theſe ſpread woods which cloath'd heretofore
Thoſe bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.
Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls
Carthuſian Faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Mean's bleſt. In rich men's homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no hecatombs;

NOTES.

Author's thought. The Lawyer (ſays Dr. Donne) enlarges his legal inſtruments, to the bigneſs of *gloſs'd civil Laws*, when it is to convey property to himſelf, and to ſecure his own ill-got wealth. But let the ſame Lawyer convey property to you, and he then omits even the neceſſary words; and becomes as conciſe and looſe as the haſty poſtils of a modern Divine. So *Luther*, while a Monk, and by his Inſtitution, obliged to ſay Maſs, and pray in perſon for others, thought even his *Pater-noſter* too long. But when he ſet up for a Governor in the Church, and his buſineſs was to direct others how to pray for the ſucceſs of his new Model; he then lengthened the Pater-noſter by a new clauſe. This repreſentation of the firſt part of his conduct was to ridicule his want of devotion; as the other, where he tells us, that the *addition* was the *power and glory clauſe*, was to ſatirize his ambition; and both together, to inſinuate that from a Monk, he was become totally *ſecularized*. ——— About this time of his life Dr. Donne had a ſtrong propenſity to the Roman Catholic Religion, which appears from ſeveral ſtrokes in theſe Satires. We find amongſt his works, a ſhort ſatirical thing called a *Catalogue of rare Books*, one article of which is entitled, *M. Lutherus de abbreviatione Orationis Dominicæ*, alluding to Luther's omiſſion of the concluding *Doxology* in his two Catechiſms; which ſhews the Poet was fond of his joke. In this *catalogue* (to intimate

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Thoſe ancient woods that ſhaded all the ground?
We ſee no new-built palaces aſpire,
No kitchens emulate the veſtal fire.
Where are thoſe troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hoſpitable door?
Well, I could wiſh, that ſtill in lordly domes
Some beaſts were kill'd tho' not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were baniſh'd from their walls,
Carthuſian faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that juſt Mean obſerve,
In which none e'er could ſurfeit, none could ſtarve.

NOTES.

his ſentiments of Reformation) he puts Eraſmus and Richlieu in the rank of Lully and Agrippa. I will only obſerve, that it was written in imitation of Rabelais's famous *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor*, one of the fineſt paſſages in that extravagant Satire, which was the Manual of the Wits of this time. It was natural therefore to think, that the *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor* would become, as it did, the ſubject of many imitations. The beſt of which are this of Dr. Donne's, and one of Sir Thomas Brown's.—Dr. Donne afterwards took orders in the church of England. We have a large volume of his ſermons in the falſe taſte of that time. But the book which made his fortune was his *Pſeudo martyr*, to prove that Papiſts ought to take the oath of allegiance. In this book, though Hooker had then written his *Eccleſiaſtical Policy*, he has approved himſelf entirely ignorant both of the *Origine* and *End* of Civil Government. In the 168th page and elſewhere he holds, that when men congregate to form

None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatutes jaws.

NOTES.

the *body* of Civil Society, then is that *ſoul* of it, SOVEREIGN POWER, ſent into it immediately from God, juſt as he ſends the ſoul into the human embrio, when the two ſexes propagate their kind. In the 151ſt page, and elſewhere, he maintains that the office of the civil Sovereign extends to the care of Souls. For this abſurd and blaſphemous traſh, James I. made him Dean of St. Paul's; all the wit and ſublimity of his genius having never enabled him to get bread throughout the *better* part of his life.

VER. 120. *Theſe as good works, &c.*] Dr. Donne ſays,

——— "But (oh) we allow
"Good works as good, but out of faſhion now."

The popiſh doctrine of *good works* was one of thoſe abuſes in Religion which the Church of England condemns in its

Theſe as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But oh! theſe works are not in faſhion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've ſaid, I truſt, without offence;
Let no Court Sycophant pervert my ſenſe,
Nor ſly Informer watch theſe words to draw
Within the reach of Treaſon, or the Law.

NOTES.

Articles. To this the Poet's words ſatirically allude. And having throughout this ſatire given ſeveral malignant ſtrokes at the Reformation, which it was penal, and then very dangerous, to abuſe, he had reaſon to beſpeak the Reader's candor, in the concluding lines,

——" But my words none draws
" Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatutes jaws."

VER 128. *Treaſon, or the Law*] By the *Law* is here meant the *Lawyers*.

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Well, if it be, &c.*] Donne ſays,

Well; I may now receive and die.

which is very indecent language on ſo ludicrous an occaſion.

VER. 3. *I die in charity with fool and knave,*] We verily believe he did. But of the cauſe of his death, not only the Doctors, but other people, differed. His family ſuggeſts, that a general decay of nature, which had been long coming on, ended in a dropſy of the breaſt. The *Gentlemen of the Dunciad* ſay, that he fell by the keen pen of our redoubtable Laureat. We ourſelves ſhould be inclined to this opinion, for the ſake of ornamenting his ſtory: and that we might be able to ſay, he died like his great name-ſake, by a drug of ſo deadly cold a nature, that, as Plutarch, and other grave Writers tells us, it could be contained in nothing but the Scull of an Aſs. SCRIBL.

This is a grievous error (ſays *Ariſtarchus*) it was the *hoof* of an aſs: a much more likely vehicle of miſchief.—But this might be pardoned: the thing to be admired is, that the learned Scholiaſt ſhould paſs over the general ſubject ſo very ſlightingly; I mean, *literary homicide*; a ſpecies of *murder*, which, though attended with every atrocious circumſtance of malice forethought, all human laws, and, what is ſtill ſtranger, divine Vengeance (whoſe motions rarely eſcape our notice) have entirely overlooked. It is only indeed in theſe laſt miſerable ages of the world that this miſchief has become exceſſive: nothing being now more common than for the Pen

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the ſtage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at leaſt beyond the grave.

NOTES.

to perform the office of the Stiletto, and to leave the vanquiſhed Diſputant ſtark dead at the feet of the Conqueror. For, though as Macbeth ſays,

" Blood has been ſhed ere now, i' th' olden time,"

Yet no great execution was then done with this inſtrument, if you except the fate of two or three green girls, by the Iambics of Archilogus. Indeed ſo inexpert was the pen at theſe times in *Murder*, that the hurt, when it did any, was recoiling on the heads of the Uſers; witneſs the Philippics of Demoſthenes and Cicero. But at the revival of learning, when the Pen came out new ground and ſharpened by the Letter-founder, then it was that it acquired this fatal property; a malignity contracted, as ſhould ſeem, from its too near neighbourhood to new invented *gun-powder*, that amiable contemporary of the *printing-preſs*.

From henceforth we hear of nothing but death and ſlaughter. Diſpute was now no longer a drawn battle; the common iſſue of old claſſical combats: It was a Duel *à outrance* (to ſpeak in the language of the times) where the vanquiſhed reſigned his life and his fame together. Nor was diſeaſe, or even old age itſelf, a ſecurity or aſilum from theſe barbarous ravages of the Pen. The Academy became, like a field of battle in Homer, ornamented by an incredible variety of deaths.

A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd Hell is
A Recreation, and ſcant map of this

NOTES.

To be particular in them would require the invention of that great Writer, or, what would be ſtill more uſeful, the patience of his readers. I ſhall therefore confine myſelf to our own Iſland; where we have no need to fear a ſcarcity of ſlaughter. It is obſerved, by our politer neighbours, that we delight in blood; and have our killing Heroes of every ſpecies: no wonder then that our Schools ſhould be full of murders like our Stage. Who has not heard how Milton ſlew Salmaſius? and how Charles the firſt, though a King, condeſcended, with equal arms, to give the death's wound to Henderſon? In our own times, Locke ſlew Biſhop Stillingfleet; and ſtill later, Clarke, without a *ſufficient reaſon*, diſpatched the philoſopher Leibnitz. The laſt, yet not the leaſt conſiderable of theſe ſcenes of ſlaughter, was the fall of Pope under the conquering hand of Cibber: which truly, I regard in no other light than a deciſive victory obtained by Proſe over Poetry.

I juſt before took notice of one difference in this ſpecies of Murder from all others, that we have not obſerved it to be purſued either by divine or civil juſtice: There is yet another, which is, that theſe Murders *walk the town*, to uſe Milton's expreſſion, without even the ſlender attendance of a *Ghoſt*. It is true, that this ſingularity ſeems but the conſequence of the other; for when neither divine nor civil juſtice will take notice of the crime, of what uſe is a Ghoſt? who has ever been underſtood as the harbinger to quicken the reſentment of the one, and to denounce the coming vengeance of the other. In a word all theſe unhappy victims of literary rage, for ought I could ever learn, may be truly ſaid to have *given up the Ghoſt*, and to have ſlept very quietly with their Fathers.

To this perhaps it may be objected, That it is well known ſome of them have riſen again; and to the infinite vexation of their Murderers. This is not to be denied: but then it is as true, that theſe were not properly *Ghoſts*,

I've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my ſatires, all my rhimes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys and empty names.

NOTES.

but only what the French call, *Revenans*. To explain myſelf. Cardan, as unſubſtantial and as difficult to be laid hold on as a School *Subtlty*, had been ſo hacked and mangled by Julius Cæſar Scaliger, that he expired under his pen. Julius, in the preface to his next book, had the ſingular humanity to weep over the aſhes of his ſlaughtered enemy, and to curſe the fatal ſtroke which had deprived the world of ſo incomparable a man. But what was his ſurpriſe, when ſix years afterwards he heard all Italy reſounding with the praiſes of their returning Hero; who, to prove himſelf alive, had juſt publiſhed a new piece of Philoſophy. Not Banquo's Ghoſt,

"With twenty mortal murders on his Crown,"

could more affray the bloody-minded Macbeth, than did this appearance of his Rival diſorder our victorious Prince of Verona, ſo unexpectedly *puſhed* again *from his ſtool* of Science.

Another inſtance was nearer home. The learned Bickerſtaffe had pronounced the death of Partridge the Almanac-maker; who deceaſed accordingly: Bnt having been long well with the Stars, he was allowed, and accordingly took the advantage to come back with them, in their annual revolutions; though in no very good humour, as you may well ſuppoſe, with his murderer. But it was truly edifying to ſee with what temper that rare Scholar bore the ſeeming impeachment of his art, under all the inſults of an incenſed Philomath, double dipt both in Styx and Lethe. He anſwered none of his unpolite cavils; but, with great meekneſs, endeavoured to account philoſophically for ſo odd a phænomenon as the poſt exiſtence of an Almanac-maker.

The uſe to be made of all that has been ſaid is only this; to try at length to civilize Letters, and to cultivate Learning with humanity. Our *ideas* have lately undergone a great

My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee or to be ſeen,
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhow,
Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go
To Maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to diſburſe
Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curſe,
Before he ſcap'd; ſo it pleas'd my deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
full, as proud, luſtfull, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe, as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.
Therefore I ſuffer'd this; towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange, than on Nile's ſlime the Sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:

NOTES.

change. Why then ſhould not our *tempers?* Formerly every fancy was an article of faith; and every defence bore the air of an Auto de Fé. At preſent all things are beheld with a philoſophic eye. Hereſies are now treated as blunders; and Blaſphemies as mere barbarities of Speech. Our *Genius* likewiſe concurs with our *Taſte*, to ſoften the ferocity of Polemics, to baniſh the combats *a outrance*, and to fit us for that gentler kind of ſkirmiſh which courteous Knights-errant uſed to call FER EMOUCE'. ARIST.

VER. 7. *The Poet's hell,*] He has here with great prudence corrected the licentious expreſſion of his Original.

With fooliſh pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commiſſion from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verſes, nor new ſuit to ſhow;
Yet went to Court!—the Dev'l would have it ſo.
But, as the Fool that in reforming days
Would go to Maſs in jeſt (as ſtory ſays)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd deſign of ſerving God;
So was I puniſh'd, as if full as proud
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as falſe, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:

NOTES.

VER. 10. *Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd;*] *Courtiers* have the ſame pride *in admiring* which *Poets* have *in being admired.* For VANITY is as often gratified in paying our Court to our ſuperiors, as in receiving it from our inferiors.

VER 13. *Had no new verſes nor new ſuit to ſhow;*] Inſinuating that *Court-poetry* and *Court-clothes* only come thither in honour of the Sovereign; and only ſerve to ſupply a day's converſation.

Stranger than ſeven Antiquaries ſtudies,
Than Africk Monſters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger than ſtrangers: one who, for a Dane,
In the Danes Maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies.
When next the Prentices 'gainſt ſtrangers riſe;
One whom the watch at noon lets ſcarce go by;
One, to whom the examining Juſtice ſure would cry,
Sir, by your Prieſthood, tell me what you are?
His cloathes were ſtrange, tho' coarſe, and black, tho' bare.
Sleeveleſs his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (ſo much ground was ſeen)
Become Tufftaffaty; and our children ſhall
See it plain raſh a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, ſpeaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all States belongs,
Made of th' accents, and beſt phraſe of all theſe,
He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt;
But pedants motly tongue, ſouldiers bumbaſt,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw

A verier monſter, than on Africk's ſhore
The ſun e'er got, or ſlimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloan or Woodward's wondrous ſhelves contain,
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him paſs at noon,
At night would ſwear him dropt out of the Moon.
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popiſh plot, ſhall for a Jeſuit take,
And the wiſe Juſtice ſtarting from his chair
Cry, By your Prieſthood tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,
Tho' coarſe, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
The ſuit, if by the faſhion one might gueſs,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Beſs*,
But meer tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordained!
Our ſons ſhall ſee it leiſurely decay,
Firſt turn plain raſh, then vaniſh quite away.
This thing has travel'd, ſpeaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for ev'ry ſtate to do;
Of whoſe beſt phraſe and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himſelf I've heard, and Bugdell too.
The Doctor's Wormwood ſtyle, the Haſh of tongues
A Pedant makes, the ſtorm of Gonſon's lungs,
The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
And (all thoſe plagues in one) the bawling Bar:

Me to hear this, yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, couzen ſubtleſt whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me, I whiſper, God,
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,
This fellow, chuſeth me! He ſaith, Sir,
I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
For the beſt Linguiſt? and I ſeelily
Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay, but of men, moſt ſweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid, Nay your Apoſtles were
Good pretty Linguiſts; ſo Panurgus was,
Yet a poor Gentleman; all theſe may paſs

NOTES.

VER. 73. *A period of a mile.*] *A ſtadium of Euripides* was a ſtanding joke amongſt the Greeks. By the ſame kind of pleaſantry, Cervantes has called his Hero's countenance, *a face of half a league long*; which, becauſe the humour, as well as

Theſe I could bear; but not a rogue ſo civil,
Whoſe tongue will compliment you to the devil.
A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel ſcores,
Make Scots ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.
He ſpies me out; I whiſper, Gracious God!
What ſin of mine could merit ſuch a rod?
That all the ſhot of dulneſs now muſt be
From this thy blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me!
Permit (he cries) no ſtranger to your fame
To crave your ſentiment, if—'s your name.
What *Speech* eſteem you moſt? "The *King's*, ſaid I."
But the beſt *words*?—"O Sir, the *Dictionary*."
You miſs my aim; I mean the moſt acute,
And perfect *Speaker*?—"Onſlow, paſt diſpute."
But, Sir, of writers? "Swift for cloſer ſtyle,
"But Ho**y for a period of a mile."
Why yes, 'tis granted, theſe indeed may paſs:
Good common linguiſts, and ſo Panurge was;
Nay troth th' Apoſtles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough:

NOTES.

the meaſure of the expreſſion was exceſſive, all his tranſlators have judiciouſly agreed to omit; without doubt paying due attention to that ſober rule of Quintilian, licet omnis hyperbole ſit ultra fidem, non tamen debet eſſe ultra MODUM.
SCRIBL.

By travail. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babel's Bricklayers, ſure the Tower had ſtood.
He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, Not alone
My loneneſs is; but Spartanes faſhion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not laſt
Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaſte;
No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.
He like to a high-ſtretcht Lute-ſtring ſqueaks,
O Sir,
'Tis ſweet to talk of Kings. At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:

NOTES.

VER 78. *Yet theſe were all poor Gentlemen!*] Our Poet has here added to the humour of his Original. Donne makes his thread-bare Traveller content himſelf under his poverty, with the reflection that Panurge himſelf (the great Traveller and Linguiſt in Rabelais) went a begging.

Yet theſe were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.
Thus others talents having nicely ſhown,
He came by ſure tranſition to his own:
Till I cry'd out, You prove yourſelf ſo able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguiſt half ſo good,
I make no queſtion but the Tow'r had ſtood.
"Obliging Sir! for Courts you ſure were made:
"Why then for ever bury'd in the ſhade?
"Spirits like you, ſhould ſee and ſhould be ſeen,
"The King would ſmile on you—at leaſt the
"Queen."
Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers ſo cajol us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus ſolus:*
And as for Courts, forgive me, if I ſay
No leſſons now are taught the Spartan way:
Tho' in his pictures Luſt be full diſplay'd,
Few are the Converts Aretine has made;
And tho' the Court ſhow Vice exceeding clear,
None ſhould, by my advice, learn Virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring, and replies;
"Oh 'tis the ſweeteſt of all earthly things
"To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!"
Then, happy Man who ſhows the Tombs! ſaid I,
He dwells amidſt the royal Family;

Your ears ſhall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: The way to it is Kings-ſtreet.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, mechanique, coarſe,
So are all your Engliſhmen in their diſcourſe.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you ſee,
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
Certes, they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
Not ſo, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as Itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt Iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worſe: So, I (fool) found,
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another key his ſtyle doth dreſs;
And aſks what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a Still, which ſtayes
A Sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to inrich me, ſo tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollenſheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houſhold traſh: He knows, he knows

He ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
And get by ſpeaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Eaſe and Bread.
" Lord, Sir, a meer Mechanic! ſtrangely low,
" And coarſe of phraſe,—your Engliſh all are ſo.
" How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.
" Oh! Sir, politely ſo! nay, let me die,
" Your only wearing is your Padua-ſoy."
Not, Sir, my only, I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my diſhabille—
Wild to get looſe, his Patience I provoke,
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.
But as coarſe iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a ſore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis ſtill the curſe,
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.
He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.
He aſks, "What News?" I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.
He hears, and as a Still with ſimples in it
Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Meer houſhold traſh! of birth-nights, balls, and ſhows,
More than ten Hollinſheads, or Halls, or Stows.

When the *Queen* frown'd or ſmil'd, and he knows
what
A ſubtle Stateſman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poiſon
Haſts to an Offices reverſion;
Who waſtes in meat, in clothes, in horſe, he notes,
Who loveth whores . . . . . .
He knows who hath ſold his land, and now doth
beg
A licence, old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egge-
Shells to tranſport;
ſhortly boys ſhall not play
At ſpan-counter, or blow-point, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſome Courtier; and wiſer than all us,
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus

NOTES.

VER. 144. *Why Turnpikes*] In this recapitulation of modern abuſes, he has imitated his Original with great ſpirit. Amongſt thoſe which Dr. Donne mentions, is

" A licence, old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egge-
" Shells to tranſport."

by this, he means MONOPOLIES, the moſt unpopular abuſe of power in his time. It continued down, through the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. to the breaking out of the civil war. In the year 1633 the four bodies of the Law entertained the Court with a magnificent maſk. And one of their *Anti-maſks* was an ingenious ridicule on the abuſe of Monopolies; which Mr. Whitlocke thus deſcribes: " In this " Anti-maſk of Projectors" (ſays he) " came a fellow with " a bunch of Carrots on his head, and a Capon upon his " fiſt, deſcribing a Projector who begged a patent of Mono- " poly, as the firſt inventor of the art to feed Capons fat with " Carrots, and that none but himſelf might make uſe of that

When the *Queen* frown'd, or ſmil'd, he knows; and what
A ſubtle Miniſter may make of that:
Who ſins with whom: who got his Penſion rug,
Or quicken'd a Reverſion by a drug:
Whoſe place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Biſhop, or a Whore:
Who having loſt his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government:
Who in the ſecret, deals in Stocks ſecure,
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:
Who makes a Truſt of Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:
Why Turnpikes riſe, and now no Cit nor Clown
Can gratis ſee the country, or the town:
Shortly no lad ſhall chuck, or lady vole,
But ſome exciſing Courtier will have toll.

NOTES.

" invention, &c. Several other Projectors were in like man-
" ner perſonated in this Anti-maſque; and it pleaſed the
" ſpectators the more, becauſe by it an information was co-
" vertly given to the King of the unfitneſs and ridiculouſneſs
" of theſe projects againſt the Law; and the Attorney *Noy*,
" who had moſt knowledge of them, had a great hand in
" this Anti-maſque of the *Projectors*." This exorbitancy became ſo general, that Ben Johnſon makes a cheating procurer of Monopolies the chief character in one of his plays; juſt as he had done a cheating Alchymiſt in another.

He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Look pale and ſickly, like a Patient, yet
He thruſts on more, and as he had undertook,
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all ſtates and deeds that have been ſince
The Spaniards came to th' loſs of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: ſo I ſigh, and ſweat
To hear this [a] Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He like a priviledg'd ſpie, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man.
He names the price of ev'ry office paid;
He ſaith our wars thrive ill becauſe delaid;
That offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, laſting as far
As the laſt day; and that great Officers
Do with the Spaniards ſhare, and Dunkirkers.

NOTES.

[a] Whom we call an Aſs, the Italians ſtyle *Maccheroni*.

VER. 151. *What Lady's face, &c.*] The Original is here very humorous. This torrent of ſcandal concludes thus,

" And wiſer than all us,
" He knows what Lady——"

the Reader expects it will conclude,—*what Lady is painted.* No, juſt the contrary,

" what Lady is not painted;"

ſatirically inſinuating, that this is a better proof of the goodneſs of his intelligence than the other. The Reader ſees

He tells what ſtrumpet places ſells for life,
What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
And laſt (which proves him wiſer ſtill than all)
What Lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, ſick, and ſore,
I puke, I nauſeate,—yet he thruſts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the ſtateſman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Poſt-boys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at ſight of loathſome meat
Ready to caſt, I yawn, I ſigh, and ſweat.
Then as a licens'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come,
In ſure ſucceſſion to the day of doom:
He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And ſays our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd:
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's ſtill a Port.

NOTES.

there is greater force in the uſe of theſe plain words, than in thoſe which the Imitator employs. And the reaſon is, becauſe the ſatire does not turn upon the *odiouſneſs* of painting; in which caſe, the terms of a *painted wall* had given force to the expreſſion; but upon the *frequency* of it, which required only the ſimple mention of the thing.

VER. 152. *As one of Woodward's patients,*] Alluding to the effects of his uſe of oils in bilious diſorders.

I more amaz'd than Circes priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt myſelf then
Becoming Traytor, and methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statues ope his jaw,
To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow ſound
By giving others their ſores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did ſhow
All ſigns of loathing; but ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine, and my forefathers ſin
To the laſt farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear; but th' hower
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine, to 'ſcape a torturing,
And ſays, Sir, can you ſpare me—? I ſaid, Willingly;
Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ranſom; but as fidlers, ſtill,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jig upon you: ſo did he
With his long complimental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown; ſcant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did ſee
All the Court fill'd with more ſtrange things than he)
Ran from thence with ſuch, or more haſte than one
Who fears more actions, doth haſt from priſon.
At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs

Not more amazement ſeiz'd on Circe's gueſts,
To ſee themſelves fall endlong into beaſts,
Than mine, to find a ſubject ſtay'd and wiſe
Already half turn'd traytor by ſurprize.
I felt th' infection ſlide from him to me,
As in the pox, ſome give it to get free;
And quick to ſwallow me, methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another Lye
Stood juſt a-tilt, the Miniſter came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, cloſe as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' ſelf more impudently near,
When half his noſe is in his Prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and ſtill afraid, to ſee
All the Court fill'd with ſtranger things than he,
Ran out as faſt, as one that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, ſome God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholſome Solitude, the nurſe of ſenſe:

NOTES.

VER. 167. *fall endlong*] The ſudden effect of the tranſformation is ſtrongly and finely painted to the imagination, not in the ſound, but in the ſenſe of theſe two words

VER. 184. *Bear me,*] Theſe four lines are wonderfully ſublime. His impatience in this region of *vice*, is like that of Virgil in the region of *heat*. They both call out, as if they were half ſtifled by the ſulphury air of the place,

" O qui me gelidis——"
" Oh quickly bear me hence——"

Of ſuitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he ſaw hell, did advance
It ſelf o'er me: ſuch men as he ſaw there
I ſaw at court, and worſe and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuſer: Then,
Shall I, none's ſlave, of high-born or rais'd men
Fear frowns; and my miſtreſs Truth, betray thee
For th' huffing, bragart, puft nobility?
No, no, thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been,
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O ſun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as ſwells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your [b]Waxen garden, and
Tranſported it from Italy, to ſtand
With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap, nor
Taſt have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the ſtocks [c]are; their fruits baſtard all.
'Tis ten a Clock and paſt; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the ſtews

NOTES.

[b] A ſhow of the Italian Garden in Waxwork, in the time of King James the Firſt. P.

[c] i. e. of wood.

VER. 188. *There ſober thought*] Theſe two lines are remarkable for the delicacy and propriety of the expreſſion.

VER. 194. *Baſe Fear*] Theſe four admirable lines become the high office he had aſſumed, and ſo nobly ſuſtained.

VER. 206. *Court in wax!*] A famous ſhow of the Court of France, in Wax-work. P.

Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity Kings!
There ſober thought purſu'd th'amuſing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
A Viſion hermits can to Hell tranſport,
And forc'd ev'n me to ſee the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal ſtate,
Beheld ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.
Baſe Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but ſuits not me:
Shall I, the Terror of this ſinful town,
Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or ſmile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puft Nobility?
Thou, who ſince yeſterday haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Haſt thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier ſort,
Than ſuch as ſwell this bladder of a court? 205
Now pox on thoſe who ſhew a *Court in wax!*
It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! ſuch a varniſh'd race
Of hollow gew-gaws, only dreſs and face!
Such waxen noſes, ſtately ſtaring things— 210
No wonder ſome folks bow, and think them Kings.
See! where the Britiſh youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,

NOTES.

VER. 213. *At Fig's, at White's,*] White's was a noted gaming-houſe: Fig's, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the

Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the *Preſence*, and I (God pardon me)
As freſh and ſweet their Apparels be, as be
Their fields they ſold to buy them. For a king
Thoſe hoſe are, cry the flatterers; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates: me ſeems they do as well
At ſtage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'er Cheapſide books,
Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know
That there came weak ſhips fraught with Cut-
chanel) [well,
The men board them; and praiſe (as they think)
Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear ſcarlet gowns[d], I thought
This cauſe, Theſe men, mens wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all red which ſcarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair looſe ſet[e].

NOTES.

young Nobility received inſtruction in thoſe days: It was alſo cuſtomary for the Nobility and Gentry to viſit the condemned criminals in Newgate. P.

[d] i. e. Arrive to worſhip and magiſtracy. The reaſon he gives is, that thoſe who have wit are forced to *ſell* their ſtock, inſtead of *trading* with it. This thought, though not amiſs, our Poet has not paraphraſed. It is obſcurely expreſſed, and poſſibly it eſcaped him.

[e] i. e. Conſcious that both her complexion and her hair are borrowed; ſhe ſuſpects, that, when, in the common cant of

Pay their laſt duty to the Court, and come
All freſh and fragrant to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they ſold to look ſo fine.
"That's Velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer ſwears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our Court may juſtly to our ſtage give rules,
That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
And why not players ſtrut in courtiers cloaths?
For theſe are actors too, as well as thoſe:
Wants reach all ſtates; they beg but better dreſt,
And all is ſplendid poverty at beſt.

Painted for ſight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
Like frigates fraught with ſpice and cochine'l,
Sail in the Ladies: how each pyrate eyes
So weak a veſſel, and ſo rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and ſhe in all her trim,
He boarding her, ſhe ſtriking ſail to him:
"Dear Counteſs! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have ſo much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.

NOTES.

flatterers, he calls her *beauty lime-twigs*, and her *hair a net* to catch lovers, he means to inſinuate that her colours are coarſely laid on, and her borrowed hair looſely woven.

VER. 220. *our ſtage give rules,*] Alluding to the Authority of the Lord Chamberlain.

Would not Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine
From hat to ſhoe, himſelf at door refine,
As if the Preſence were a Moſque: and lift
His ſkirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,
Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules ſurvey the ſtate
Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waſte to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles[f], with ſuch nicety
As a young Preacher at his firſt time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not ſo much as good-will, he arreſts,
And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts,
So much as at Rome would ſerve to have thrown
Ten Cardinals into the *Inquiſition*;
And whiſpers by *Jeſu* ſo oft, that a
Purſuevant would have raviſh'd him away
For ſaying our Lady's Pſalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth

NOTES.

[f] Becauſe all the lines drawn from the centre to the circumference are equal.

'Twou'd burſt ev'n Heraclitus with the ſpleen,
To ſee thoſe anticks, Fopling and Courtin:
The Preſence ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
The moſque of Mahound, or ſome queer Pa-god.
See them ſurvey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the beſt proportion'd fools!
Adjuſt their cloaths, and to confeſſion draw
Thoſe venial ſins, an atom, or a ſtraw;
But oh! what terrors muſt diſtract the ſoul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or ſhould one pound of powder leſs beſpread
Thoſe monkey tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finiſh'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
So firſt to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
With band of Lily, and with cheek of Roſe,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatneſs itſelf impertinent in him.
Let but the Ladies ſmile, and they are bleſt:
Prodigious! how the things *proteſt*, *proteſt*:
Peace, fools, or Gonſon will for Papiſts ſeize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jeſu! Jeſu!*

Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
Juſt as one Beauty mortifies another.
But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
Whoſe air cries Arm! whoſe very look's an oath:

NOTES.

VER. 240. *Durer's rules,*] Albert Durer.

Call a rough careleſneſs, good faſhion:
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear, or whom he ſpits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he ruſhes in, as if Arm, arm,
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill
He ſtrives to look worſe; he keeps all in awe;
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the ſeven deadly ſins?) being among
Thoſe *Aſkaparts* [5], men big enough to throw
Charing-Croſs for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
I ſhook like a ſpied Spie—Preachers which are
Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the ſins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a ſcant brook, enough ſhall be
To waſh the ſtains away: Although I yet
(With *Maccabees* modeſty) the known merit
Of my work leſſen, yet ſome wiſe men ſhall,
I hope, eſteem my Writs Canonical.

Notes.

[5] A Giant famous in Romances. P.

The Captain's honeſt, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his ſoul's bullet, and his body buff.
He ſpits fore-right; his haughty cheſt before,
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door:
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapeſtry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curſe,
Has yet a ſtrange ambition to look worſe;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it ſo
As men from Jayls to execution go;
For hung with deadly ſins I ſee the wall,
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all:
Each man an *Aſkapart*, of ſtrength to toſs
For Quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-croſs.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I ſweat, I fly,
And ſhake all o'er, like a diſcover'd ſpy.
Courts are too much for wits ſo weak as mine:
Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
From ſuch alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whoſe Satire's ſacred, and whoſe rage ſecure:
'Tis mine to waſh a few light ſtains, but theirs
To deluge ſin, and drown a Court in tears.
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
In time to come, may paſs for Holy Writ.

NOTES.

VER. 274. *For hung with deadly ſins*] The Room hung with old Tapeſtry, repreſenting the ſeven deadly ſins. P.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

In Two Dialogues.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

Plate XVIII. Vol. IV. facing p. 293.

F. Hayman inv. et del. C. Grignion Sculp.

O Sacred Weapon, left for Truth's Defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice and Insolence!
To all but Heaven-directed Hands denied,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.

Tip. 2.0.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. NOT twice a twelve-month you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court ſee nothing in't.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Becauſe you think your reputation made:
Like good Sir Paul, of whom ſo much was ſaid,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refreſh us with a livelier ſong,
Or, like Sir Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Not twice a twelve-month, &c.*] Theſe two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are ſo in the whole Poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent Cenſurer,

" 'Tis all from Horace," &c. P.

VER. 2. *the Court ſee nothing in't.*] He choſe this expreſſion for the ſake of its elegant and ſatiric ambiguity.—His writings abound in them.

You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
And are, beſides, too moral for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all muſt feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I ſee you ſteal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a
"Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at Fools who put their truſt in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo obſerves, he laſh'd no ſort of *Vice:*

VARIATIONS.

P. Sir, what I write, ſhould be correctly writ.
F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.
Beſides, you grow too moral for a Wit *.

* A very ingenious Volume of *Remarks on Pope* has been lately written to prove this important truth.

NOTES.

VER. 9, 10. *And taught his Romans in much better metre,*
"To laugh at Fools who put their truſt in Peter."

The general turn of the thought is from Boileau,

"Avant lui, Juvénal avoit dit en Latin,
"Qu'on eſt aſſis à l'aiſe aux ſermons de Cotin."

But the irony in the firſt line, and the ſatirical equivoque in the ſecond, mark them for his own. His making the Objector ſay, that Horace excelled him in writing verſe, is pleaſant. And the ambiguity of *putting their truſt in Peter*, inſinuates that Horace and He had frequently laughed at that ſpecific folly ariſing from indolence; which ſtill diſpoſes men to intruſt both their *ſpiritual* and *temporal* concerns to the abſolute diſpoſal of any ſanctified or unſanctified Cheat, bearing the name of PETER.

VER. 12. *Bubo obſerves,*] Some guilty perſon, very fond of making ſuch an obſervation. P.

Horace would ſay, Sir Billy *ſerv'd the Crown,*
Blunt could *do Buſineſs,* H-ggins *knew the Town;*
In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex,*
In rev'rend Biſhops note ſome *ſmall Neglects,*
And own, the Spaniard did a *waggiſh thing,*
Who cropt our Ears, and ſent them to the King.
His ſly, polite, inſinuating ſtyle
Could pleaſe at Court, and make AUGUSTUS ſmile:
An artful Manager, that crept between
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen.*
But 'faith your very Friends will ſoon be ſore;
Patriots there are, who wiſh you'd jeſt no more—

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 26. in the MS.

There's honeſt *Tacitus* once talk'd as big,
But is he now an *independant Whig?*

NOTES.

VER. 14. *H—ggins*] Formerly Jaylor of the Fleet priſon, enriched himſelf by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled. P.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our Ears*] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spaniſh ſhip on one Jenkins, a Captain of an Engliſh one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his maſter. P.

VER. 22. *Screen*]

" Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
" Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit. Perſ. P.

Ibid. *Screen*] A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain perſon in power. P.

VER. 24. *Patriots there are, &c.*] This appellation was generally given to thoſe in oppoſition to the Court. Though ſome of them (which our Author hints at) had views too mean and intereſted to deſerve that name. P.

And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought
The Great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go ſee Sir ROBERT—
P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
And never laugh — for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r;

NOTES.

VER. 26. *The Great Man*] A phraſe, by common uſe, appropriated to the firſt Miniſter. P.

VER. 29. *Seen him I have, &c.*] This, and other ſtrokes of commendation in the following poem, as well as his regard to Sir Robert Walpole on all occaſions, were in acknowledgment of a certain ſervice he had done a friend of Mr. Pope's at his ſolicitation. Our Poet, when he was about ſeventeen, had a very ill fever in the country; which, it was feared, would end fatally. In this condition he wrote to Southcot, a Prieſt of his acquaintance, then in town, to take his laſt leave of him. Southcot with great affection and ſolicitude, applied to Dr. Radcliffe for his advice. And not content with that, he rode down poſt to Mr. Pope, who was then an hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions; which had the deſired effect. A long time after this, Southcot, who had an intereſt in the Court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in England, informed him that there was a good abbey void near Avignon, which he had credit enough o get, were it not from an apprehenſion that his promotion would give umbrage to the Engliſh Court; to which he (Southcot) by his intrigues in the Pretender's ſervice, was become very obnoxious. The perſon to whom this was written happening to acquaint Mr. Pope with the caſe, he immediately wrote a pleaſant letter to Sir R. Walpole in the Prieſt's behalf: He acquainted the Miniſter with the grounds of his ſolicitation, and begged that this embargo, for his, Mr. P.'s ſake, might be taken off; for that he was indebted to Southcot for his life; which debt muſt needs be diſcharged

Seen him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* ſtill you may be free;
A Horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at *Honeſty*;

NOTES.

either here or in purgatory. The Miniſter received the application favourably, and with much good-nature wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove the obſtruction. In conſequence of which Southcot got the abbey. Mr. Pope ever after retained a grateful ſenſe of his civility.

VER. 31. *Seen him, uncumber'd*] Theſe two verſes were originally in the Poem, though omitted in all the firſt editions. P.

VER. 34. *what he thinks mankind.*] This *requeſt* appears ſomewhat abſurd: but not more ſo than the *principle* it refers to. That great Miniſter, it ſeems, thought all mankind Rogues; and that every one had his price. It was uſually given as a proof of his penetration, and extenſive knowledge of the world. Others perhaps would think it the mark of a narrow capacity; which, from a few of Rochfaucault's *maxim*, and the corrupt practice of thoſe he commonly converſed with, would thus boldly pronounce upon the character of his ſpecies. It is certain, that a Keeper of Newgate, who ſhould make the ſame concluſion, would be heartily laughed at.

VER. 37. *Why yes: with Scripture, &c.*] A ſcribler, whoſe only chance for reputation is the falling in with the faſhion, is apt to employ this infamous expedient for the preſervation of a tranſitory name. But a true Genius could not do a

A Joke on JEKYL, or ſome odd *Old Whig*
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig:
A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their Faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old Virtue, as they will.
If any aſk you, "Who's the Man ſo near,
"His Prince, that writes in Verſe, and has his
"ear?"
Why, anſwer, LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
The worthy Youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verſes vile, his Whiſper baſe,
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny*'s caſe.

NOTES.

fooliſher thing, or ſooner defeat his own aim. The ſage Boileau uſed to ſay on this occaſion, "Une ouvrage ſevere "peut bien plaire aux libertins; mais une ouvrage trop libre "ne plaira jamais aux perſonnes ſeveres."

Ibid. *Why yes: with Scripture ſtill you may be free;*] Thus the Man, commonly called *Mother Oſborne*, who was in the Miniſter's pay, and wrote Journals; for one Paper in behalf of Sir Robert, had frequently two againſt J. C.

VER. 39. *A Joke on Jekyl,*] Sir Joſeph Jekyl, Maſter of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmoſt probity. He ſometimes voted againſt the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here deſcribed of ONE who beſtowed it equally upon Religion and Honeſty. He died a few months after the publication of this Poem. P.

VER. 43. *Theſe nothing hurts;*] i. e. offends.

VER. 47. *Why, anſwer, Lyttelton,*] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, diſtinguiſhed both for his writings, and ſpeeches in the ſpirit of liberty. P.

Sejanus, Wolſey, hurt not honeſt FLEURY,
But well may put ſome Stateſman in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
Laugh at your Friends, and, if your Friends are ſore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the jeſt,
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Senſe and Virtue, balance all agen.
Judicious Wits ſpread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.
P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Diſtinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come, harmleſs Characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's Oratory, Oſborn's Wit!

NOTES.

VER. 51. *Sejanus, Wolſey,*] The one the wicked miniſter of Tiberius; the other of Henry VIII. The writers againſt the Court uſually beſtowed theſe and other odious names on the Miniſter, without diſtinction, and in the moſt injurious manner. See Dial. II. ver. 137. P.

Ibid. *Fleury,*] Cardinal: and Miniſter to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-faſhion, at that time, to cry up his wiſdom and honeſty. P.

VER. 66. *Henley—Oſborn,*] See them in their places in the Dunciad. P.

The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng!
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Senſe,
That firſt was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.

NOTES.

VER. 69. *The gracious Dew*] Alludes to ſome Court ſermons, and florid panegyrical ſpeeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an addreſs in the ſame pretty ſtyle; and was laſtly ſerved up in an Epitaph, between Latin and Engliſh, publiſhed by its author. P.

Ibid. *The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence*,] Our moral Bard was no great adept in Theology, nor did he enter into the depths of *Pulpit Eloquence*. This rendered his judgment of things, on certain occaſions, but ſlight and ſuperficial. It is plain here he gibeth at this maſter-ſtroke of Pulpit Eloquence: but Maſter Doctor Thomas Playfere might have taught him better. This eminent Court Divine, in his *Spittal ſermon preached in the year* 1595, layeth open the whole Myſtery "The voice of a Preacher (ſaith he, himſelfe a "powerfull Preacher) ought to be the voice of a *Crier*, "which ſhould not pipe to make the People dance, but "mourne to make them weep. Hence it is, that in the oulde "law, none that was blinde, or had anie blemiſhe in his eye, "might ſerve at the Aulter; becauſe for that impediment in "his eye he could not well ſhew his inwarde ſorrowing by "his outward weeping. And when they offered up their "firſt-borne, who was ordinarily in every family their Prieſte, "or their *Preacher*, they offered alſo with him a paire of "turtle-doves or two younge pigeons. That paire of tur-"tle doves did ſignify a paire of *mournfull eyes*; thoſe two

O come, that eaſy, Ciceronian ſtyle,
So Latin, yet ſo Engliſh all the while,
As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland,
All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!
Then might I ſing, without the leaſt offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the *Nation's Senſe*;
Or teach the melancholy Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad Verſe on CAROLINA's Urn,

NOTES.

" younge pigeons did ſignifie likewiſe *two weeping eyes:* And " at that offering they prayed for their firſt-borne, that af- " terwards he might have ſuch eyes himſelfe. For indeed, " as Auſtin witneſſeth, THERE IS MORE GOOD TO BE DONE " with *ſighing* than with ſpeaking, with *weeping* than with " words. Plus gemitibus quam ſermonibus, plus fletu quam " affatu." SCRIBL.

VER. 76. *All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!*] i. e. full of ſchool-book *phraſes* and *Angliciſms.*

VER. 78. *Nation's Senſe*;] The cant of Politics at that time.

VER. 80. *Carolina*] Queen conſort to king George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occaſion, as is obſerved above, to many indiſcreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whoſe laſt moments manifeſted the utmoſt courage and reſolution. P.

How highly our Poet thought of that truly great perſonage may be ſeen by one of his Letters to Mr. *Allen*, written at that time; in which, amongſt others, equally reſpectful, are the following words; " The Queen ſhewed, by the confeſſion " of all about her, the utmoſt firmneſs and temper to her " laſt moments, and through the courſe of great torments. " What character hiſtorians will allow her, I do not know;

And ..ail her paſſage to the Realms of Reſt,
All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children bleſt!
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—
And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave
Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.
F. Why ſo? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
You ſtill may laſh the greateſt—in Diſgrace:
For Merit will by turns forſake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all Satire in all Changes ſpare
Immortal S——k, and grave De——re.

NOTES.

" but all her domeſtic ſervants, and thoſe neareſt her, give " her the beſt teſtimony, that of ſincere tears."

VER. 84. *No* Gazetteer *more innocent than I.*] The Gazetteer is one of the low appendices to the Secretary of State's office; and his buſineſs is to write the Government's news-paper, publiſhed by authority. Sir Richard Steel for ſome time had this poſt; and he deſcribes the condition of it very well, in the *Apology for himſelf and his writings*: " My next ap- " pearance as a writer was in the quality of the loweſt Mi- " niſter of State, to wit, in the office of *Gazetteer*; where I " worked faithfully, according to order, without ever erring " againſt the rule obſerved by all Miniſters, to keep that pa- " per very innocent and very inſipid. It was to the re- " proaches I heard every Gazette-day againſt the writer of " it, that I owe the fortitude of being remarkably negligent " of what People ſay, which I do not deſerve."

VER. 92. *Immortal S—k, and grave De——re!*] A title given *that* Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedcham-

Silent and ſoft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
All Tyes diſſolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
Theſe may ſome gentle miniſterial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There, where no Paſſion, Pride, or Shame tranſ-
port,
Lull'd with the ſweet Nepenthe of a Court;

NOTES.

ber to King William; he was ſo to King George I. he was ſo to King George II. *This* Lord was very ſkilful in all the forms of the Houſe, in which he diſcharged himſelf with great gravity. P.

VER. 97. *There, where no Paſſion, &c.*] The excellent writer *De l'Eſprit des Loix* gives the following character of the *Spirit* of Courts, and the *Principle* of Monarchies: "Qu'on liſe ce que les Hiſtoriens de tous les tems on dit ſur "la Cour des Monarques; qu'on ſe rapelle les converſations "des hommes de tous les Pais ſur le miſerable caractère des "COURTISANS; ce ne ſont point des choſes de ſpeculation, "mais d'une triſte expérience. L'ambition dans l'oiſiveté, "la baſſeſſe dans l'orgueil, le deſir de s'enrichir ſans travail, "l'averſion pour la vérité; la flaterie, la trahiſon, la perfi- "die, l'abandon de tous ſes engagements, le mepris "des devoirs du Citoyen, la crainte de la vertu du "Prince, l'eſperance de ſes foibleſſes, et plus, que tous cela, "LE RIDICULE PERPETUEL JETTE SUR LA VERTU, ſont, "je crois, le Caractére de la plupart des Courtiſans marqué "dans tous les lieux et dans tous les tems. Or il eſt très "mal-aiſé que les principaux d'un Etat ſoient malhonnêtes- "gens, et que les inferieurs ſoient gens-de-bien, que ceux- "la ſoient trompeurs, & que ceux-ci conſentent à n'être que "dupes. Que ſi dans le Peuple il ſe trouve quelque malheureux "honnête-homme, le Cardinal de Richelieu dans ſon *Teſta-* "*ment politique* inſinue, qu'un Monarque doit ſe garder de "s'en ſervir. Tant il eſt vrai que la Vertu n'eſt pas le reſſort "de ce Gouvernment."

There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's diſgrace
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their Place:
But paſt the Senſe of human Miſeries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to bluſh, no heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a Queſtion, or a Job.
P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I ſhould blaſt their glory,
Who know how like Whig Miniſters to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could ſcarce be vext,
Conſid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.
Have I, in ſilent wonder, ſeen ſuch things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer, or Peereſs, ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a Siſter, or forſwears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
But ſhall the Dignity of *Vice* be loſt?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 112. in ſome editions,
Who ſtarves a Mother—

NOTES.

VER. 108. *gracious Prince*] The ſtyle of addreſſes on an Acceſſion.

VER. 113. Virtue, *I grant you, is an empty boaſt*;] A ſatirical ambiguity—either that thoſe *ſtarve who have it*, or

Ye Gods! ſhall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich out-whore a Duke?
A Fav'rite's Porter with his Maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Stateſman's ſkill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
If Blount diſpatch'd himſelf, he play'd the man,
And ſo may'ſt thou, illuſtrious Paſſeran!

NOTES.

that thoſe who *boaſt* of it, *have it not*: and both together (he inſinuates) make up the preſent ſtate of *modern virtue*.

VER. 115. *Cibber's Son,—Rich*] Two Players: look for them in the Dunciad. P.

VER. 123. *If Blount*] Author of an impious fooliſh book, called *the Oracles of Reaſon*, who being in love with a near kinſwoman of his, and rejected, gave himſelf a ſtab in the arm as pretending to kill himſelf, of the conſequence of which he really died. P.

VER. 124. *Paſſeran!*] Author of another book of the ſame ſtamp, called *A philoſophical Diſcourſe on Death*, being a defence of ſuicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, baniſhed from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmoſt miſery, yet feared to practiſe his own precepts; of which there went a pleaſant ſtory about that time. Amongſt his pupils, to whom he read in moral philoſophy, there was, it ſeems, a noted *Gameſter*, who lodged under the ſame roof with him. This uſeful citizen, after a run of ill luck, came one morning early into the Philoſopher's bed-chamber with two loaded piſtols; and, as Engliſhmen do not underſtand

But ſhall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their Books, to hang himſelf and Wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear;
Vice, thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin*.
Let modeſt FOSTER, if he will, excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;

NOTES.

raillery in a caſe of this nature, told the Piedmonteſe, on preſenting him with one of his piſtols, "that now was come the time to put his doctrine in practice: that as to himſelf, having loſt his laſt ſtake, he was become an *uſeleſs* member in ſociety, and ſo was reſolved to quit his *ſtation*; and that as to him, his *guide, philoſopher, and friend*, ſurrounded with miſeries, the outcaſt of government, and the ſport even of that *Chance* which he adored, he doubtleſs would rejoice for ſuch an opportunity to bear him company." All this was ſaid and done with ſo much reſolution and ſolemnity, that the Italian found himſelf under a neceſſity to cry out Murder; which brought in Company to his relief.—This unhappy man at laſt died a penitent.

VER. 125. *But ſhall a Printer, &c.*] A fact that happened in London, a few years paſt. The unhappy man left behind him a paper juſtifying his action by the reaſonings of ſome of theſe Authors. P.

VER. 129. *This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,*] Alluding to the *Forms of Prayer*, compoſed in the times of public calamity and diſtreſs; where the fault is generally laid upon the *People*.

VER. 130. *Gin.*] A ſpirituous liquor, the exorbitant uſe of which had almoſt deſtroyed the loweſt rank of the People, till it was reſtrained by an act of Parliament in 1736. P.

VER. 131. *Let modeſt* FOSTER,] This confirms an obſervation which Mr. Hobbes made long ago, That *there be very*

A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Out-do Landaffe in Doctrine,---yea in Life:
Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame.

NOTES.

few Biſhops that act a ſermon ſo well, as divers Preſbyterians and fanatic Preachers can do. Hiſt. of Civ. Wars, p. 62. SCRIB.

VER. 134. *Landaffe.*] A poor Biſhoprick in Wales, as poorly ſupplied. P.

VER. 135. *Let humble* ALLEN—] Mr. Pope, on the republication of this Poem, in a letter to Mr. *Allen*, writes thus—"I am going to inſert, in the body of my works, my "two laſt poems in quarto. I always profit myſelf of the "opinion of the public, to correct myſelf on ſuch occaſions; "and ſometimes the merits of particular men, whoſe names "I have made free with, for examples either of good or bad, "determine me to alterations. I have found a virtue in you "more than I certainly knew before, till I had made expe-"riment of it, I mean *Humility*. I muſt therefore in juſtice "to my own conſcience of it, bear teſtimony to it, and "change the epithet I firſt gave you of *low-born*, to *humble*. "I ſhall take care to do you the juſtice to tell every body, "this change was not made at your's, or at any friend's "requeſt for you, but my own knowledge, you merited "it," &c. *Twit. Nov.* 2.

VER. ib.—*With aukward Shame,*
Do good by Stealth—] The exquiſite ſenſe, the elegance of phraſe, and exactneſs of expreſſion, are all here very remarkable. We are ſo much governed by cuſtom, that to act contrary to it, creates even in virtuous men (who are ever modeſt) a kind of diffidence, which is the parent of *Shame*. But when to this, there is joined a conſciouſneſs that, in forſaking cuſtom, we follow truth and reaſon, the indignation ariſing from ſuch a conſcious virtue, mixing with *ſhame*, produces that amiable *aukwardneſs* in going out of the faſhion, which the Poet here celebrates.

VER. 136.—*and bluſh to find it Fame.*] He is repreſented as bluſhing at the degeneracy of his times, which, at beſt, gave

Virtue may chuſe the high or low Degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me;

NOTES.

his goodneſs its due commendation (the thing he never aimed at) inſtead of following and imitating his example, which was the reaſon why ſome acts of it were not done *by ſtealth*, but more openly.

VER. 137 *Virtue may chuſe the high or* LOW *Degree.*] This line, and thoſe which precede and follow it, contain an ironical neglect of Virtue, and an ironical *concern and care* for Vice; therefore the Poet's elegant correctneſs required, that his language, in the firſt caſe, ſhould have the appearance of negligence and cenſure: and this is admirably ſuſtained in the *expreſſion*,

" *Let humble Allen*," &c.

But the beauty of this not being underſtood, the lines have been publicly cenſured for an ungenerous backwardneſs in doing juſtice to a man whom our Poet truly believed to be one of the greateſt characters in private life that ever was, and known by him to be in fact. all and much more than he had feigned in the imaginary virtues of the *Man of Roſs*. One who, whether he be conſidered in his civil, ſocial, domeſtic, or religious capacity, is an ornament to human nature.

The true character of our Author's moral pieces, conſidered as *a Supplement to human Laws* (the force and dignity of which they have deſervedly obtained) is, that his praiſe is always delicate, and his reproof never unjuſt. And therefore, the firſt not reaching the head, and the latter too ſenſibly touching the heart, of his vulgar Readers, he has been cenſured for a cold Panegyriſt, and a cauſtic Satiriſt; whereas he was, indeed, the warmeſt Friend, and moſt placable Enemy, that ever lived.

VER. 138. *'Tis juſt alike, to Virtue and to me*;] He gives the reaſon for it, in the line that preſently follows,

" She's ſtill the ſame, *belov'd, contented* thing."

So that the Senſe is this, " It is all one to *Virtue* on whom her influence falls, whether on high or low, becauſe it ſtill

Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's ſtill the ſame, belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her Birth,
And ſtoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;
Let *Greatneſs* OWN HER, and ſhe's mean no more,

NOTES.

produces the ſame effect, *their content*; and it is all one to *me*, becauſe it ſtill produces the ſame effect, *my love.*"

VER. 144. *Let Greatneſs* OWN HER, *and ſhe's mean no more.*] The Poet, in this whole paſſage, was willing to be underſtood as alluding to a very extraordinary ſtory told by *Procopius*, in his *Secret Hiſtory*; the ſum of which is as follows:

The Empreſs THEODORA was the daughter of one Acaces, who had the care of the wild beaſts, which the *Green Faction* kept for the entertainment of the people. For the Empire was, at that time, divided between the two Factions of the *Green* and *Blue*. But Acaces dying in the infancy of Theodora, and her two Siſters, his place of *Maſter of the Bears* was diſpoſed of to a ſtranger: and his widow had no other way of ſupporting herſelf than by proſtituting her three daughters (who were all very pretty) on the public Theatre. Thither ſhe brought them in their turns, as they came to years of puberty. Theodora firſt attended her Siſters, in the habit and quality of a ſlave. And when it came to her turn to mount the ſtage, as ſhe could neither dance nor play on the flute, ſhe was put into the loweſt claſs of Buffoons, to make diverſion for the Rabble; which ſhe did in ſo arch a manner, and complained of the indignities ſhe ſuffered in ſo ridiculous a tone, that ſhe became an abſolute favourite of the people. After a complete courſe of infamy and proſtitution, the next place we hear of her is at Alexandria, in great poverty and diſtreſs: from whence (as it was no wonder) ſhe was willing to remove. And to Conſtantinople ſhe came; but after a large circuit through the Eaſt; where ſhe worked her way by a free courſe of proſtitution. JUSTINIAN was at this time conſort in the Empire with his Uncle *Juſtin*; and the ma-

Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confeſs,
Chaſte Matrons praiſe her, and grave Biſhops bleſs;

NOTES.

nagement of affairs entirely in his hands He no ſooner ſaw Theodora than he fell deſperately in love with her; and would have married her immediately, but that the Empreſs *Euphemia*, a Barbarian, and *unpolite*, but not illiberal in her nature, was then alive. And ſhe, although ſhe rarely denied him any thing, yet obſtinately refuſed giving him this inſtance of her complaiſance. But ſhe did not live long: and then nothing but the antient Laws, which forbad a Senator to marry with a common proſtitute, hindered Juſtinian from executing this extraordinary project. Theſe he obliged Juſtin to revoke; and then, in the face of the ſun, married his dear Theodora. A terrible example (ſays the Hiſtorian) and an encouragement to the moſt abandoned licence. And now, no ſooner was THEODORA (in the Poet's phraſe) OWNED *by Greatneſs*, than ſhe, whom not long before it was thought *unlucky* to meet, and a *pollution* to touch, became the idol of the Court. There was not a ſingle Magiſtrate (ſays Procopius) that expreſſed the leaſt indignation at the ſhame and diſhonour brought upon the ſtate; not a ſingle Prelate that ſhewed the leaſt deſolation for the public ſcandal. They all drove to Court ſo precipitately, as if they were ſtriving to prevent one another, in her good graces. Nay, the *very Soldiers* were emulous of the honour of becoming the Champions of her virtue. As for the common People, who had ſo long been the ſpectators of her ſervility, her buffoonry, and her proſtitution, they all in a body threw themſelves at her feet, as ſlaves at the footſtool of their Miſtreſs. In a word, there was no man, of what condition ſoever, who ſhewed the leaſt diſlike of ſo monſtrous an elevation. In the mean time, Theodora's firſt care was to fill her Coffers, which ſhe ſoon did, with immenſe wealth. To this end, Juſtinian and ſhe pretended to differ in their party principles. The one protected the *blue*, and the other the *green* Faction; till in a long courſe of intrigue, by ſometimes giving up the one to plunder and confiſcation, and ſometimes the other, they left nothing to either. See *Procop. Anec.* c. ix.—x.

In golden Chains the willing World ſhe draws,
And hers the Goſpel is, and hers the Laws,
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale Virtue carted in her ſtead.
Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the Duſt! his arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!
See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See, all our Fools aſpiring to be Knaves!

NOTES.

VER. 148. *And hers the Goſpel is, and hers the Laws,*] i. e. She diſpoſed of the honours of both.

VER. 149. *ſcarlet head*] Alluding to the *ſcarlet Whore* of the *Apocalypſe*.

VER. 164. *See, all our Fools aſpiring to be Knaves!*] This will always be the caſe when *knavery* is in faſhion; becauſe fools always dread the being *unfaſhionable*.

The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'ſcape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wiſdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy."
Yet may this Verſe (if ſuch a Verſe remain)
Show, there was one who held it in diſdain.

NOTES.

VER. 165. *The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore—*
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:]—And no wonder, for the *Wit of Cheats* being the evaſion of Juſtice, and the *Courage of a Whore* the contempt of reputation; theſe emancipate men from the two tyrannical reſtraints upon free ſpirits, fear of *puniſhment*, and dread of *ſhame*. SCRIBL.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

FR.

'TIS all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will ſay.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cauſe I print to-day.
How ſhould I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty-nine?*
Vice with ſuch Giant ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Somes riſing Genius ſins up to my Song.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Paxton*] Late ſollicitor to the Treaſury.

VER. 8. *Feign what I will, &c.*] The Poet has here introduced an oblique apology for himſelf with great art. You attack perſonal characters, ſay his enemies. No, replies he, I paint merely from my *invention*; and then, to prevent a likeneſs, I aggravate the features. But alas!

F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty laſh;
Ev'n Guthry ſaves half Newgate by a Daſh.
Spare then the Perſon, and expoſe the Vice.
P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and ſouſe on all the kind.
Ye Stateſmen, Prieſts, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradeſmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
Ye Rev'rend Atheiſts. F. Scandal! name them, Who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a Siſter, who forſwore a Debt,
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Stateſman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you ſtoop too low.

NOTES.

the growth of vice is ſo monſtrouſly ſudden, that it riſes up to a *reſemblance* before I can get from the preſs.

VER. 11. *Ev'n Guthry*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publiſhes the Memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be ſo tender of their reputation, as to ſet down no more than the initials of their name. P.

VER. 13. *How, Sir! not damn the Sharper! but the Dice?*] It is pity that the livelineſs of the reply cannot excuſe the bad reaſoning: The *dice*, though they rhyme to *vice*, can never ſtand for it; which his argument requires they ſhould do.

P. I fain would pleaſe you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?
Muſt great Offenders, once eſcap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to ſpare the Knight requires,
As beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppoſe I cenſure—you know what I mean—
To ſave a Biſhop, may I name a Dean?

NOTES.

For *dice* are only the *inſtruments* of fraud; but the queſtion is not, whether the *inſtrument*, but whether the *act* committed by it, ſhould be expoſed, inſtead of the *perſon*.

VER. 26. *I fain would pleaſe you, if I knew with what;*
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?] I have obſerved, that our Author has invented, and introduced into his writings, a new ſpecies of the *ſublime*, by heightening it with *wit*. There is a ſpecies of *eloquence* in his works (of which theſe lines are an inſtance) almoſt as peculiar to him; which he has produced by employing the *ſimpleſt* and triteſt phraſes to prevent ſtiffneſs; and yet, by a ſupreme effort of his art, giving them the dignity of the moſt ſelect. Quintilian was ſo ſenſible of the luſtre which this throws upon true eloquence, under a maſterly direction, and at the ſame time, of the prejudices againſt it, from the difficulty of ſucceeding in it; that he ſays, *Utinam—et verba in uſu quotidiano poſita minus timeremus.*

VER. 29. *Like Royal Harts, &c.*] Alluding to the old Game-laws; when our Kings ſpent all the time they could ſpare from human ſlaughter, in Woods and Foreſts.

VER. 31. *As beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?*] The expreſſion is rough, like the ſubject, but without reflection: For if *beaſts of Nature*, then not beaſts of their own making; a fault too frequently objected to country Squires. However, the Latin is nobler; *Ferae naturae*, Things uncivilized, and free. *Ferae*, as the Critics ſay, being from the Hebrew, *Pere*, Aſinus ſilveſtris. SCRIBL.

F. A Dean, Sir? No: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's riſing in the Trade.
P. If not the Tradeſman who ſet up to-day,
Much leſs the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a realm be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild*;
Or, if a Court or Country's made a job,
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray conſider twice;
Have you leſs pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendleſs Villain, than the Great?
Alas! the ſmall Diſcredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better ſure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;

NOTES.

VER. 35. *You hurt a man that's riſing in the Trade.*] For, as the reaſonable *De la Bruyere* obſerves, "Qui ne ſait être un "ERASME, doit penſer à être *Evêque*." SCRIBL.

VER. 39. *wretched Wild,*] Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at laſt caught in his own train and hanged. P.

VER. 42. *for the love of Vice!*] We muſt conſider the Poet as here directing his diſcourſe to a follower of the new ſyſtem of Politics and Religion, That *private vices are public benefits.*

Still better, Miniſters; or if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.

F. Stop! ſtop!

P. Muſt Satire, then, not riſe nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

F. Yes, ſtrike that *Wild*, I'll juſtify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obſolete Example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men deſp'rate if they once are bad:
Elſe might he take to Virtue ſome years hence—

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

NOTES.

VER. 51. *why lay it on a King.*] He is ſerious in the foregoing ſubjects of Satire, but ironical here; and only alludes to the common practice of Miniſters, in laying their own miſcarriages on their Maſters.

VER. 55. *Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:*] The line is exquiſite. The high humour of it, in the unexpected turn, is but it's ſecond praiſe. It finely carries on the argument, and expoſes the falſe rules and meaſures of Satire, which his *Court Friend* would inculcate for his practice; that he is to avoid the proper object of Satire, *great offenders*, who have eſcaped public juſtice; and, in their ſtead, to ſeize the *little rogues*, who have ſubmitted to it.

VER. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly eſcaped the Pillory for forgery; and got off with a ſevere rebuke only from the bench. P.

F. Strange ſpleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praiſe a Courtier where I can.
When I confeſs, there is who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodneſs, need I SCARB'ROW name?
Pleas'd let me own, in *Eſher*'s peaceful Grove
(Where *Kent* and Nature vye for PELHAM's Love)
The Scene, the Maſter, opening to my view,
I ſit and dream I ſee my CRAGGS anew!
Ev'n in a Biſhop I can ſpy Deſert;
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart;

NOTES.

VER. 64. *feels for Fame,—And melts to Goodneſs,*] This is a fine compliment; the expreſſion ſhewing, that *fame* was but his *ſecond* paſſion.

VER. 65. *Scarb'row*] Earl of. and Knight of the Garter, whoſe perſonal attachments to the King appeared from his ſteady adherence to the royal intereſt, after his reſignation of his great employment of Maſter of the Horſe; and whoſe known honour and virtue made him eſteemed by all parties. P.

VER. 66. *Eſher's peaceful Grove,*] The houſe and gardens of Eſher in Surry, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcaſtle. The Author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character, than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs. P.

VER. 67. Kent *and Nature*] Means no more than *art and nature*. And in this conſiſts the compliment to the Artiſt.

VER. 71. *Secker is decent*] Theſe words (like thoſe Ver. 135. of the firſt *Dialogue*) are another inſtance of the malignity of the public judgment. The Poet thought, and not without reaſon, that they conveyed a very high idea of the worthy perſon to whom they are applied: To be DECENT (or to become every ſtation of life in which a man is placed) being the nobleſt encomium on his wiſdom and virtue. It is

Manners with Candour are to *Benſon* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.

NOTES.

the very topic he employs in ſpeaking of a favourite Friend, whoſe ſuperior virtues he moſt eſteemed and admired.

" Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
" With ev'ry ſprightly, ev'ry DECENT part."

Indeed, the word in both places implies *every endowment of the heart:* As in that celebrated verſe of Horace, from whence the expreſſion was taken; and which no one has a better right to apply to himſelf than this excellent prelate:

Quid verum atque DECENS *curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc ſum.*

So that to be *decent* is to excell in the moral character.

VER. 73. *Berkley, &c.*] Dr. Berkley was, I believe, a good man, a good Chriſtian, a good Citizen, and all, in an eminent degree. He was beſides very learned; and of a fine and lively imagination; which he unhappily abuſed by advancing, and, as far as I can learn, throughout his whole life perſiſting in, the moſt outrageous whimſy that ever entered into the head of any ancient or modern madman; namely, the impoſſibility of the real or actual exiſtence of matter, which he ſupported on principles that take away the boundaries of truth and falſhood; expoſe reaſon to all the outrage of unbounded Scepticiſm; and even, in his own opinion, make mathematical demonſtration, doubtful.

But if (though at the expence of his moral character) we ſhould ſuppoſe, that all this was only a wanton exerciſe of wit; how his metaphyſics came to get him the character of a great genius, unleſs from the daring nature of his attempt, I am at a loſs to conceive. His pretended demonſtration, on this capital queſtion, being the pooreſt, loweſt, and moſt miſerable of all ſophiſms, that is, a ſophiſm which begs the queſtion, as the late Mr. Baxter has clearly ſhewn: a few pages of whoſe reaſoning have not only more ſenſe and ſubſtance than all the elegant diſcourſes of Dr. Berkley, but infinitely better entitle him to the Character of a great Genius. He was truly ſuch: and a time will come, if learning ever revive

But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
That inſtant, I declare, he has my Love:
I ſhun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
Thus SOMMERS once, and HALLIFAX, were mine.
Oft, in the clear, ſtill Mirrour of Retreat,
I ſtudy'd SHREWSBURY, the wiſe and great:

NOTES.

amongſt us, when the preſent inattention to his admirable Metaphyſics, eſtabliſhed on the Phyſics of Newton, will be deemed as great a diſhonour to the Wiſdom of this age as the neglect of Milton's Poetry is to the Wit of the paſt.

VER. 74. *But does the Court a worthy man remove?*] The Poet means, *remove* him for his *worth:* for he never eſteemed the being *in* or *out* as any proof of corruption, or virtue. "I "had a glympſe of a letter of yours lately (ſays he to Dr. Swift) "by which I find you are, *like the vulgar*, apter to think well "of people *out* of power, than of people *in* power. Perhaps "'tis a miſtake; but, however, there is ſomething in it ge-"nerous." *Lett.* xvii. *Sept.* 3, 1726.

VER. 77. *Sommers*] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the ſeals in 1700. The Author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt Miniſter; who, to the qualities of a conſummate ſtateſman, added thoſe of a man of Learning, and Politeneſs. P.

Ibid. *Halliſax*] A Peer, no leſs diſtinguiſhed by his love of Letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was diſgraced in 1710, on the change of Q. Anne's miniſtry. P.

VER. 79. *Shreuſbury,*] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewſbury, had been Secretary of State, Embaſſador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treaſurer. He ſeveral times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718. P.

CARLETON's calm Senſe, and STANHOPE's noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the ſame:
How pleaſing ATTERBURY's ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit:
ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the Senate and the Field:
Or WYNDHAM, juſt to Freedom and the Throne,
The Maſter of our Paſſions, and his own.
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train;

NOTES.

VER. 80. *Carleton*] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton, (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was Secretary of State under William III. and Preſident of the Council under Q. Anne. P.

Ibid. *Stanhope*] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal courage, ſpirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State. P.

VER. 84. *Cheſterfield*] Philip Earl of Cheſterfield, commonly given by Writers of all Parties for an example to the Age he lives in, *of ſuperior talents*, and *public virtue*.

VER. 88. *Wyndham*] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a conſiderable figure; but ſince a much greater, both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmoſt judgment and temper. P.

And if yet higher the proud Liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay! No Follower, but a Friend.
Yet think not, Friendſhip only prompts my lays;
I follow *Virtue*; where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe:
Point ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver caſt a Glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my LORD MAY'R.
Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret Byaſs to a Knave:
To find an honeſt man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.
F. Then why ſo few commended?
P. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verſe.

NOTES.

VER. 92. *And if yet higher, &c.*] He was at that time honoured with the eſteem and favour of his Royal Highneſs the Prince.

VER. 93. *Still let me ſay! No Follower, but a Friend.*] i. e. Unrelated to their *parties*, and attached only to their *perſons*.

VER. 99. *my Lord May'r.*] Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in the year of the Poem, 1738. A citizen eminent for his virtue, public ſpirit, and great talents in Parliament. An excellent Man, Magiſtrate, and Senator. In the year 1747, the City of London, in memory of his many and ſignal ſervices to his Country, erected a ſtatue to him. But his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good Man.

VER. 102. *To find an honeſt man, &c.*] In this ſearch, in which he was very ſincere, it would have been well if he had not ſometimes truſted to the reports of others, who had *leſs penetration, but more paſſions* to gratify.

But random Praiſe—the taſk can ne'er be done;
Each Mother aſks it for her booby Son,
Each Widow aſks it for *the Beſt of Men*,
For him ſhe weeps, for him ſhe weds agen.
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the Greateſt of theſe days,
To 'ſcape my Cenſure, not expect my Praiſe.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?
What RICHLIEU wanted, LOUIS ſcarce could gain,
And what young AMMON wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.
No Pow'r the Muſe's Friendſhip can command;
No Pow'r when Virtue claims it, can withſtand:

NOTES.

VER. 116. *What Richlieu wanted, &c.*] The thing here inſinuated is, that the greateſt character for *Politics*, *Munificence*, or *Conqueſts*, when ſeparated from virtue, would never gain the praiſes of the *true* Poet. But *munificence* approaching nearer to Virtue than either the other two, he ſays, *Louis ſcarce could gain*; while *Richlieu* and *young Ammon* went without.

Ibid. *Louis ſcarce could gain,*] By this expreſſion finely inſinuating, that the great *Boileau* always falls below himſelf in thoſe paſſages where he flatters his Maſter. Of which he gives us an inſtance in Ver. 231. where the topic of adulation is exceeding childiſh and extravagant.

To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honeſt line;
O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no ſin,
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call thoſe Knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lie.
COBHAM's a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave,
And LYTTELTON a dark deſigning Knave,
ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool—
But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,
Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a Tyrant to his Wife.

NOTES.

VER. 120. *To Cato, Virgil pay'd one honeſt line;*] It is in the ÆN.

"His dantem jura Catonem."

VER. 121. *O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!*] A pretty expreſſion, alluding to the old practice of illuminating MSS. with gold and vermilion.

VER. 129. *Spirit of Arnall!*] Look for him in his place, Dunc. B. ii. Ver. 315. P.

VER. 130. *Polwarth*] The Hon Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandſon of Patric Earl of Marchmont, and diſtinguiſhed, like them, in the cauſe of Liberty. P.

But pray, when others praiſe him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,
Oh All-accompliſh'd ST. JOHN! deck thy ſhrine?
What? ſhall each ſpurgall'd Hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-penſion'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend;
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I ſpare the Miniſter, no rules
Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His Saws are toothleſs, and his Hatchet's Lead.
It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,
To ſee a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the reſt:

NOTES.

VER. 136. *do I blame?—Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name?*] The Leaders of Parties, be they as florid as they will, generally do their buſineſs by a ſingle rule of Rhetoric; which they may have learnt of Quintilian, or perhaps of a much older Sophiſt, *Si nihil, quod nos adjuvet, erit, quæramus quid Adverſarium lædat.* SCRIB.

Which not at preſent having time to do—
F. Hold Sir! for God's ſake, where's th' Affront to you?
Againſt your worſhip when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
Or grant the Bard whoſe diſtich all commend
[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a Friend*]
To W—le guilty of ſome venial ſin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The Prieſt whoſe Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only ſtain'd the Gown.
And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whoſe Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?
P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſame.
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford ſupply,
As Hog to Hog in huts of Weſtphaly;
If one through Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;

NOTES.

VER. 160. *the Bard*] A verſe taken out of a poem to Sir R. W. P.

VER. 164. *The Prieſt, &c.*] Spoken not of any particular prieſt, but of many prieſts. P.

VER. 166. *And how did, &c.*] This ſeems to allude to a complaint made Ver. 71. of the preceding Dialogue. P.

The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouſe:
The laſt full fairly gives it to the *Houſe*.
F. This filthy ſimile, this beaſtly line
Quite turns my ſtomach—
P. So does Flatt'ry mine;
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of Pindus guiltleſs quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;
And muſt no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Becauſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own?
Muſt never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unleſs, good Man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Paſtor blame a failing Spouſe,
Without a ſtaring Reaſon on his brows?
And each Blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod,
Becauſe the inſult's not on Man, but God?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 185. in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could read.

NOTES.

VER. 185. *Japhet—Chartres*] See the Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt. P.

Aſk you what Provocation I have had?
The ſtrong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my Friend, and ſhould be yours.
Mine, as a Foe profeſs'd to falſe Pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Senſe;
Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy Mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.

F. You're ſtrangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no Slave:
So impudent, I own myſelf no Knave:
So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by Ridicule alone.

O ſacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Inſolence!

NOTES.

VER. 204. *And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind*] From Terence: "Homo ſum: humani nihil a me alienum "puto." P.

VER. 208. *Yes, I am proud, &c.*] In this ironical exultation the Poet inſinuates a ſubject of the deepeſt humiliation.

VER. 211 *Yet touch'd and ſham'd by Ridicule alone.*] The paſſions are given us to awake and ſupport Virtue. But they frequently betray their truſt, and go over to the intereſts of Vice. Ridicule, when employed in the cauſe of Virtue, ſhames and brings them back to their duty. Hence the uſe and importance of *Satire*.

To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muſe may give thee, but the Gods muſt guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal;
To rouſe the Watchmen of the public Weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate ſlumb'ring in his Stall.
Ye tinſel Inſects! whom a Court maintains,
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,

NOTES.

VER. 214. *To all but Heav'n-directed hands*] "The Citizen "(ſays *Plato*, in his fifth book of Laws) who does no "injury to any one, without queſtion, merits our eſteem. "He, who, not content with being barely juſt him-"ſelf, oppoſes the *courſe* of injuſtice, by proſecuting it be-"fore the Magiſtrate, merits our eſteem vaſtly more. The "*firſt* diſcharges the duty of a ſingle Citizen; but the "*other* does the office of a body. But he whoſe zeal ſtops "not here, but proceeds to ASSIST THE MAGISTRATE IN "PUNISHING, is the moſt valuable bleſſing of Society. This "is the PERFECT CITIZEN, to whom we would adjudge "the *prize of Virtue*."

VER. 219. *And goad the Prelate ſlumb'ring in his Stall.*] The good *Euſebius*, in his *Evangelical Preparation*, draws a long parallel between the *Ox* and the Chriſtian *Prieſthood*. Hence the dignified Clergy, out of mere humility, have ever ſince called their *thrones* by the name of *ſtalls*. To which a great Prelate of Wincheſter, one W. Edinton, modeſtly alluding, has rendered his name immortal by this eccleſiaſtical aphoriſm, who would otherwiſe have been forgotten; *Canterbury is the higher rack, but Wincheſter is the better manger*. By which, however, it appears that he was not one of thoſe here condemned, who *ſlumber in their ſtalls*. SCRIBL.

VER. 220, &c. *Ye* tinſel *Inſects! whom a Court maintains, —That counts your* Beauties *only by your Stains,—Spin all your* Cobwebs] And again, to the ſame purpoſe, in the *Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot*,

Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
The MUSE's wing ſhall bruſh you all away:

NOTES.

" Who breaks a *butterfly* upon a wheel?
" Yet let me flap this *bug with gilded wings*,
" This painted child of Dirt, that *ſtinks* and *ſtings*."

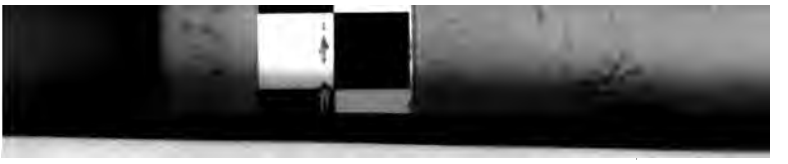
Theſe (it has been objected) are Inſects not of Nature's creating, but the Poet's, and therefore ſuch compound images are to be condemned. One would think, by this, that *mixed qualities* troubled the ſenſe, as much as *mixed metaphors* do the ſtyle. But whoever thinks ſo, is miſtaken. The fault of *mixed metaphors* is, that they call the *imagination* from image to image, when it is the writer's purpoſe to fix it upon one. On the contrary, *mixed qualities* do their office rightly, and inform the *underſtanding* of what the Author would inſinuate, that the *moral* inſect is a more worthleſs creature than the *phyſical*, as he collects together, in one individual, divers bad or trifling qualities, which Nature had diſperſed in many. And when, in fact, we ſee them ſo collected; as venom, ſophiſtry, and inſidiouſneſs, in a *Court-Butterfly*, the giving it the *bite* of the bug, and the *web* of the ſpider, makes it a *monſter* indeed, but not of the Poet's creating, but only of his naming.

VER. 220. *Ye Inſects—The* MUSE's *wing ſhall bruſh you all away:*] This it did very effectually; and the memory of them had been now forgotten, had not the Poet's charity, for a while, protracted their miſerable Being. There is now in his Library a complete collection of all the horrid Libels written and publiſhed againſt him;

" The tale reviv'd, the lye ſo oft o'erthrown,
" Th' imputed traſh, and dulneſs not his own;
" The morals blacken'd, when the writings 'ſcape,
" The libell'd Perſon, and the pictur'd ſhape."

Theſe he had bound up in ſeveral volumes, according to their various ſizes, from folios down to duodecimos; and to each of them hath affixed this motto out of the book of Job:

Behold, my deſire is, that mine adverſary ſhould write a book. Surely I ſhould take it upon my ſhoulder, and bind it as a crown to me. Ch. xxxi. ver. 35, 36.



All his Grace preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Preſs,
Like the laſt Gazette, or the laſt Addreſs[a].

When black Ambition ſtains a public Cauſe,
A Monarch's ſword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 227. in the MS.

Where's now the Star that lighted Charles to riſe?
—With that which follow'd Julius to the Skies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak ſo well,
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckleſs Sorel fell?
Hence, lying Miracles! reduc'd ſo low
As to the regal touch, and papal-toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

NOTES.

VER. 222. *Cobwebs*] Weak and ſlight ſophiſtry againſt virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of Truth, as cobwebs to ſhade the ſun. P.

VER. 225. —*Gods of Kings.*] When James the firſt had once beſpeeched his Parliament, Biſhop Williams Keeper of the Great Seal added—that, *after his Majeſty's* DIVINUM ET IMMORTALE DICTUM, *he would not dare mortale aliquid addere.* On which, Wilſon the Hiſtorian obſerves—*This is not inſerted to ſhew the* PREGNANCY *and* GENIUS *of the man, but the temper of the times.*

VER 228. *When black Ambition, &c.*] The caſe of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (Ver. 229.) of Louis XIV. in his conqueſt of the Low Countries. P.

VER. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.*] See his Ode on Namur; where (to uſe his own words) "Il a fait un

Not ſo, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue*'s Shrine,
Her Prieſteſs Muſe forbids the Good to die,
And opes the Temple of *Eternity*.
There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than ſuch as Anſtis caſts into the Grave;
Far other Stars than * and ** wear,
And may deſcend to Mordington from STAIR;
(Such as on HOUGH's unſully'd Mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good DIGBY, from a Heart like thine)
Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus ſings,
And bark at Honour not confer'd by Kings;
Let *Flatt'ry* ſick'ning ſee the Incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:

NOTES.

" Aſtre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement " à ſon Chapeau, et qui eſt en effet une eſpece de Comete, " fatale à nos ennemis." P.

VER. 237. *Anſtis*] The chief Herald at Arms. It is the cuſtom, at the funeral of great peers, to caſt into the grave the broken ſtaves and enſigns of honour. P.

VER. 239. *Stair*] John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thiſtle; ſerved in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Embaſſador in France. P.

VER. 240, 241. *Hough and Digby*] Dr. John Hough Biſhop of Worceſter, and the Lord Digby. The one an aſſertor of the Church of England in oppoſition to the falſe meaſures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to

Truth guards the Poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, Verſe as mean as mine.
Yes, the laſt Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of Law;
Here, Laſt of Britons! let your Names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the Dead,
And for that Cauſe which made your Fathers ſhine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.
Fr. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Eſſays on Man.*

VARIATIONS.

VER. 255. in the MS.
Quit, quit theſe themes, and write Eſſays on Man,

NOTES.

the cauſe of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue. P.

VER. *ult.*] This was the laſt Poem of the kind printed by our Author, with a reſolution to publiſh no more; but to enter thus, in the moſt plain and ſolemn manner he could, a ſort of PROTEST againſt that inſuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been ſo unhappy as to live to ſee. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued thoſe attacks; but bad men were grown ſo ſhameleſs and ſo powerful, that Ridicule was become as unſafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raiſed him, as he knew it would, ſome enemies; but he had reaſon to be ſatisfied with the approbation of good men, and the teſtimony of his own conſcience. P.

ON

Receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady

FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH and TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Deſcend in all her ſober charms;
" And take (ſhe ſaid, and ſmil'd ſerene)
" Take at this hand celeſtial arms:

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;
" This golden lance ſhall guard Deſert,
" And if a Vice dares keep the field,
" This ſteel ſhall ſtab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the ſky;
And dipt them in the ſable Well,
The Fount of Fame or Infamy.

NOTES.

The Lady Frances Shirley] A Lady whoſe great Merit Mr. Pope took a real pleaſure in celebrating.

" What *Well?* what *Weapon?* (Flavia cries)
" A ſtandiſh, ſteel and golden pen!
" It came from Bertrand's [a], not the ſkies;
" I gave it you to write again.

" But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;
" You'll bring a Houſe (I mean of Peers)
" Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,
" L—— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as ſmooth again on glaſs,
" And run, on ivory, ſo glib,
" As not to ſtick at fool or aſs [b],
" Nor ſtop at Flattery or Fib [c].

" *Athenian Queen!* and *ſober charms!*
" I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:
" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives theſe arms [d];
" In Dryden's Virgil ſee the print [e].

NOTES.

[a] A famous toy-ſhop at Bath.
[b] The *Dunciad.*
[c] The *Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*
[d] Such toys being the uſual preſents from lovers to their miſtreſſes
[e] When ſhe delivers Æneas a ſuit of heavenly armour.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet ſoul,
" That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies[f],
" I'll liſt you in the harmleſs roll
" Of thoſe that ſing of theſe poor eyes."

NOTES.

[f] i. e. If you have neither the courage to write *Satire*, nor the application to attempt an *Epic* Poem.—He was then meditating on ſuch a work.

END of the FOURTH VOLUME.

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